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THE NIGHTSIDE  

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OF JAPAN  

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SARUWAKACHŌ

The Theatre Street near the Asakusa Temple, in the  
Age of Yedo.



# THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

BY

T. FUJIMORI

*With forty illustrations in colour and tone, specially  
executed by Japanese Artists.*



LONDON

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THE THEATRE  
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O. Top.

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## PREFACE

MANY books have been written on Japan by the Europeans, but as everything was observed with their European eyes, the true features of the country of the "Rising Sun" could not be satisfactorily exhibited by them.

This book is written by one of the Japanese, and although the subjects treated in the book are often trifling matters and belong to things not very important, yet it is sure the reader will find neither fallacies nor misunderstandings, into which foreigners are liable often to fall.

THE AUTHOR.

*[The Publishers had the thought of giving this manuscript to a literary man to correct, but on consideration decided that revision would have destroyed much of its quaint charm and oriental atmosphere.]*





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# THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

## CHAPTER I

### ASAKUSA AND HIBIYA PARK

THE Asakusa is the centre of pleasure in Tokyo. People of every rank in the city crowd in the park day and night—old and young, high and low, male and female, rich and poor. It is also a haunt of ruffians, thieves, and pickpockets when the curtain of the dark comes down over the park. All houses and shops along each street in the park are illuminated with the electric and gas lights. The most noisy and crowded part is the site of cinematograph halls. In front of a hall you see many large painted pictures, illustrating kinds of pictures to be shown in the hall, and, at its entrance, three or four men are crying to call visitors: "Come in, come in! Our pictures are newest ones, most wonderful pictures! Most lately imported from Europe!" Men of another hall cry out: "Our hall gives the photographs of a play performed by the first-class actors in Tokyo; pictures of the revenge of *Forty Seven Rōnine!*" Tickets are sold by girls in a booking-box near the entrance of each hall; they are dressed in beautiful uniforms, their faces painted nicely, receiving guests with charming smiles. Most of the Japanese carry *geta* (clogs) under their feet, instead of shoes or boots, and specially so are the females. When you come into the door

## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

of a hall, tickets are to be handed to the men, who furnish you *zōri* (a pair of straw or grass-slippers) in place of your *geta*, and you must not forget to receive from them a wood-card marked with numerals or some other signs—the card being the cheque for your clogs. When you step on upstairs you are received by another nice girl in uniform, who guides you to a seat in the hall. Now the hall is full of people; it seems that there is no room for a newcomer, but the guide girl finds out a chair among the crowd and adjusts it to you very kindly. Pictures of cinematograph are shown one after another, each being explained by orators in frock or evening coat. Between the photograph shows performance of comic actors or jugglers is given. After the end of each picture or performance there is an *entr'acte* of three or five minutes, and in this interval sellers of oranges, milk, cakes, sandwiches, etc., come into the crowds, and are crying out: "Don't you want oranges? Nice cakes! New boiled milk! etc., etc." The show of cinematograph is closed at about 12 P.M., and all people flow out of the hall. Where will they go hence? Of course most of them go to their home, but a part of them—young fellows among others—runs to the Dark Streets of the park, or Yoshiwara, the licensed prostitution quarter near the park.

Leaving the cinematograph hall at about eleven, you will visit a small restaurant in a street just behind the cinematograph ground, and find many people drinking and eating; glasses of Japanese *saké* (wine), beer, whisky, and all kinds of liquors are served very cheap. Near the counter of the bar the host or hostess is standing, and some six or seven young waitresses, all sixteen to twenty years old, are attending the guests. People who come to the restaurant are almost all below the middle class, and women come very rare. You can have dishes of European food with very nice

## ASAKUSA AND HIBIYA PARK

taste, which are very cheap—ten to fifteen *sen*<sup>1</sup> per dish. After satisfying your appetite with these cheap wines and dishes you again go over to another quarter of the park beyond the Asakusa Pond. Both sides of the streets of the quarter—called the Dark Quarter or Streets, for no lamps allowed within shops here, except entrance lanterns—are arranged with rows of small houses almost all equal in size and equipment. The common names of these houses are *Meishuya* (Drinking-shops), *Shinbunjūran-sho* (Newspaper Reading Halls), and *Kitchaten* (Tea-shops), whose open occupations are to sell wine, read papers and serve tea respectively; but their real business is taken by courtesans. In each of these houses there are at least three or four, sometimes six to ten, girls who are said to serve wine or tea; they are all young, from fourteen to twenty, dressed in silk clothes. If you stroll down a street screams of the girls dash out of the windows of each house: "Come in, gentlemen, come in! I know you, Mr ——! Wait a bit, come in, I want to speak you, sir!" At the door of a shop two young fellows in style of workman are whispering with a girl, and after a few minutes go into the shop and disappear into a room behind the shop, or upstairs. Some contracts have been fixed up between them. The hostess is avaricious, and if a provincial is caught into the trap his purse shall be emptied in a few hours. The quarter of the park, together with the compound of cinematographs and other show halls, is generally called the *Rokku* (Sixth District) of Asakusa.

After going round the dark streets, in spite of showers of girls' screams, you come to another road north to the *Rokku*, and here many smaller Japanese restaurants or eating-houses are to be found; *tempura-ya* (fry), *soba-ya* (buckwheat or maccaroni), *sushiya* (boiled and vinegared rice mixed with

<sup>1</sup> A *sen* is equal to an English farthing.



## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

fish, eggs and vegetables), *gyū-ya* (beef and pork), etc. At the east end of the street there stands a tall hexagonal brick building in twelve stories; its name is the *Ryōunkaku* (Tower piercing through clouds), and popularly called *Jūnikai* (Twelve Story Tower). When the tower was first built the elevator was furnished for visitors; but shortly afterwards as there happened an unfortunate event, owing to incomplete adjustments of the machine, it was abolished by order. You step up to the top of the tower by the spiral steppings and, in rooms of each story, various kinds of toys and other articles are sold, or fine pictures and photographs are hung against walls. In 1911, one winter night at about eleven, a young man jumped down over the balcony of the eleventh story of the tower and killed himself, crushing his body upon the ground. After this event the windows and balconies above ten story are entirely covered with wire-nets.

Stepping down the tower you enter a beef shop (*gyū-ya*) just below the tower; it is now one o'clock A.M. and there some twenty or thirty labourers or workmen of the lowest class are drinking *sakē*, and devouring beef, pork, or even horseflesh from the boiling pans on square tables arranged in a broad, dusky room. When you enter the room your nose is attacked by the stinging smell of bad *sakē* and boiling flesh, mixed with the odour of cheap tobacco smoke, which fills the room and whirls like dense clouds. Maid-servants of ugly face and on rusty garment carry bottles of *sakē* and plates of flesh, and their chattering and laughing with customers are noisy and disgusting. Among these customers there may be thieves, pickpockets, and gamblers, who have come in this house in triumph for their victories. They drink and drink till morning, and it is not seldom that they make quarrels at last, throwing bottles and breaking porcelains.





THE ASAKUSA TEMPLE.



THE CINEMATOGRAPH STREET IN ASAKUSA PARK.





## ASAKUSA AND HIBIYA PARK

Getting out of the *gyū-ya* you pass the bridge over the pond and come to a quiet quarter. The quarter is dark, the sky concealed by dense leaves of trees and two or three lamp lights seen in the distance. In this part of mimic wood a few benches are set down, and old men and boys are sleeping upon them. To the north of the wood a large building of the *Kwannon* Temple, the patron of Asakusa people, or rather of the whole Tokyo, stands like a giant. It is wonderful that if you approach the temple, and look in under the floor of its broad veranda, you would find some four or five dozen of men, women, and children are in sound sleep, with no covers over their bodies, and embracing one another—if they can get any cover it is old straw mat! Where have they come from, and why are they lying in such a place? They are beggars and outcasts; it is not rare that boys are picked up by pickpockets and cultured to their honourable profession.

In another quiet quarter, just behind the temple, there is the nest of so-called Asakusa *geisha* (singing- and dancing-girls) and, around the quarter, you can find a number of rather bigger restaurants, where these girls of singing and dancing are seen going in and out night and day.

In the same quarter, to the back of the temple and in neighbourhood of the *geisha* nest, you see a group of small photographers' studios. At the entrance of each shop a number of various photos are shown in a large frame hanging against the wall, and a man is standing near the door. If you approach and look at these photos at once he comes to you and persuades to try a piece, priding that you can have one in an instant, as they are prepared with the latest camera, and that the price is very cheap, only fifty *sen* per set of cabinet (three pieces per set). When you are led by him into a room of the photographer's house he shows you two or three albums on the table as



## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

specimens, and you find all photos in these books are nicely taken. Being led into another room to take photo, you would be surprised to find that everything in the room is of old fashion, the apparatus itself appearing to be one of half a century ago. When you get out of the room and look on your watch it took twenty minutes in the room! Further you are compelled to wait thirty minutes more in a gloomy room, served with only a cup of cold tea, and wearied by the long time, and angry with the cold treatment, you are about to leave the shop paying money and without photo, when the photographer appears with photos in his hand, apologising for the unsatisfactory result owing to bad adjustment of rays, and excusing himself for having taken so long time. When you take the photos and look on them, you cannot help to burst out laughing. What a queer and funny face, like a monkey! You run out of the house, casting out fifty *sen* silver on the table. No wonder, the so-called specimen photos in their albums and show frame have been brought from some other studio!

You come round to the front of the Asakusa Temple. The entrance street or royal road to the temple is famous under the name of *Nakamisé* (arcade within the limits of the temple domain), which is a long straight road paved with stones, and on each side a row of small brick buildings all in two stories are in a very regular line. Shops of toys, cakes, and haberdashers occupy the red matchboxlike establishments, which attract girls and children assembling here night and day. The north end of the street leads to *Niō-mon* (Gate of Devas), the red great gate of the temple. The merchants of the arcade shut up their shops at 12 P.M.; after the hour the street is dark and lonely, just in contrast to deafening noise of the daytime throng.

South end and threshold of the *Nakamisé* street has a popular name of the *Kaminari-mon* (Gate of Thunder God); at present there is no trace of the

## ASAKUSA AND HIBIYA PARK

gate, but people call the point by the old name of the gate, which was burnt down by a fire some fifty years ago. About twenty yards east to the so-called Thunder Gate there is a famous cabaret called the Kamiya Bar. It is a new bar established by Mr Kamiya, a brewer, three years ago, and gives satisfaction to drinkers by supplying very cheap liquors brewed at his own brewery; the drinks most popular and peculiar to the bar are electric brandy, *Keiran-shōchū* (a kind of egg-nog), and whisky. If you visit the bar about the time the electric lamps in streets are lighted, you find the seats in the bar are fully occupied, mostly by the lower middle-class people, who have just dropped in here on their way home from their day-work. It is funny to read a notice on the wall of the saloon: "Up to 3 glasses of Electric Brandy, *Keiran-shōchū* or Whisky can be served, and Never More."

The back side of the long bar is entirely glazed with big glasses, and long tables covered with white porcelain slates are disposed in four lines below the bar. Drinks are served by bar boys, but no waitresses; as for relishes, sausage, *kon-nyaku*, boiled beans, or bean-curd can be preferred. At the middle part of the first table there is a group of three navvies, one of whom already emptied up his three glasses of brandy and two plates of beans and two of bean-curd. His stomach being not yet satisfied, he orders more relishes and more drinks, but a boy politely tells him that he can take more food, but that the drink over three glasses cannot be served according to the regulation of the shop. The drunkard seems to be unpleasant by the refusal, and is grumbling against the boy. After a few minutes his eyes gleam and, suddenly calling one of his two comrades, he groans out: "I say, Kuma, you are always weak to drinks, and this evening you took two glasses already. That's queer! I think you want no more. Let me have your spare glass!" Mr Kuma consents at once and orders his



## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

glass. One glass full of purple brandy is instantly brought by a boy before Kuma, and the drunkard takes it in exchange with his empty glass. The latter is very proud of the success of his stratagem.

A girl about ten years old is peeping into the hall from the entrance, and a bar boy having perceived her beckons her to enter. She comes in, and the boy asks her what she wants. The little girl, dressed in dirty clothes and with tousled hair, is shy by the brightness of light in the saloon, and hardly speaks to the kind boy. "I've come to find out my papa. Mamma told me he is in this bar." She is looking round the crowd, but could not find out her father. The boy brings a stool to one end of the hall and let the girl stand upon it easily to see faces of people in the room. Having found out her father at last, she jumps down the stool and, running up to a man sitting by a table and drinking whisky, plucks him by the sleeve. Alarmed by the sudden attack, the man of some forty years old, and in costume of fishmonger, looks back and, finding his daughter standing by him, he stands up and comes to a vacant space at a corner of the hall. Being somewhat intoxicated, he asks her: "What's the matter? Why have you come here?" "Mamma and I," whispers the daughter, with tears in her eyes, "have been waiting for you come back. We don't take supper yet. Mamma told me you must be in this bar again, and to find and take you home. Come home with me at once, papa." The father awakes from his dream and, after paying accounts, he drops out of the bar, accompanied by his obedient daughter.

Next evening you will visit the Hibiya Park. The park is situated just in the central part of the capital, and entirely different from Asakusa in its aspects. Leave tram near the east gate of the park, and stepping in the entrance you get upon the mound near by. It is nine o'clock in the evening, and the





THE FLOWER GARDEN IN HIBIYA PARK.



THE POND AND SUMMERHOUSE IN HIBIYA PARK.





## ASAKUSA AND HIBIYA PARK

broad streets along iron fences on the east and north sides being bright with electric and gas lamps standing high on the road, trams, autos, carriages, and *rikisha* are running with noises of thunder. On the contrary, inside of the park is so dark and quiet that even no sound of footsteps can be heard. Towards north of the mound, and through the leaves of trees, twinkling lights far distant can be recognised; the lights come from a restaurant named Matsumato-rō. Just below the mound there is a pond, in which an artificial fountain is spouting water among a cluster of massive rocks at the centre. Stepping down the mound, you come to the bank of the pond, and by the twilight of stars find a summer-house near the margin. Approaching the summer-house, you observe two black shades sitting close on a bench under the roof. They are talking so secretly that you cannot hear what they speak. When they noticed somebody coming near them they seem much surprised, and suddenly leave the house and disappear into the dark. You can judge by their figures that one is a young gentleman and the other a damsel.

Turning round a corner along the pond you come to the quarter of flower gardens. You go on the walk, enjoying the strong perfume of flowers, but find nobody there. A policeman come round and, lifting up his lantern and after giving his keen looks upon your face, he steps on his duty. Passing out the garden quarter you arrive at an open space which is limited for the play-ground for football, baseball, cycling, etc. On the north side of the ground there stands a music hall; in summer evening concerts of military and amateur bands are held here every Saturday and Sunday. To the west of the ground rows of benches are regularly set. When you approach these benches, again you would find some four or six groups of men and women seated on them, and a pair on each bench talking and embracing each other. If they see flash of policeman's

## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

lantern, or hear his footsteps, they run away or take refuge into the bushes of azaleas behind the benches. What kind of people are they that visit the park at night and dare *tête-à-tête* in such a dishonourable place? A policeman told that some of them do not only belong to higher middle class, but he had once caught a lady of some notable family.

Pass a curving lane in the azalea bushes and there appears a large entrance to the restaurant Matsumatorō. It is limited from the outside with hedges of evergreen trees. In the yard around the building a number of tables and chairs are arranged—in each table name of a waitress is mentioned, such as Hana Umé, Také, Kiyo, etc. It is a rule of the restaurant that when a visitor takes a seat at any of these tables, the girl of the name mentioned is to attend him. Now it is about eleven o'clock in night. All tables in the yard are occupied by customers; near each table the appointed waitress is attending, smiling and chattering in response to chaffing and bantering of her *habitué*. Most of visitors take beer and *saké*; whisky and cognac are the liquors for young swells, and those mixed with soda water are often welcomed by them.

A graphophone put on a large table is performing in its highest tone a piece of *jōruri* song (a kind of opera song); but none of people seem to listen to it. At one corner of the yard you find a young lady and an old gentleman sitting by a small round table between them. The lady is on her Japanese dress *à la mode* and the man on European clothes. On the table four or five dishes emptied and plates of oranges and cakes can be seen; an emptied bottle of soda water and a cup full of coffee stand before the lady, and the man, who keeps a glass of beer in his hand and is very red on his face, is secretly appeasing her: "All right, you are quite right. Then what you want for me to do? eh?" The lady's face is very pale and her answer escapes,





THE NIŌMON GATE IN ASAKUSA PARK.



THE JŪNIKAI (TWELVE STORY TOWER) IN ASAKUSA PARK.



## ASAKUSA AND HIBIYA PARK

faintly from her hard-tied lips: "Take me to O—— by the last train, and I shall come back to-morrow evening." "All right," agrees the old fellow, "I shall send telephone to my house and tell my family that I have some business at O—— early to-morrow morning." He then claps his hands (this is the Japanese habit to call maid-servant) and, enquiring the place of telephone to the maid, he goes for it. The lady left alone looks after him and, with some derisive smiles on her face, takes up her cup of coffee and empties it up at one draught. A few minutes after the man comes back; his face is bright with satisfaction for his success, and he speaks proudly, taking seat on his chair: "Everything is right. Now let us start." He pays the bill, gives a tip to the waitress, and the couple hurries for the Shimbashi Station. The waitress, with fifty *sen* silver in her hand, whispers to her comrades in the bar, and all their eyes are turned on the backs of the two now getting out of the restaurant gate. What are they?—the drunkard and the *belle*! A big old rat has been caught by a small mild cat!

The downstairs saloon is a large room of Japanese style, with the floor covered with mattings, on which some six or eight low square tables are adjusted, with a certain distance from one another. The alcove and walls are decorated in pure Japanese fashion; a picture of rural scenery is hung against the wall of alcove, on whose elevated floor flowers of the season are thrown in a pot, and a large advertisement picture of *belle's* portrait is hung on the wall of opposite side. All tables are occupied by men and women; at a table near the alcove three provincials are taking supper, and at another table, next to them, a young American, who sits down on the matting like others (no chairs prepared in the room), speaks fluent Japanese and drinks Japanese wine (*saké*) in company with three Japanese gentlemen and two ladies. The country folks are much surprised to see



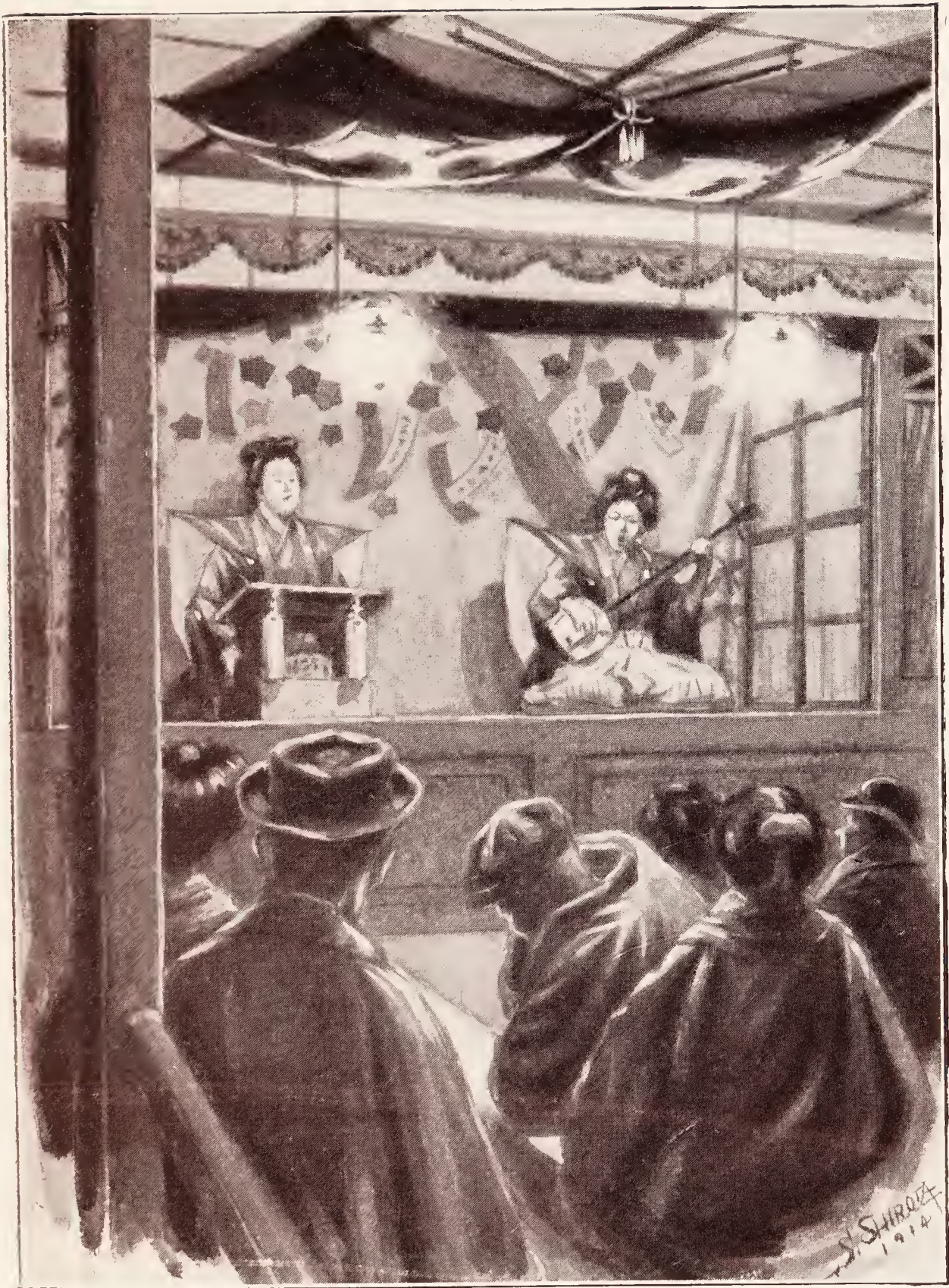
## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

the Yankee very well trained in handling Japanese chop-sticks. He seems to be very fond of *sashimi*, among other dishes, and as often as he takes it he is taking *sakē*. *Sashimi* is pieces of raw fish flesh, which is eaten after soaking in *soy*, and it is so much admired by the Japanese, and so important dish among others that it can never be lacked in dishes prepared for any feast; consequently there is no Japanese banquet which is served without *sashimi*. All foreigners, however, cannot eat *sashimi* when they come to Japan, and are served with the dish first.

The upstairs of the restaurant is divided into several small rooms, all in European style. In the centre of each room a table and chairs are put in good arrangement and, in daytime, you can look the greens of wood of the Emperor's Palace through the windows of these rooms. People who come to these separate rooms are mostly of rather higher rank, and visit here for refreshment on their way of taking walk together with their family. Thirsty boys are satisfied by cups of coffee or tea; small daughters, tired up by walking, lean their back against the chairs.

Besides Matsumato-rō, in the park there is another restaurant Mihashi-tei, which is of pure Japanese system in its construction and treatment, and moreover you can find two or three smaller tea-houses at different parts. All these restaurants and tea-houses are shut up after 12 P.M.





GIRLS SINGING IN THE VARIETY HALL (YOSSĚ).





## CHAPTER II

### THEATRES AND *YOSSÉ* (VARIETY HALLS)

THIRTY minutes before 5 P.M. men and women crowd in front of the booking offices of the *Teikoku Gōekijō* (Imperial Theatre). The theatre is situated thirty yards north to the Hibiya Park, and built in three stories with white bricks. It is the largest theatre in Tokyo most lately established in European style. Besides over thirty actors belonging to the old school of the Japanese drama, there are more than fifty actresses solely dependent to the theatre. The theatrical circles of Japan are classified into two schools—the old and the new. Actors hereditary since ancient times are called of the old school, while those sprung up out of young men, who received new education, associate in a new school of so-called new actors. In Tokyo there are more than thirty theatres, and it is in the Imperial Theatre only that the opera is performed, mingled with the dramatic performances of comedy and tragedy. The most eminent of the actors of the theatre are Koshirō, Sojūrō, Baikō, and Matsusuke, and those of the actresses Ritsuko, Namiko, Kakuko, and Kikuye. The theatre is opened at 5 P.M. every evening throughout the year. The tickets are divided into five classes:—1st to 4th class, and the special. First to 3rd and special class tickets can be purchased any time since ten days before, and the 4th class only is sold on the day. You get a 1st class ticket, paying



## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

*yen*<sup>1</sup> 1.80 for it, and are conducted by a guide-girl to a chair in a box in front of the stage. A programme is given by the girl. It is still ten minutes before the play begins, and you come out to the corridor to have interior sights of the theatre. On the left side of downstairs there is a large European restaurant room called *Tōyōken*, and tables in the saloon are decorated with beautiful flowers. Waiters on snow-white jackets are very busy in preparation for reception of customers. On the opposite side a Japanese restaurant *Kagetsu* opens its shop; the hall of the restaurant is in pure Japanese fashion, and most of ladies come here for tiffin. Along the long curved corridor on upstairs various kinds of shops are opened: cafés, bars, *sushi*, tiffin, *shiruko*, toys, pictures, and photographs. Third story is occupied by 4th class people. In each story, three or four smoking-rooms are arranged in situations of good prospects; through the windows of rooms facing to west and south you can appreciate the views of the Hibiya Park, as well as of the Emperor's Palace Entrance Gate.

Orchestra informs opening of the stage, and you return to your seat. Now all boxes and parterres are full of visitors, silk dresses and hair decorations of ladies reflecting the flowery electric lights of ceiling. At just five o'clock P.M., the satin curtain is rolled up, and there appears on the stage a scene of the drama of feudal age. Buzzing and murmuring of people is silenced at once, and they are earnest to see and listen the performance. The play in performance is a tragedy in the dynasty of the Tokugawa Shogunate. Acclamations are given when the art of actors and actresses come to its top of skill. When the first scene closed, and a figured crape curtain hangs down, most of people goes out of their seats; men come to smoking-rooms, some take a walk in the corridor, and some visit café or bars. Ladies come to dressing-rooms in special accommodations for them, or accompanied by children, buy picture books

<sup>1</sup> A *yen* is about two shillings.



KŌSHIRŌ : ACTOR OF THE TEIKOKU-GEKIJŌ.





## THEATRES AND YOSSÉ

or photos of actors or actresses. The *entr'acte* is five minutes, and soon the next scene is opened. After three or four scenes finished, there is given an *entr'acte* of twenty minutes, which is time for refreshment. Restaurants and other eating shops are full of people—some gentlemen run to a bar and take a glass of whisky; a group of young girls from 3rd to 4th class seats, make a ring at a corner of the balcony, and are criticising on their favourite actors and actresses. The play is over at 11 P.M., and the waves of crowd flow out of large exits on three sides of the building.

Having forced out of an exit, you come round to the back side of the theatre, and there you find the gateway for actors and actresses. Near the gate you notice motor-cars and carriages awaiting their masters and mistresses. At about a quarter to 12 P.M., two actresses of No. 1 class make appearance on the gate, followed by three commissioners of the theatre; here they take leave from the commissioners and get in a motor-car, which runs for the south instantly, its two large dazzling eyes shining upon the dark road. Have these two actresses gone home? No, having been sent for by their patrons they have gone to a restaurant at such the dead of night!

By the way, the theatre of pure Japanese system will be explained. Except the *Teikoku Gekijō* and two or three other theatres, all the theatres in Tokyo still keeps their old system and habits since the last century, though some of them made reforms in their treatment for visitors, and in some trifling points. The *Kabukiza*, *Shintomiza*, *Meijiza*, *Ichimuraza*, *Hongoza* and *Tokyoza* (*za* means theatre) can be said most eminent among the old school theatres. They open at 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. and are closed at 10 to 11 in night, so that at least eight to ten hours must be sacrificed to visit such a theatre. The seats—boxes as well as pits—are not prepared with chairs, but covered with mattings, on which people sit down on



## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

their bent knees. Each person is furnished with *zabuton* (a kind of small square cushion), which is applied between the matting and knees (if the European visit such a theatre of old Japanese system, of course, chairs are served for them). A box has room enough for six persons and, the pit being also divided into hundreds of little small square boxes, each pit-box can hardly contain four persons. Around the theatre there stand rows of two-story houses and they are called *Shibai-chaya* (tea-houses for the theatre). The business of these *chaya* (tea-house) is to guide theatre-visitors, and serve everything necessary for them : such as programme, *zabuton* (cushion), *hibachi* (charcoal brazier), tobacco, cake, fruit, tiffin, dishes, wine, etc. Ladies and gentlemen of higher class go to theatre through these so-called tea-houses, while lower people buy tickets directly at the entrance of theatre. It is a habit—a very bad habit and lately in question for its prohibition—that people who come to these guide-houses would pay to them a tip of *yen* 5 to 10 at least, besides the fixed fee for guiding. Direct visitors, that is, those not assisted by tea-house, are guided to their appointed boxes by a guide-man called *dekata*, who can supply anything they want, and if they wish to get his careful treatment they are to give him a silver coin of fifty *sen* too. There are accommodations for refreshments, and many shops in the interior of the theatre ; but, instead of visiting these shops, most of people take wine and meal at their own seats—in boxes and pits—all carried in by maids of tea-house, or guide-men of the theatre. The Europeans will wonder if they see people smoking, drinking, and eating in their own boxes. Is *entr'acte* very short and no time to go to those shops or guide-houses? No, on the contrary, very long ; at least twenty minutes every interval, and sometimes half an hour ! Why then don't they go out? No reason at all, but a mere habit of play-goers since ancient times !





THE TEIKOKU-GEKIJŌ (IMPERIAL THEATRE).



THE KABUKIZA THEATRE.





## THEATRES AND YOSSÉ

The city of Tokyo is divided into fifteen wards, and in each ward there are six or seven performance halls named *Yossé* (Variety Halls). In these variety halls the performances given every night are various, as their name shows, and performers who attend a hall are alternated fortnightly or every half a month—1st to 15th and 16th to 30th or 31st each month. Those who most commonly attend the hall are story-tellers, jugglers, acrobats, top-spinners, *jōruri katari* (a kind of opera singers), *te-odori* (dancing-girls), and so on. The variety hall is taken as refreshment places in night for people in Tokyo, from the higher middle class down to the lowest. After supper you take a walk through a street near your house and, finding a variety hall on the way, approach it and read the names of performers mentioned on a programme-board hung at the entrance of the hall. By paying admission, twenty or thirty *sen*, you get a wood cheque for your *geta* (clogs; in *yossé* you have to take off even the boots), and when you march on into the hall, a hall-maid brings a *zabuton* (cushion) and a small charcoal fire-box, for which you pay five or six *sen*. The floor of the hall is covered with mattings; there are no boxes, visitors taking their seats at any part of the room as they like. Some halls are furnished with upstairs seats.

A hall can generally contain three hundred to five hundred people. The front of the hall is the stage for performers, about three feet high, six feet wide, and six yards long, its back side being shut up with doors, and right and left sides are passages. Above the stage two electric lights hang down from the ceiling, and a fire-box and a large square *zabuton* (cushion) are prepared for the performer on the stage. Upon the fire-box a big kettle is boiling, and steam jutting out of its beak; and a tea-cup is laid beside the box. The drum-beating in the green room, situated just behind the stage, is harbinger for opening performance. First their appears on the stage a young fellow, carrying a small



## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

fan in his right hand, and kneels down upon the cushion. He is a story-teller—it is a fashion for story-tellers to keep a fan in his hand. He bows down his body for the audience and then, taking up the kettle from the fire-box, pours hot water into the tea-cup. After moisting his throat and tongue by two or three sips he begins to tell a facetious story, handling his fan, opening and shutting, and all audience laugh by his jokes and funny gestures. When he finishes and gets down the stage, a bamboo blind, framed with fine velvet, in place of curtain, hangs down and covers the stage. After a few minutes clappers beaten and the blind rolled up. You see on the stage a beautiful young girl in full dress bowing down, a diamond ring glittering on one of her left fingers. She raises head, her face is full of charming smile; she stands up and begins to dance a Japanese dance, in tune with the *samisen* (Japanese banjo with three strings), in performance behind the stage. Her long sleeves wave and fly like butterflies, her feet on snow-white *tabi* (socks), treading high and low on the stage.

Next comes another story-teller, who gives an interesting legend, and then a Chinese acrobat follows him. He is an expert in handling porcelain plates; he sets a large porcelain saucer at the tip of a stick and spins it like a wheel. Next he throws high up a dozen of small white plates with one hand, one after another, and receives them with the other hand; this being continued very quick for several minutes the plates seem just as white butterflies are flying in a group, sometimes they being thrown alternately from each hand. People claps hands at the top of his skill. After this he sings Chinese songs and dances his national dancing, both of which are very strange, and all people laugh at them. He retires, and three or four more different performers, male and female, appear on the stage by turns. At about 10 P.M. there comes *entr'acte* for twenty minutes; vendors of tea, cakes and fruits (and ice-cream in summer), come



BAIKŌ : ACTRESS OF THE TEIKOKU-GEKIJŌ.



RITSUKO : ACTRESS OF THE TEIKOKU-GEKIJŌ.





## THEATRES AND YOSSÉ

crying among the throng of visitors, and people take these refreshments at their own seats, similar to those at the old-fashioned theatre. *Entr'acte* passes, and three or four first-class performers appear in turn again, most of them generally being story-tellers and singing-girls. The hall closes at half past 11 P.M.

## CHAPTER III

### YOSHIWARA (PROSTITUTION QUARTER)

GETTING down from tram at the Thunder Gate (*Kaminari Mon*) of the Asakusa Park, you cross the park and come to a street along its north side just under the Twelve-Story Tower (*Rōyun Kaku* or *Jūni Kai*). Now it is ten o'clock in night. The street Sensoku-machi leading from the park to Yoshiwara is crowded with profligates and vagabonds, all in expedition to Yoshiwara. One step out from the boundary of the park into the Sensoku Street you would be enveloped by *rikisha*-men in touting, and compelled to take a *rikisha*. All *rikisha*-men for Yoshiwara are young and lively, and run very swift, cleverly evading people swarming on the road. It takes a few minutes to reach the *Ōmon*, the entrance gate of Yoshiwara, where you get down from *rikisha* and pay twenty *sen*—the fare. If you are generous to give *pourboire* of twenty *sen* more, your *rikisha*-man would repeat his bows to show his gratitude for your benevolence. Some twenty yards distant from the gate you find a willow tree, which is named *Mikaeri Yanagi* (*Mikaeri*=to look back; *Yanagi*=willow). In the feudal age of the Tokugawa Shogunate, it was a custom for prostitute to accompany her customer to the gate to see him off on early morning, but as she could not get out of the gate even a step by order, he was obliged to part from his sweetheart at the gate. Stepping forth alone out of the gate, and coming near





A YOSHIWARA GIRL IN FULL DRESS.





## YOSHIWARA

the point of the willow tree, he could not help to look back at the girl standing by the gate, and was much satisfied to meet her lovely eyes and see charming smiles. This is said to be the origin of the name of *Mikaeri Yanagi*.

In Tokyo there are six licensed quarters—Yoshiwari, Susaki, Shinagawa, Shinjuku, Itabashi, and Senju; and Yoshiwara is the largest and most famous among them. The entrance gate called the *Ōmon* (Great Gate) is the only passage into the quarter, and no other gates nor passages are allowed to use except on the occasion of extraordinary events. In consequence, people who go in and out the quarter have to pass the gate in any way, and a police station is established near the gate. When you enter the gate you come into a broad street, on both sides of which you see regular rows of two-story houses. The street is called *Nakanochō* (Middle Street), and all these houses on both sides are called *Hikite-chaya* (guide-houses for the visitors). You would hear mellow tune of *samisen* and sound of drums flowing down from the upstairs room of some of these houses.

Before you try the guide-house, it would be better to go round the streets and take the general views of the prostitution quarter. There are six main streets—Ageyamachi, Sumichō, Yedocho No. 1 and 2, and Kyōmachi No. 1 and 2. Besides these six great streets there are many narrow side streets, where the smaller and lowest class open their shops. At present there are in all one hundred and seventy-five houses and more than three thousand prostitutes in Yoshiwara. The broad street of *Nakanochō* (Middle or Guide-house Street) runs perpendicularly across the middle point of each of six main streets, making a right angle with each street. Turn to left the first corner of *Nakanochō* and you come to the *Sumichō* street. Buildings on both sides of the street are in two or three stories,

## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

their fronts being decorated either in Japanese or European style. In some of them, a part of the front is limited with wood fences and, within the fence, photographs of harlots are shown in gilded frames hung against the wall. At one end of the fence there is the entrance, near which a booking office stands, and tickets of three classes are sold—*yen* 1, 2, and 5. You go on along one side of the street and find many houses, whose front consists of a large room, and the street side of the room is protected with wood lattice; you may call it their "Showrooms." In the room, girls dressed in red and purple sit down in a row, exposing their painted faces for onlookers thronging by the lattice, and shamelessly smoking their long bamboo pipe. Such a kind of houses with "Showroom" is generally of the third class, those of photographs being of the second class. Two young men of student style come along to an establishment with a "Showroom." A girl in the room finds them out, calls the name of one of the two, and they approach the outside of the lattice. She and another girl, both being in intimacy with them, come near the lattice and persuade them to come up into the house. The young fellows smoke the pipes given by the sweethearts, and at last are obliged to accept their entreaties; they turn for the entrance and disappear—the two girls go out of the room at the same time to attend their fellows.

At the end of the street there is a space of ground, where you find some six or seven groups of people surrounding stalls. Approaching them these are *odenya* stalls which supply hungry loungers with boiled taro, fish, and *hampen* (fish flesh crushed and massed), and they can serve glasses of *sakē* too. Most of the stall-keepers in the Yoshiwara quarter are young nice girls, who attract attention of passers-by. One glass of *sakē* costs ten *sen*, and a piece of relishes two *sen* only! Different kinds of stalls are to





A FAVOURITE IN HER PROCESSION UNDER CHERRY BLOSSOMS AT YOSHIWARA.





## YOSHIWARA

be found at every space along all the brothel streets. You go on farther and arrive at another street *Kyōmachi*. It is the most prosperous and bustling street among others, and beautiful young girls are collected in the second class houses of the street. You notice in the throng restaurant boys carrying boxes of dishes, or maid-servants hurrying away with bottles of *sakē*. Looking into the shops and criticising girls, you come round at another end of *Nakanochō* again. You are now bold enough to step into a *hikite-chaya* (guide-house), and the hostess and maids of the house receives you very hospitably and lead you to a room upstairs. New green mats on the floor of the room, beautiful flowers full in a large pot on the alcove, and a valuable old picture hung against the alcove-wall—everything in the room makes you comfortable. A clever-looking maid comes up with a tea-set and serves you a cup of tea and cakes, and then asks you whether you want to take *sakē* and some dishes. After you gave order about them, you add to hire *geisha* (singing- and dancing-girls) and *taikomochi* (jesters), and the maid hurries down the staircase, in compliance with your orders. In another room of the house *samisen* is heard, and guests are singing some fashionable songs, and young girls seem to be dancing. In a few minutes the hostess and two maid-servants, all in stylish dresses, come up and bring a complete set of utensils for *sakē*. On a table several dishes are arranged, and *sakē* poured into a small cup. Not long before there appear a singing- and two dancing-girls and a jester in the room. First, you give a cup to each of them and after several exchanges of cups the singer takes up her *samisen*. She plays it and the jester sings, two young dancing-girls waiting upon you near your side. If you know any song you may sing; and now the dancing-girls begin to dance, and at last the jester performs his funny dances, mingled with the two little lasses.



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Now, it is near 12 P.M. and the hostess comes and warns you it is late. Then you, guided by a maid-servant of the house, and followed by three girls and the jester, leave the house for the ultimate end. The house where you are introduced is a first-rate house called *Kadoyébi-rō*; it is situated at the first corner of *Kyomachi* Street and the building in four stories with the European appearance is said to have more than one hundred rooms. There lives more than thirty girls in this house, all young and beautiful. To each of them two young waitresses and an old maid-servant are attached—attending their mistress on all business night and day.

When you enter the house you are first conducted into a drawing-room; the room is a very large one, finely decorated in fashion. You sit down on a large *futon* (cushion) of crape, and your followers—singers and jester—take their seats behind you. As the girl, who is to be your mate this night, is beforehand appointed by yourself, or selected already by the hostess of the guide-house, the two waitresses of your girl are sent here to conduct you to her own room. The abode of your mate consists of three rooms on the second story; the first room is parlour, the second reception-room, and the third bedroom. Guided by the two waitresses you enter the second room, and are served tea and cake. The singing- and dancing - girls and jester, who have followed you up to the room, now take leave; but if you wish to take more *sakē* here, and to have them attend further, they are glad to remain and assist your pleasure. If you are a new guest to your girl, she does not appear until you get in bedroom, and this is the general rule through the first-class brothels; but if you wish to see and talk with your girl in the reception-room, and to take *sakē* together with her, you should pay *yen* 5 extra, which is called *najimi-kin* (intimacy money). When you pay the money she is licensed to come in your side, as you are now





A FRONT WINDOW IN A YOSHIWARA HOUSE.





## YOSHIWARA

to be treated equal to her intimate customer, though you are a new visitor first in this night. At 1 A.M. *geisha* and *taikomochi* leave the room, and you go to bed. It is entirely given up to your own convenience whether you will leave the house at 2 or 3 A.M. or stay till morning. Anyhow, when you are to go back, one of your girl's waitresses send telephone to your guide-house, and then a maid-servant of the guide-house comes again to receive you. You have no need to pay even a *sen* here at the house. You leave the girl's room, accompanied by the guide-house's maid, and your girl and her waitresses come downstairs to the entrance to see you off. Having come back to the guide-house, you are to pay the bill, in which all expenses since last evening are entered, and at the same time you would be wise enough to give tips to the house, as well as maids. A *rikisha* is ready, you get in it, and the *rikisha*-man runs away towards the *Ōmon*; you hear at your back showers of thanks poured out by hostess and maid-servants standing and looking you off at their shop.

The way above mentioned to take amusement at Yoshiwara is one to be done by the A1 guest; but if you visit the second or third class houses the proceeding is utterly different, and very simple. No need to go through guide-house; you may fix the price at the entrance or buy ticket; selection of girls done by photos or among girls themselves in the so-called "Showroom"; *saké* and meals served by the house itself; *geisha* can be called in lower rate, if you like. One point, however, very important for goers to lower-class houses is that they must be always very attentive, otherwise his purse would be squeezed out by clerks and maid-servants of the place; those in these houses, as well as girls themselves, cannot be said honest and kind, and if they see a guest to be a provincial or unaccustomed to this quarter, their endeavours to put him into

## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

temptations are so dreadful that he would be at last compelled to spend all money in his pocket.

A profligate, whose habit is to visit the quarter every night, comes up to his acquainted house, and next morning he has no money in his pocket. If his intimate girl loves him, she would be kind enough to advance for him ; but if not, she refuses to take charge for his bill. On this latter case he must go out of the brothel to make money, accompanied by a man attached by the house. The man is nicknamed *uma* (horse), which is a very obstinate fellow, and never misses his captive until he gets the money for the bill, however long it takes, or however far the poor bird flies round the city to collect money. On the contrary, sometimes a girl falls in love with her patron. The young man spends all his money for his sweetheart, and falls into the depth of debts ; the girl, too, calls her lover by doing her best, increasing her debt from the master of the brothel or pawning all her dresses. By and by, the two can find no way to support their meeting expenses ; the man is troubled by his debts, and the girl blamed by her master, never to meet him afterwards. At the extreme of their mutual love they promise to die together, and finally take poison or stab themselves with a dagger. Next morning the two corpses are found lying cold in the bed of the girl's room. Such a tragical end of lovers together is called *shinjū*.

Spring and summer nights are the most flourishing seasons in Yoshiwara throughout the year. In spring, several hundreds of cherry trees are planted in the street of *Nakanochō*, and all branches of trees in full blossom are illuminated with thousands of small electric lights. At the foot of trees, paper lanterns, each held on the top of its leg, about one yard long, are lighted, forming a regular line-like fence around the ground of cherry trees. When the night breeze blows the blossoms, it is a very striking view to see white petals falling down like snowflakes over the lanterns.



## YOSHIWARA

Towards evening, the male and the female on their way back from picnic to Uyeno and Mukōjima (the two places most famous for cherry flowers) pours in here to see the night cherry flowers of Yoshiwara. Specially wives and girls like to visit Yoshiwara in this season, because it is the best opportunity for them to have a full observation on brothels and harlots, as they can go round the brothel streets in company with their men.

In summer, several bands of Yoshiwara *geisha* and *taikomachi* are associated to give special plays and performances, which are called the *Niwaka* dancing. Each of these bands plays on a movable stage, wheels being fitted up under its floor. The stage, together with dancers and musicians upon it, can be carried to any place of *Nakanochō*, wherever it is requested to come by guide-houses. It is in August that the *Niwaka* performance is held, and every evening after eight or nine o'clock these band stages appear one after another in the street of *Nakanochō*. On this occasion all guide-houses decorate their shops and eaves with red curtains and painted round paper lanterns, and invite their customers every night. Just as in the cherry season, people crowd to see the *Niwaka* dancing; when a stage stops in front of a guide-house, and the band begin to perform its dancing, three sides of the stage are pressed up with throngs of spectators. Though there are several bands of dancers, each is entirely different in its kind of dancing, the comical performance of jesters' bands being most funny above all. If you are a customer, and invited to a guide-house, it would be very interesting to call up a girl's band to your room in the house, and see the flowery dancing of young and beautiful *geisha*, accompanied by the concert of drums, flutes, and *samisen*. It costs some *yen* twenty to have a *Niwaka* band called up from its own stage into the guide-house's room.

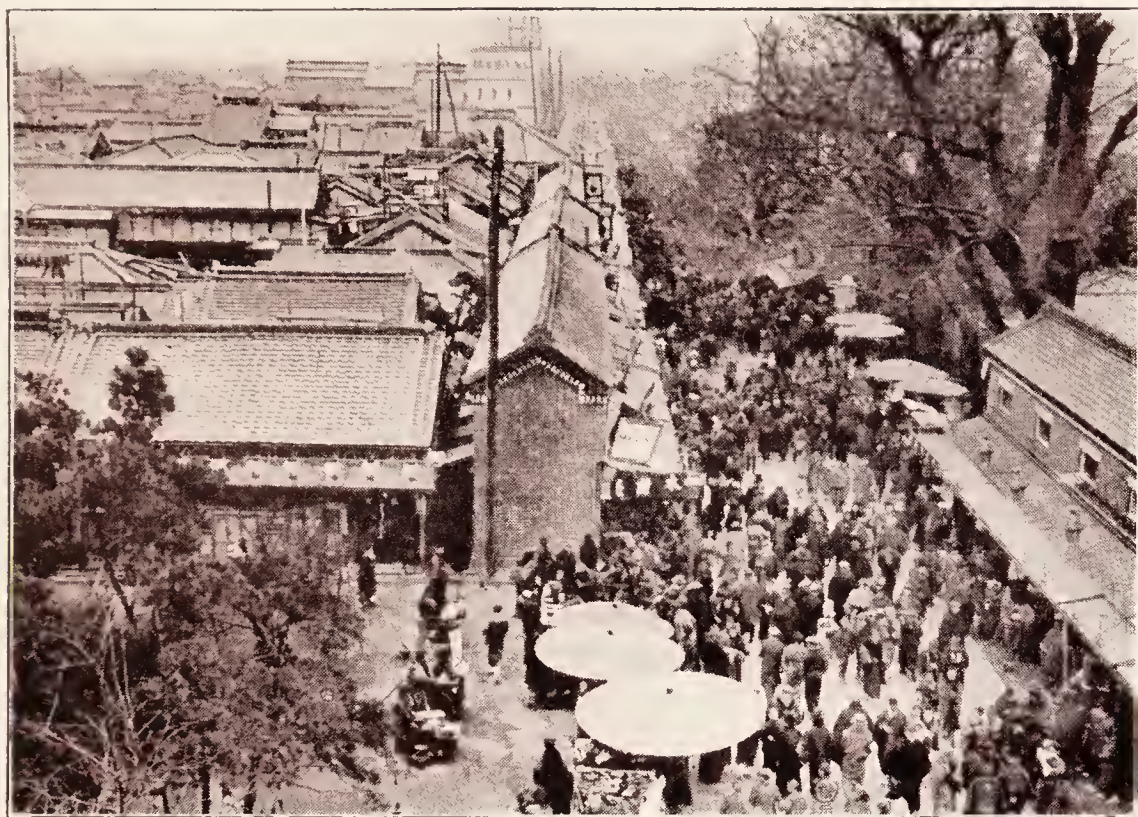


## CHAPTER IV

### THE GINZA STREET

THE name of Ginza recalls to all minds the most flourishing street in Tokyo. It is situated at the centre of the city and closely connected with the Shimbashi Station, the south gateway of the capital. Buildings on both sides of the street are all in European style, constructed of brick and stone. Large buildings are all occupied by big merchants and watchmakers—jewellers, foreign goods' dealers, and bazaars are most prominent among them. Towards the evening, stalls of various kinds open their shops on the pavement, and pursue their business till midnight; they are a peculiar contrast to those large beautiful stores in the European buildings. About the time when the electric lamps are lighted in all shops, you stand near the cross-roads of Owarichō. Your ears are deafened by roars of tramcars, and cries of newspaper boys. Electric trams which come and stop here are overflowing with passengers, because the cross is the point to change cars for them from four directions. Two or three policemen in black uniform are standing near the halting-place of cars and endeavouring to restrain the confusion of people, and, at the cross of tracks, a signalman with a lantern of red and green lights is signalising for cars. At the north-east corner of the cross-roads there is the three-story building of the Yamasaki tailor merchant, at the south-east the Café Lion, and at the north-west the shop of the Hattori watchmaker, with a high clock tower on the top of its roof.





THE NAKAMISĚ STREET IN ASAKUSA PARK.



THE STREET OF GINZA.





## THE GINZA STREET

Most of men and women who wander about the street in the evening are rather of richer rank, and come round here for shopping by the way of taking a walk. While you are looking, the people pass the cross-roads—young gentlemen in European dress of the latest style, beautiful daughters in gay garments, accompanied by their parents or maid-servants, happy couples in honeymoon, debauchées hand-in-hand with *geisha*, etc.,—among them you catch a figure of a poor old woman, on whose back a little girl of about three or four years old is carried, and the two elder sisters of the baby are walking close by the both sides of their mother. The woman appears to be over forty years old, and the clothes worn by her, as well as those by girls, are of rather dirty, and her parched brown hair is tighted up. One of the girls about nine years old is looking into a shop of toys and, pulling a sleeve of her mother, says, “O very fine! O how nice! Mamma get me a doll. Get me one, mamma.” The mother silences the daughter ill-temperedly, “Be silent! A doll? You have good dolls at home;” and pointing at another show window, “Look here gold watch, gold ring, and diamond! Better to take *soba* (buckwheat) and go home, than to buy a doll.” The poor three large and small figures go down the street to south and stealthily get into a *sobaya* (buckwheat shop) named in Chōjuan. The shop is full of guests, and the three newcomers take their seats on the floor of the right side. Shortly, there are brought before them three bowls of *soba*, which appear for them to be dainties, and are at once devoured up. One bowl costs only three *sen* and, after paying nine *sen*, the mother and the satisfied daughters get out of the shop. They do not take tram, and go home on foot, passing over the Shimbashi Bridge.

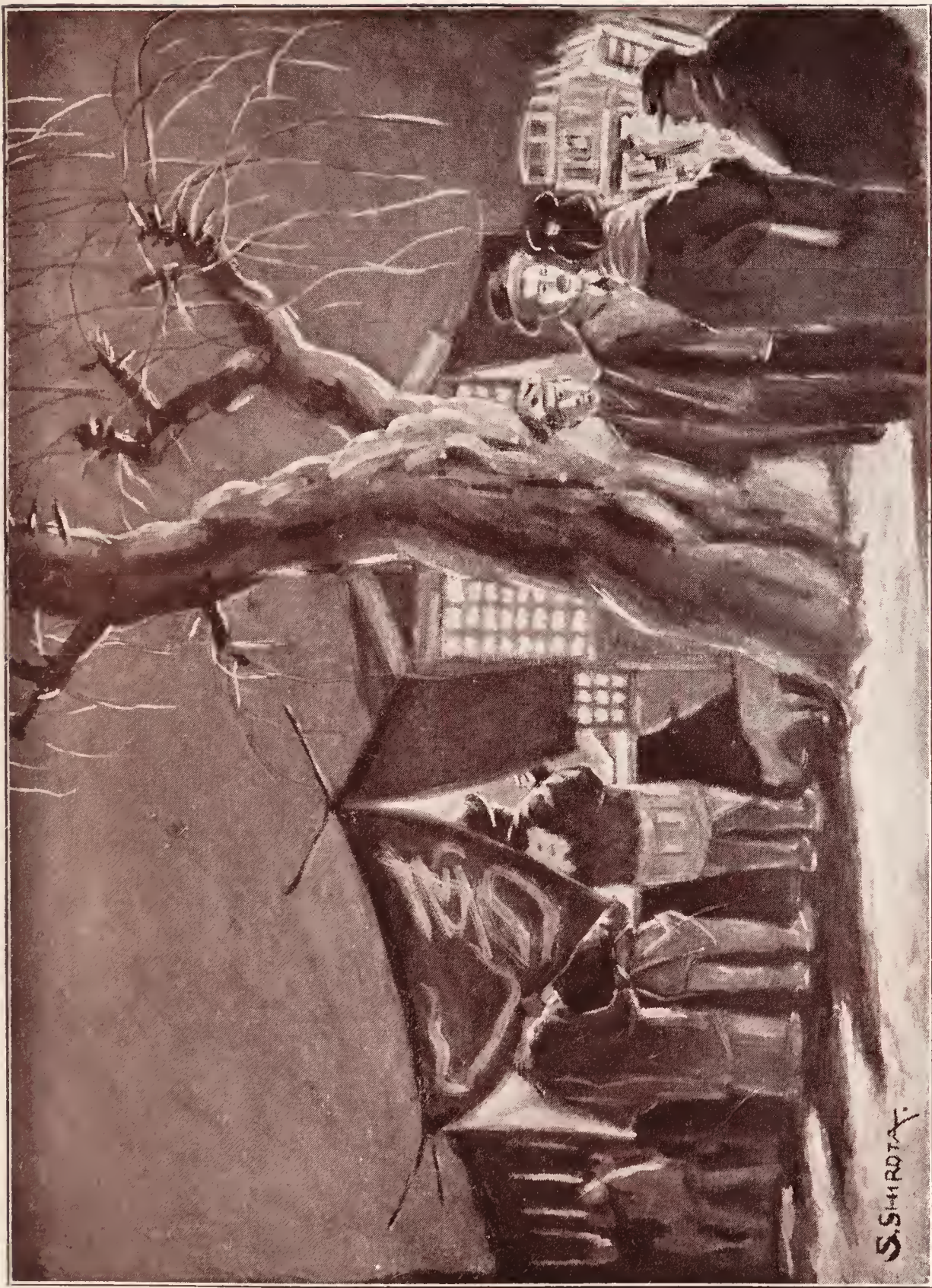
Having followed the poor mother up to the Shimbashi bridge, now you turn the south-end corner of the street and come near the Dobashi Bridge, which is situated at the south-western end of Ginza. Under

## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

twilight of stars, you perceive two or three black figures sitting down on the pavement of the bridge, and leaning their back against the railing. They are beggars. The metropolitan police is always troubled by this kind of human beings, and however often it drives them away from the streets of the city, they come back like flies. Alarm bells of *rikisha*, bellowing of motor-cars, roaring of carriages and tramcars, noises of footsteps, steam whistles of trains—these they don't care of at all, but they crouch silently on the bridge and are repeating the habit of entreating, "Ladies and gentlemen of the east and west, favours to the old sick one!" On the knee of an old woman beggar, a poor baby of two or three years old is sleeping, inserting its one hand into her bosom to grasp the teat, and a little girl of seven or eight standing by the shoulder of the mother. The girl runs to a gentleman passing the bridge and asks his mercy by a pitiful tone, imitating that of her elders. Alas! What a miserable sight, in contrast to the gorgeous and extravagant scene at the main street near by!

You come back again to the bright street and go up and down rambling and looking into the show windows on the both sides. The largest stores are watchmakers and foreign goods' dealers, among the others—the oldest shop of Kobayashi, Hattori of the watch tower, Tenshōdō in tempting adornment, Taishōdō, Takenouchi, Isesō, and Kyōya are the most famous shops on watches and precious metal goods, and Tenkadō, Haikaradō, Taya, Tamaya, Takiguchi, Minotsune, Shinseidō, and Sekiguchi are the notable dealers in foreign goods, their show windows being decorated with their best and fine articles hung against the wall, such as hats, neckties, shawls, and umbrellas, stimulating the desire of purchase. Near the Shimbashi Bridge there is a large bazaar called the Hakuhinkan, in whose three-story building more than seventy large and small shops open and sell foreign goods, toys, pictures and photos, fancy goods,





S. SHIROTA

A SUSHI STALL.





## THE GINZA STREET

toilet articles, stationeries, and porcelain wares. When it comes near the end of the year, here the great sale of the bazaar is carried on, and various prizes are distributed among purchasers by drawing lots. The great sale is called *The Nenmatsu Fukubiki Ouridashi*, which means "The Great Sale by the Distribution of Lot Prizes at the End of the Year." Customers to the Ginza shops are proud of what they have purchased here, and all the goods and articles of Ginza being believed to be of the first rank they don't care of higher prices. Articles of the same kind and quality can be bought at lower prices in the streets of Yatsuya or Kanda district, and yet ladies living in the Bluff quarters come down to Ginza in evening by taking trams, or by *rikisha* to satisfy their vanity for their neighbours and friends. If their clothes or articles are wrapped in the paper with signs of any Ginza shops, it is thought by them to be endorsement for the goods of the first and best class.

Next you shall go round to examine the stalls along the margin of the pavement. At a lane of a by-street of Ginza there is "a God of Little Children" called the *Jizō*, and on the 7th, 18th and 29th of every month the festival is held for the god. The day of the festival is popularly called the *ennichi*. In the city of Tokyo such festivals are celebrated every day throughout a month, and there is not a day in the year which is not crowned with the *ennichi* of a certain shrine or temple, so that abundant kinds of little gods, as well as Buddhistic temples, are worshipped by religious citizens. In the evening of such *ennichi*, stalls of smaller scale make rows along the small streets near the shrine or temple on festival, and these stalls are entirely different in their kind of shops compared to the stalls opened every night in the main street. This evening, it is the *ennichi* of *Jizō* god, and, taking advantage of it, you shall try to examine both kinds of the night stalls.

The *yomisè* or night stalls of Ginza are a singular

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contrast to the large stores in the street. People can have food, dresses, books, and everything from these stores in the brick buildings, and yet small stalls lighted with the oil or acetylene gas lamps attract their customers every night. The *furu-dōgu-ya* or dealers in second-hand furniture are rather larger stalls among the others and their merchandises consist of *tansu* (chest of drawers), *chadana* (shelf for tea-service), *hombako* (bookcase), *toko okimono* (ornament kept in the alcove), *jikumono* (roll of hanging picture), *karakane zaiku* (bronze furniture), etc. In smaller stalls, shirts, hats and caps, soaps, perfumes, old clothes, stockings, shoes and boots, clogs, sticks, toilet articles and fancy goods for girls, all of inferior quality and cheaper price are sold. There are also the shops of fruits, cakes, and parched peas. Stalls of pictures, picture cards, second-hand books and magazines, are visited by students. Two or three shops of *hōdzuki* (ground or winter cherries) draw the groups of little girls. At one corner of the street a hawker of new inventions is giving explanation in loud voice, and enveloped by the crowd of people.

It is from eight to eleven that the night stalls are most crowded with visitors. In some second-hand furniture shops you can find some articles which cost *yen* 50 to 100 per piece, and the dealers have as their customers the government officers of high rank, or rich European gentlemen. Though they are called the dealers of second-hand articles, they are not limited to treat old things only, and you cannot slight merchandises in these stalls. The Ginza Street is not lacked of publishers and bookstores, Keiseisha, Kyōbun Kan, Kin-ōdō, Shunshōdō and Shimbashidō, being large and famous shops, and yet the night stalls of old pictures and second-hand books sell very well. Besides these large and flourishing stalls, you can see very small and miserable shops, where wives of poor day-workers expose little things of one or two *sen*. The most interesting



## THE GINZA STREET

contrasts are a stall of Buddhist scripture books, situated against the door of the Salvation Army Headquarters, and another stall of rings and chains made of alloy just in front of a large watch stone. These two stalls are full of guests—a scripture book being bought by an old lady, and a “gold” ring taken by a young fellow in exchange with his five *sen* nickel coin.

Now you turn a corner and enter the stall street of the *ennichi* of the god *Jizō*. All stalls are small, and most of visitors are children. Naturally the articles sold in these stalls are those attract their attention—toys and cakes being most popular for them. Among the children you find men and women wandering about the street, and if you come to the shrine you will find it strange that those who worship the god *Jizō* are only one-tenth out of the visitors. What is their object to come to the *ennichi*, if they do not think to make prayer to the god? The most striking views in the *ennichi* is the shows of plants by gardeners and, being collected at one part of the street, rows of green leaves and flowers of the season exhibit a very excellent sight. It is a curious custom that the gardeners at the *ennichi* always blow an overcharge of about nine times upon the actual price, and citizens being well accustomed of the habit, they cut off nine-tenths of the proposed value when they have to buy a plant at the *ennichi*. Towards the midnight visitors are gradually dispersed for their home, and the stalls both in the front street and for the *ennichi* put up their shops and go to their home or lodging. After the stalls were cleared away, the pavement, as well as the by-street on the *ennichi*, is found scattered with peel of oranges, end of cigarettes, and torn pieces of wrapping paper; and under the dreary light of the street lamps the stepping sound of a policeman can only be heard.

The electric tram through the city of Tokyo runs till about 1 A.M., and we can recognise the last car of

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the night by its red light fixed at its head and rear. Being now past twelve, and feeling somewhat hungry, you wish to take something. Coming again at the cross-roads of Owarichō, you enter the Café Lion at the south-east corner. Here you can prefer any kind of wine, European and Japanese—beer, *Masamuné* (genuine Japanese *saké*), whisky, liqueur, vodka, and so on—and may pine after the evening of Paris or London, or dream of the pleasure at Berlin or St Petersburg. Most of the guests assembled in this house are young gentlemen of so-called new taste ; a party of three or four comes by automobile, accompanied by young beautiful *geisha* (singing-girls) of Shimbashi, and occupies a room upstairs. The laughter of the girls echoes in the room, and their crimson sleeves wave around the table. About the middle of the staircase you meet a young lady stepping down, and fragrance from her body strikes at your nose at the moment of passing closely. Is she a madam, daughter, or street-walker? The saloon upstairs is full of the confused odour of wine and tobacco smoke. Here you see the young officers of the Embassies and Legations ; famous lawyers and politicians ; assistant professors of botany and physiology ; authors and critics—groups of these various ranks take their seats round the tables and are smoking, drinking, eating, and remonstrating. The place most crowded in the Café is the bar downstairs, and here all classes of people from the higher to the lowest are taking refreshment—men of music, stage, or brush ; merchants, students, workmen, and labourers ; all come in and out by turns.

In the Café there are young waitresses, about twenty in number, their breast being covered with snow-white aprons. They are all beautiful, their white face smiling on love, and their red hair ribbon flying in show. There are not a few young customers who come to the Café every night and sue the waitresses, and the manager of the shop was smiling when he



## THE GINZA STREET

told once to a customer, "Our waitresses must be young and beautiful, but these beauties do not stay long and go home shortly on pretence of some family reasons." It is the fact that the girls here are found always to be renewing. Being sued by the hand of young blood, the weak females could not refuse it. Some of them may have been taken wives, but most are perhaps fallen in the abysses of ruin, after a momentary dream of honey-love.

Next evening you again visit Ginza and happen to appear on the front gate of the Kōjunsha, one of the largest social clubs in Tokyo. The club is situated at Minami-nabechō, a second street to the west of the main street. It is the European building of three stories, and every evening you will find carriages and motor-cars at the entrance, waiting for their masters. At the vicinity of Ginza there are a great number of social clubs, most famous among them being the Kazoku-kaikan (the Club of Peers), the Gakushikai (the Club of the Imperial University Graduates), the Tokyo Club (the Club for Peers and Foreigners), the Nihon Club (most of its members are the Government officials), the Kūyshū Club (members limited to the natives of Kyūshū Island), the Tetsudō Kyōkai (Railway Association), the Bō-eki-Kyokai (Trade Association), the Mitsui Club (of the Mitsui Co.), the Yūsen Club (of the *Nihon Yusen Kaisha*—i.e., the Japan Mail Steamer Co.), and the Jūgo Ginko Club (of the No. 15 Bank). While members of these clubs are limited to a certain rank or circle, the Kōjunsha is open for refined gentlemen of all classes. The central strength of the club is consisted of the graduates of the Keiō College, and, among its members, there are peers, scholars, statesmen, politicians, officials, merchants, lawyers, and journalists, the total number of them amounting to seven hundred at present. Any gentleman can be enrolled as a member of the club by introduction of two members,



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and after the resolution of the standing committee. Every member has the duty to contribute *yen* 30 at first, and to pay *yen* 3 every month. The position of the club being at the centre of Ginza and near Shimbashi, it is a pride and honour for gentlemen to be a member of the club.

At downstairs there are the billiard-room, bar; and Japanese dance-room. Billiards is played till late in night; every day and in the bar you can choose any kind of wine, red, blue, white, or yellow. A small fixed stage is seen in the dance-room, and on ordinary days there we find a number of *shōgiban* (Japanese chess-boards) and *goban* (Japanese checker-boards) arranged in regular order. The walls are covered with the pictures of beauties painted by Mitsuya and Watanabe, the two famous artists, and four or five groups of the members are pleasantly playing on *shōgi* (chess) and *go* (checker) under the bright electric lights. On the second story there is a large dining-room, and European dishes can be served there. The third story is occupied by the library and the rooms for conversation and smoking. You find a count and a merchant prince talking by a table of the conversation room, and at another table a doctor gossiping with an editor. Purple smokes are drifting about over the heads of the crowds in the smoking-room. The dark green colour of the library's walls sets the readers' mind at rest, and desks near the windows are furnished with letter-paper and envelopes. On a long table, in the centre of the room, all kinds of daily newspapers and periodicals are arranged in good order. Though the club is situated in the bustling street of Ginza; yet the noises outside do not reach to the third story, only distant sound of the drum beaten by the street pedlar occasionally disturbing the silence of the room. Besides these rooms on the third story, there is a barber's room at the corner, and old and young gentlemen are found there shaving or cutting the hair.

Getting out of the club, you advance towards the

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main street again. It is now past ten. You see a crowd of people in front of a large shop, and approaching them, you find they are listening the song thrown out of a phonograph placed on a table in the shop. Leaving here, you go on some fifty or sixty yards to south, and, turning a corner to east, you come near the river bank. The part of Ginza along the small river is called Sanjukken-bori, and, though the quarter is near the centre of Ginza, streets about here are rather dark, all houses and shops being not so much illumined as in the main street. You find a number of houses very fashionably built, and furnished with gates or doors of elegant form. On the roof or gate lamp you can read the name of each of these houses, and at times a *rikisha* with rubber tyre wheels runs out of the gate, leaving in the air behind it the perfume of white rose. What kind of business is taken in these graceful houses? They are called *machiai* or waiting - houses. In Ginza there are many large and small restaurants, and the largest and most famous among them are the Kagetsu, Matsumatorō, Kinrokutei, and Fukkitei, amounting to twenty-four or five in all. Around the quarters of the restaurants and waiting-houses there are the alleys of *geisha*, and six hundred and eighty-four large and small so-called *Shimbashi geisha* (singing- and dancing-girls of the Shimbashi circle) live in their houses built in rows on the both sides of the narrow roads called Itajim-michi, Nakadōri, Komparu, and Shigaraki-jimmichi.

It is not unreasonable that there we find a great number of *machiai*, not only at Sanjukken-bori, but also in all by-streets not far distant to those dens of *geisha*, and these waiting-houses within the boundary of the Ginza quarter are counted to sixty-six at present. Profession of *geisha* is to wait upon guests in the restaurants, and to assist their pleasure by singing and dancing; but the so-called *machiai* are also their favourite and important haunts. Besides the *geisha*,



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you often find young females, with the appearance of a mixture of professional and unprofessional, come in and out of *machiai* of lower class. What kind of girls are they? Details of *geisha* and the interior of *machiai* will be explained under the chapter of "Geisha and Restaurants."

You do not enter to try any of *machiai* this night ; and your stomach being still full of food taken in the Kojunsha Club, you stroll about to the western part of Ginza. Crossing the main street again to the west, and on one side of a street near the end of the street Takekawacho, there stand a stall of "*Ippin Seiyō Ryori*" (one dish European cooking), and another stall of *sushi* (pickled rice covered or mixed with fish, eggs, and vegetables) next to it. In square boxes covered with glass on the *sushi* stall several kinds of *sushi* are arranged in rows—each small oval mass of pickled rice being covered with red flesh of tunny fish, yellow square piece of egg, pink and white flesh of lobster or shrimp, pearl white slice of cuttle fish, silvery flesh of *saba* fish (scomber *pneumatophorus*), or rolled up with parched laver. Three or four young fellows of clerk form are standing near each of the one dish cooking and the *sushi* stalls, and those in the former eat cutlet or beef-steak and drink wine ; but the lovers of *sushi* drink tea which emits an agreeable perfume. At the dark corner of the next street you see a group of all-night *rikisha*-men, and when you pass by them, one who has been yawning comes near you and asks you to take *rikisha* by their habitual phrase, "*Danna, Oyasuku mairimasho*" (Sir, I shall follow you by a cheap fare).

It is now twelve, and these dark by-streets are visited by policemen and *rikisha*-men only. The two or three men perhaps driven out of a restaurant or *machiai* appear and go towards the Shimbashi Bridge, walking in zigzags, and a black lacquered *rikisha* passes by you at its full speed. On the *rikisha* you observe, by a dim light of a roof lantern, the



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black hair and white face and shoulders covered with a gaudy silk crape dress. Howling of a "*oinarisan*" pedlar (*oinarisan* is a kind of *sushi*, and its pickled rice is wrapped with a piece of fried bean-curd flavoured with sugar and soy) and flute of a Chinese buckwheat seller are faintly heard in a distant street. No trace of beggars on the Dobashi and Shimbashi Bridge can be seen now.

A little past 1 A.M., suddenly a powerful strange sound begins to come out of a big building; for a minute it ceases, and then again confused, noisy, strong sounds are heard continually. Two or three dogs awake from their sleep and bark for the dark. Similar miscellaneous sounds can be heard at Yumichō, Takiyamachō, Hiyoshichō, Minami-Nabechō, Yamashitachō, and near the Kyōbashi Bridge, the north end of Ginza, at the dead of night. These noises are from the rotary presses of the newspaper offices. In the Ginza quarter there are eight newspaper offices—the Yomiuri, Yamatō, Manchō, Nippon, Jiji, Chū-ō, Kokumin, and Asahi, and it is a pride of Ginza that the quarter holds above one half of more than ten larger daily papers in Tokyo. After two or three hours the vicinity of the newspaper offices becomes noisy by carts to transport the printed papers, and with ringing of bells carried by distributors. It is now near the dawn, and the first electric tram of the morning full of people—most of them being the day-labourers—runs on the main street, which is still peaceful and lonely. The fare of morning trams before 7 A.M. is at one half of the ordinary value.

Next evening you try to taste the fried fish of the *Tenkin*, the most famous fried fish shop in Tokyo. To take supper in Ginza there are many restaurants, European and Japanese, and every kind of eating-houses; but so-called *tempuraya* (fried fish shop) is a peculiar class of restaurants, where dishes are limited

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to fried fish only. In every part of Tokyo you can find the fried fish restaurants, but there is no shop which can supply more tasteful and delicate *tempura* (fried fish) than the *Tenkin*. The fried fish shop is best for taking supper in company of one's family, owing to its simplicity and cheapness. The position of the *Tenkin* is near the cross-roads of Ōwarichō, and its building and system inside are entirely in the pure Japanese style. If you come near the front of the shop, you will first see the entrance shut up with paper sliding-doors, on which you can read the two large Chinese characters *Ten* and *Kin*. Then you open the door, and at the moment you step in your nose will be attacked with the smell of boiling oil—to fry fish in this restaurant only sesame oil is used, and no others. The surface of the staircase leading to the upstairs saloon is made bright and smooth with gradually soaked oil. On upstairs, there are no special or separate rooms, but one large saloon is only the room for visitors, no tables and no chairs, but covered with the Japanese mattings. You sit down on a *futon* (cushion) brought by a little maid-servant, and give order to her for your dishes.

Leaning against the wall and looking round, there is a couple to your right, and they seem to be impatient with long waiting for their dishes, the husband killing time by smoking. Nothing is more wasting time than to wait at the *tempuraya* and *unaginya* (eel restaurant), and it is inevitable to wait one hour at least to have the first dish of fried fish furnished before you after you get in the *tempuraya*, specially in the *Tenkin* shop. The object of visitors to the *Tenkin* is to eat but not to drink, and when they are once served with their portions they don't take long time to finish supper. Consequently three hundred or four hundred companies of guests go in and out of the restaurant by turns in three or four hours every evening. One half of these guests are citizens of Tokyo, and the other half provincials, who come sight-seeing to the capital, and are attracted by the fame of the restaurant. It is not rare that the



## THE GINZA STREET

*Shimbashi geisha* of the first class make their appearance in the saloon, together with their acquainted customers, and take supper among confusion of the crowded visitors. To your left, one boy and two girls, accompanied by their parents, finished supper already. One bottle of *saké* and four portions of fried fish and rice have been taken by the company of five, and when the father paid a little less than *yen* 3 for the bill brought by a maid-servant, the mother was much satisfied for the small payment; the phrase, "*Yasui wa né!*" ("very cheap!"), escaping from her mouth unintentionally.

Having finished supper at the fried fish restaurant, you step down the smooth staircase and get out of the house. Now it is about nine, and the street is crowded by people as usual. This night you try to visit and talk with one of the hairdressers for the females. The *Shimbashi geisha* are of the first rank among all Tokyo *geisha* with regard to their beauty and accomplishments, and it is natural that the notable hairdressing women (not *men*!) live in the vicinity of Ginza, and answer the demand of those *geisha*, whose life it is to have their hair dressed neatly every night and day.

The old Owaka of Yamashitachō is the most famous hairdresser, and, through apprenticeship under her, those excellent hairdressing women, Ochiyo of Sōjūrōchō, Obun of Minami-kinrokuchō, and others, have been produced; besides them, Otakē of Hiyoshichō and Otorā and Otō of Tōjūrōchō are of the first rate too. The forms of the hair bound, most popular among *geisha*, are *Shimsada*, *haikara*, and *ichōgæshi*, and as there are different style of binding for each of these forms, according to the device of each hairdresser, the *Shimbashi geisha* can be classified to several parties by their style of hairbinding, such as Ochiyo party, Otorā party, and Obun party. Customers of these hairdressing women are not limited to *geisha* only, but the hair of ladies and daughters of middle and higher ranks is also decorated by their hand. It is



## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

common that the fashion of hair forms changes every year, and the hairdressers must be very attentive to it.

Near the Kyōbashi Bridge, the north end of Ginza, there is a large fancy store called the Ōnishi Hakubotan, and in the upstairs room there is held a competitive exhibition of the new hair forms in spring and autumn every year. There is a telephone in the house of each hairdresser, and four or five young female apprentices at least are working very busy under her from five on morning till twelve in night every day. At a glance, a girl can immediately perceive the style of the hair form whether it was dressed by Ochiyo or Obun, so that girls, specially *geisha*, are always very anxious of the hair. Among the *haikara* forms invented by Obun, *S-moki*, *Rōma*, *Kasugamaki*, *Nadeshiko*, *Taishōmaki*, and *Kasumimaki* are most popular; the *Nadeshiko* being suited for young girls of ten to fifteen years old, and the *Kasumimaki* for young ladies. It is a habit of Japanese ladies of higher class—as well as *geisha*—that their hairs are generally dressed by the hand of the hairdressing women, though women of lower class bind their own hairs simply by their own hand; and there is a great number of these professional women on hairdressing throughout the city of Tokyo.

## CHAPTER V

### HOTELS, INNS, AND FREE LODGINGS

YOU will spend one night in the Honjo and Fukagawa Wards, the east part of the city, and these quarters, as well as the Asakusa Ward, are the centres of the inns or lodging-houses for the lowest class of people. If you come to a street called Tomikawachō in the Fukagawa district, you will find rows of square paper lanterns hanging at the entrance of each house on the both sides of the street, and all these houses are the inns for the lowest class, under the general name of *kichinyado*, which means the lodging-house of the cheapest rent. Though they are called the inns or lodging-houses, they are the dens of the poor in fact. The quarters licensed by the police to carry on the business of *kichinyado* are Shirokane Sarumachi of the Shiba, Hirō-machi of Azabu, Nagazumichō of Yotsuya, Asakusamachi of Asakusa, Komme Narihirachō and Hanachō of Honjo, and Tomikawachō of Fukagawa Ward, the last of which —Tomikawachō— is said to be most popular and flourishing, owing to its position very convenient for labourers to come in and out. At present there are one hundred and eighty-six houses of *kichinyado* within the limit of Tomikawachō, and the quarters to be ranked next to it are Asakusamachi and Hanachō. Out of these lowest lodging-houses, generally called the *kichinyado*, we can also classify them into the higher, middle, and lowest; the

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lowest is placed in a tenement house like a barn in a dirty alley, while the higher has the appearance much better than a small hotel often found in a suburb of the city. The house called Sanoya in Tomikawachō is the three-story building, its outside being built in the European style, and it is very famous by the nickname of "Kichinyado Hotel" among *kichinyado* customers. Besides the Sanoya, those of the higher class are the Kazusaya, Shimōsaya, Yorozyua, and Furukawaya, all of them being of the two-story building. Those of the middle and lowest class are similar to one another in their appearance and system.

At the entrance there is a yard of six to ten feet square, and a counting-room is established along it. In the counting-room the host or a clerk is sitting to receive lodgers. The very lowest ones, however, being in the tenement houses, it is rare that we can find the counting-room in them, and all rooms for lodgers are unclean, just like hog-pen. In each house a large room called "Ōhiroma" is prepared, and common lodgers are to sleep in the room; but for special guests, who wish to sleep separately from others, smaller rooms called "Betsuma" (separate rooms) can be furnished. Most of the lodgers in these *kichinyado* are day-labourers and night-stall keepers, who live here as their dens through years. One-night lodgers in such lowest and rather dirty houses are travellers of poor purse, or profligates invited by street-walkers. To classify the labourers who are staying in these lowest lodging-houses, according to the kinds of their work or business, one half of them are stall-keepers who sell *shinkozaiku* (flowers made in kneaded flour), *amé* (wheat gluten), *nebuyaki-udon* (hot macaroni boiled in a small pan), *chameshi* (rice boiled in weak tea), *yudedashi-udon* (boiled macaroni) *shiruko* (a dish made of rice cake and sugared beans), *inarisushi* (another name of *oinarisan*, which is a mass of pickled





A TOBACCO PIPE MENDER.



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rice wrapped up with a piece of fried bean-curd), broken furniture, etc., and the other half collectors of old clogs, menders of clogs, knife-grinders, fortune-tellers in the street, hawkers of popular songs, mendicant friars, strolling musicians, tobacco pipe menders, navvies, *rikisha*-men, coolies, etc.

If you stay a night in the large room, in company together with these labourers, you have to pay only eight *sen* for the rent, but eighteen to twenty *sen* should be paid for a special separate room. Of course no food is furnished for lodgers either in the general or special room. Labourers in the separate rooms are generally living with their wives and children, and it is rare that bachelors or one-night travellers occupy one room by paying the special rent. When you step in the general room you find there, through the dim light of a small lamp, a heap of dirty *futon* (beddings) at one corner, and on the broken wall old trousers, caps, and coats are disorderly hung down. Some of coolies who are tired out by their hard work in daytime are already in sleep, and other labourers gossiping around a large but half-broken fire-box with scanty charcoal fire in it, some smoking and some eating a piece of rice-cake. The host and clerks are very cool to treat the guests; but if there comes a man accompanied by a street-walker they are very hospitable, and at once lead them into a separate room, expecting to gain plenty of tips from the fool.

The day-labourers come back to their nest towards evening, and generally fall in sleep soon, as they are tired out by the hard work of the whole day; the night stall-keepers are very late to come back every night, and go to bed as soon as they get in their room. Thus, in fine weather, the *kichinyado* in night are rather quiet; but if it rains, they cannot go out for their work or business, and a scene of disturbance and misery is extended over the stage of the poor inn. The amusement most favourite for the lowest class is gambling, and almost all of them confined by



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rain assemble in the large room. The result of contesting is noisy quarrels or severe fightings. A maiden is weeping at the dark corner of a small separate room, where she has been kidnapped by some roguish *rikisha*-man. Quarrels are not rare among the labourers and their unfaithful wives, and the bloody disturbances take place often. The *saké* drinking is followed by severe struggles, and some are severely wounded. It is a strange custom of the lowest *kichinyado* that after twelve every night the host retires to his own room, locks it up, and goes to sleep, the entrance door being left open. Consequently, these lowest inns are free for thieves or homeless fellows to steal in and pass the night under the roof.

Those who live in the separate rooms with their own family pay the room rent every day under a special contract with the host. In daytime the husband and wife go to their own work respectively, and, when they come back, after the dark, they collect each of their money earned on the day; the husband goes out to buy materials for supper and the wife prepares for their poor cooking. If rain continues four or five days they have no means to pay the room rent and to purchase food. Some one is compelled to borrow money from his inmate by mortgaging his wife for three or four nights, and if he cannot pay back the money in the due time, the woman is taken to be the wife of the creditor—creditor for only *yen* 2 or 3.

The most miserable case is the wife of a labourer abandoned by her husband. Owing to the continued rain, both the husband and wife cannot find any way to work, and as they cannot pay the rent the host or his clerk urges for the payment without a slight mercy. After quarrels between the husband and wife, at last the man goes out to make money, but does not come back to the inn forever. If the abandoned wife is not very old the host comes to her, taking advantage



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of the opportunity, and persuades her to become a courtesan of Asakusa Park, or of Yoshiwara or Susaki. By this the host can not only recover the room rent, but also grasps a certain amount of money as commission.

Labourers who pass the night in the *kichinyado* have no future aspiration for their life, but their mere desires are to drink, eat, and amuse themselves. Consequently, every night till midnight the streets in vicinity of these lowest inns are full of small shops and stalls of cheap food and drinks, awaiting the customers from those *kichinyado*. Stalls of hot wine and *oden*, *inarisushi*, *shiruko*, *mochi* (rice - cake), *tsukeyaki pan* (pieces of bread toasted and flavoured with soy), *yakitori* (broiled chickens), *kabayaki* (broiled eels), and *nabeyaki-udon* are most frequented by them. The large and most famous shops of *udon* are the Marusan, Asahi, and Kogetsu, where *udon* is supplied by one and a half or two *sen* per bowl, and the customers clothed with rags come in crowds. Besides them, you can find many small eating-houses and shops of boiled meat, raw fish flesh, salted fish and greens. As for their amusement in night, there is a variety hall (*yossé*) called the Naniwakan in the street Tomikawachō, and by paying only three to five *sen* for admission poor visitors are pleased to see the cinematographs ; but those who cannot pay even the price of the *yossé* are to flock together in a room of the inn, and, under the gloomy light of a small smoking-lamp, each of the lodgers plays his or her own accomplishment. *Saimon* and *Gidayū* singings narrate some historical or romantic stories, *hōkaibushi* is sung by accompaniment of a *gekkin* performance (a moon-shaped guitar), and active songs of degenerated students, and light melodies of the *dodvitsu*, *hauta*, *otsuye*, *tokiwadzu*, and *shinnai* songs by young wives are very interesting ; all these funny performances can cure them of the fatigue of their day-works.

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The *kichinyado* is the lowest inn for the lowest class of people, but still more there are a few lodging-houses established for those poorest persons who cannot go even to the *kichinyado*. These houses are called the *muryō shukuhakujo*, which means "the free lodging-house."

This house is to lodge free of charge those who are unable to get their lodging place.

This house will assist to find work for those who are out of employment.

This house refuses to lodge persons as follows :—

1. Those who are got drunk.
2. Those who are in a contagious disease.

Refer to the office for particulars.

*Date.*

*The Muryō Shukuhakujo.*

The board of a public notice above mentioned is hung up on the fence near the gate of one of the free lodging - houses. The house is situated at Wakamiyacho, in the Honjō Ward, and was first established in 1902. The president of the house, who is carrying on such the charity work, is Ejitsu Ōkusa, a high Buddhist priest of the Higashi Honganji Temple in Asakusa. There is a large hall on upstairs of the two-story building, and the large windows are opened on its two sides of the east and west, the floor of the room being covered with new green mattings. To the front of the hall a Buddhist altar is furnished on a high floor, and a brilliant image of Amitabha is consecrated on the altar. On the wall near the altar there are exhibited a copy of the Imperial Rescript on "Encouragement for Habits of Thrift," and its explanations, which are written by Lord Abbot Kōei of the Higashi Honganji Temple.

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On the wall of the right side, "To-day's Directions," by Doctor Nanjō, is shown as follows:—

### TO-DAY'S DIRECTIONS.

1. Don't forget Three Benefits and complain of Nothing to-day.
2. Don't get Angry to-day.
3. Don't tell a Lie and don't act an Unreasonable Conduct to-day.
4. Be satisfied to be living and endeavour to Work to-day.

The above are cautions for to-day.

*Date.*

SEKIKWA.

(*Nom-de-plume of Dr Nanjō.*)

It is eight in the evening, and you come near the gate of the free lodging-house. The vicinity of the house is dense of smaller houses, and the street is very busy with passers-by towards evening. Through darkness of the road you can see two or three men standing under the roof of a house, or crouching near the entrance of a lane between houses, and all they are the guests to the *muryo shukuhakujo*; having no money to pay a rent of the *kichinyado*, they are waiting for nine, the time for admission to the charity building. You step in the gate and wait for the lodgers who will come in shortly. All the rooms of the house are bright with the electric lights, which are shining like aureola of Amitabha.

A clock on the wall strikes nine. The first man that comes in is a man twenty-eight or nine years old, with large eyes and high nose on the dark brown face. He is clad in an old dirty shirt, its colour almost changed to brown, over which he puts on an old black *hanten* (a kind of jacket for labourer), and his dark blue *momohiki* (cotton drawers), is so worn away that a number of holes can be seen on it. He carries nothing but an old towel. When he is enquired of by a clerk of the office, he tells he is a native of the town Tsuchiura in the Ibaraki Prefecture,



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and can find no means to get bread yet, since he came to Tokyo. After cleaning the feet at the washing-place behind the house, he is sent to the hall upstairs. Next comes an old man about forty years old. He is in a very old, old clothes like that of *rikisha*-man, over which he wraps round a small piece of old red blanket. He says he was born at Takanawa of Tokyo, and at present he is employed as a coolie for funeral. Though he can earn thirty to thirty-five *sen* per day the money is spent up for meal, and there remains nothing for the *kichinyado*. The third man, of some thirty-six or seven years, puts on a female's old clothes over a dirty white summer clothes, and his belt is made of two old towels connected together. The old clog put on his right foot is different in form and colour from that of the left foot. Being a native of the town Chiba, of the Chiba Prefecture, he came to Tokyo last year, and was employed as a sentinel for an illicit prostitution house at Asakusa, receiving fifty *sen* a day. A few days ago, however, while he was taking a meal at a fried fish stall, near by his master's house, the secret den was suddenly surprised by policemen, and at once he was driven out under charge of idleness for his duty. These three are followed by porters, coolies for landing, flag-bearers for advertisement, navvies, and pushers of hand - carts, all being the excellent samples of the heroes of extreme poverty. Up to eleven of the night names of twenty-two men and one woman have been entered in the office-book.

The hall upstairs is the resting-place for the male only, and can receive more than one hundred at once; the room for the female being prepared downstairs. In the middle parts of the hall there are two large *hibachi* (fire-box) in which the charcoal fire gives warmth to the unfortunate lodgers. In the large closet of the hall about fifty or sixty sheets of *futon* (beddings) are filed up, all these *futon* being clean and warm, they can take quiet sleep even in the very cold winter night. Before they go to bed every night

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they must offer prayers before the altar, and twice a week the preaching is given for them by a priest sent from the Honganji Temple. The average number of lodgers every night is said to be twenty-four or five, and almost all of them being men—the women are very rare to appear here. A clerk of the office tells that the rate of female refugees is less than fifteen per thousand males. This night you have noticed a woman having come to take refuge in the house. She has a lovely face, being some twenty-two or three years old, but she seems to be much enervated by a long sickness, the complexion being dark, pale, and the breath not ordinary. Even a piece of comb cannot be seen on her rumpled hair. Being asked by the office clerk, she replies that she is a native of the town Maebashi, of the Gumma Prefecture; but hesitates to tell further. After frequent enquiries by the clerk, she at last is compelled to confess that, at the time when she first came to Tokyo, three years ago, she was employed as a waitress in a small restaurant, and having been seduced by a villain, was sold as a courtesan in the hell of Kakigarachō. Since the last summer she has been suffering from illness, and having been given up by the physician, and driven out by the hostess of the hell, she has no home to pass the night, and has come to ask mercy of the charity house. The president of the house is much sympathised with her, and, taking her into the female's room, gives order to a servant to give her a cup of tea and the charcoal fire in a fire-box. What a contrast to receive a sentinel and a harlot in the house at the same night!

One business of the free lodging-house is to help to find work for those who are out of employment, and at present more than thirty men have succeeded in getting their suitable occupation. The most notable among them is an editor of a certain industrial newspaper. He came to Tokyo as a poor student, and, having been unable to find the means to get money for school, he made application to the



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house, and at last succeeded in the present position.

All expenses of the house—for the electric lights, water-work, land rent, charcoal, salary for clerks and servants—are said to depend upon the contributions of benevolent ladies and gentlemen of the city.

Now you got good experiences for the extreme lowest class of the lodging-houses, and next you will try to pass a night in a hotel of the middle rank. This kind of hotels is for travellers to Tokyo from local provinces, and most of them are situated near the railway stations around the city. You can find abundance of higher and middle-class hotels near the Shimbashi, Shinagawa, Uyeno, and Manseibashi Stations, and all these being of the pure Japanese system, those for the Europeans, as well as the Japanese ones of the first rank, are rather in the interior parts of the city—the largest and most splendid European hotels being the Imperial Hotel at Yamashitacho, very near to Hibiya Park, and the two Seiyōken hotels, one at Tsukiji and the other in Uyeno Park.

In disguise of a sightseer you enter a hotel of middle class, near the Shimbashi Station, and being received by an old clerk at the counter, ask him whether there is a room for you to pass the night. Then you are guided to a room upstairs, from a window of which you can look down the thronged street directly leading to the station front. The room is of the six mats,<sup>1</sup> furnished with the *tokonoma* (alcove) of three feet and the *oshüre* (closet) of six feet wide. At the centre of the ceiling there hangs an electric light, and on the wall of the *tokonoma* a painted hanging picture (*kakemono*) of birds and flowers is hung; a bronze ornament of the lion form and a tall white vase filled up with wistaria flowers are arranged

<sup>1</sup> In Japan it is a custom that we measure the extent of a room by the number of mats put down on its floor, and the extent of one mat is six feet by three feet.



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on the raised floor of the alcove. In the room of a Japanese hotel the bed is not generally furnished; but beddings are prepared on the mat floor when the guest is to go to bed. A servant maid comes in with a tea service and a plate of cakes. After serving a cup of tea, she asks you which class of lodging rents you would pay for the night, and you answer that you prefer the second one; at the same time you give *yen* 1 for the *chadai* (tea money, or the tip to the hotel), and fifty *sen* for a tip to the maid. She thanks for your beneficence, and goes out to prepare your supper. The lodging rent of a Japanese hotel is commonly classified into three ranks, the first, the second, and the third, and an average rent of the middle-class hotels is *yen* 2 for the first, 1.50 for the second, and 1.00 for the third class. The old habit of giving *chadai* to the hotel is not yet generally abandoned, and the hotel men expect to receive the money from even a night guest; if you do not give this you will be treated very unpleasantly.

The maid-servant appears again and tells you to take bath before supper, leaving a *yukata* (bath gown and a towel). After putting on the gown and carrying the towel you are led to the bathroom downstairs. Entering the room, you find at one corner of the room a large square wooden bath-tub, below which all the floor of the room is boarded for the washing place. When you get out of the tub, *banto* (wash-boy or cleanser) comes into the room prepared with a soap and a towel, and begins to clean your back. At one side there are two clean hot and cold water basins, from which you can get the water into a bucket for washing your face and head. As soon as you get back into your room a small table of the supper is brought by the maid-servant. You take out a twenty *sen* silver from your purse and ask her to give it to *banto* of the bathroom as a tip for his cleaning work. The tip-giving to the bathroom man is also a custom in the Japanese hotel, and we are told that the *banto* receives no salary from the hotel, living on the tips

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from the guests. If you wish to take drink in supper, you tell the maid, who at once brings a bottle of European or Japanese wine, whichever as you please. While you are enjoying drink, there appear the clerk of the hotel and the *banto* of the bathroom, to thank you for the *chadai* and the tip respectively. You finish supper, and the maid, after taking the supper table out of room, begins to prepare bed at one side of the room, *futon* and pillow being taken down from the closet in the room. Then the maid retires, bidding good-night. It is still too early to go to bed, and you sit down on the *zabuton* (a small square sitting cushion) and smoke, thinking how to spend time or expecting some interesting event to happen.

The hotel is furnished with more than twenty rooms in both up- and down-stairs, and this evening all the rooms seem to be occupied by guests. In your next right room there are three men who are natives of the northern district, judging from their dialect, and they are on their way back from Kyōto, where they visited to worship the Imperial Mausoleum of the late Emperor. They are taking *sakē*, and talking very loud with their queer dialect. The occupants of the left room are a young couple. They seem to have finished supper, and are whispering very secretly, utterly unknown whether they are citizens or provincials. You come out to *engawa* (balcony) and look down the street. It is past ten now, and you recognise carriages, motor-cars, and *rikisha* hurrying to the station; all these people are to catch the express train for Shimonoseki. The advertisement tower of "Club Washing Powder," illuminated with electric lights of various colours, stands high in front of the station, and can be seen just directly to your eyes. The noises of throngs and sounds of running trams in the Ginza street come to your ears in mixed confusion. You keep awake near twelve, but as there occurs no striking event, and all the guests in every room have gone to their peaceful sleep, you go to bed at last too.



## CHAPTER VI

### GEISHA : RESTAURANTS AND MACHIAI

IT is an evening of spring season. Accompanied by one of your friends, you drive a motor-car through the waves of lights in the broad street of the Nihonbashi Ward, and stop it at the entrance gate of a restaurant called the Kurataya. When you enter the porch of the house some four or five housemaids appear to receive you, and one of them, leading to the inner part, shows you to a large room of twenty mats. The room is elegantly adorned at every point, and a housemaid brings two *zabuton* (cushions) made of figured satin ; and, putting them on the mat-floor in front of the alcove, ask you and your friend to sit on them. Then two round fire-boxes and tea-things are carried in by other three maids. After the tea is served the two small black lacquered *zen* (tables) are prepared before the guests—the tables flat and without legs are called the *kaiseikai-zen*.

By and by some six or seven dishes of pure Japanese cooking are arranged on each table, bottles of *saké* being held and served by the two young maids who sit down before each of the guests. You tell one of the maids to call a number of *geisha* and *oshaku* (*geisha* is singing-, and *oshaku* dancing-girls). About half an hour there appear five large and small girls—three singing, eighteen to twenty-two, and two dancing, thirteen or fourteen years old. They are girls belonging to the party of the Nihonbashi quarter, the larger dressed in stylish coloured crape clothes with the skirt trailing, and the smaller in gaudy costumes with long ends of



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red brocade belt hanging down about to the heels. The singing-girls are prepared with *samisen* (a kind of guitar with three strings), and the dancing-girls with *tsuzumi* (a drum shaped like an hour glass) and *mai-ōgi* (dancing-fan). Taking place of maid-servants, the girls wait on at table, and if you give a cup to one of them she receives it with thanks, and after emptying it soon, pays it back to you; of course the cup is washed in a small silver basin called *haisen*, which is filled with pure water and provided between the tables. It is a rule in the society of girls that though they can be a partner of guests on drinking, yet they are not allowed to eat anything in presence of them.

To hire a *geisha*, the restaurant cannot directly send for her, but she is indirectly called to the restaurant through the office of the *geisha* guild of each quarter, the guild office being called the *Kemban*. When a girl is hired to a restaurant she first comes from her house to the guild office, and then goes to the restaurant escorted by a man of the office; the man is called *hakoya*, and carries the *samisen* of girls. It is a habit for the *hakoya* to be bestowed with a tip by guests when he sends a girl to the restaurant. Now, singing-girls take up their *samisen* and begin to play upon them, singing some fashionable songs; one of *oshaku* or young dancing-maidens plays on the *tsuzumi*, and the other opens her fan and begins to dance. After singing and dancing they sit down again near the guests, taking proper positions for themselves. Satisfied with a good quantity of *sakē* now, you are smoking, and ask one of the older girls to tell the daily life of *geisha* and their amusements. She smiles, and narrates the real state of her society as follows:—

“Our world comes after sunset every day throughout the year, though we are rarely hired in daytime. We pass every evening at restaurants or *machiai* (waiting-house); but those unhappy girls who are unpopular and compelled to stay at their own houses

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are ridiculed under the sarcastic name of *ochahiki geisha*. Everyday life of our society's girls is various, but we generally get up at six on the morning, except those who were detained at *machiai* till very late in the previous night, and keep sleeping to about ten or eleven. Getting out of bed at six, and after washing the face, we sit down before the mirror on the toilet stand and begin to comb the hair—it takes for combing more than half an hour. On the other side, *oshaku* or smaller girls are already aroused and driven out of bed by the mistress of the house, and very busy to sweep and clean the rooms. When all the rooms are cleaned up, they must offer lights to the God of Luck on the altar honoured in the mistress's room. As soon as they finish breakfast they are sent out to the master of dancing. When we finish breakfast it is about nine, and most of younger *geisha* go out to their masters for the exercise of *samisen*. The older girls who remain at home read letters from their lovers or acquainted guests, and those who were late last night are yawning and hardly get out of bed at about ten. At eleven we go out for the hairdressing, and there spend one hour at least, chattering with girls assembled from various houses. Coming back from the hairdresser, we go to the bath-house; the polishing instruments carried to the bath are numerous—at least seven kinds. Chatters and twitters in the bath while cleaning and polishing are very noisy. When we come back from the bath it is past one, and we take tiffin. Sometimes we are invited by the mistress of a restaurant or *machiai* to the theatre, and much pleased to spend the afternoon by seeing our favourite actor's performance. If we are at home in afternoon we take up a *samisen*, and kill time by playing on it; but the accomplished older girls are requested to teach or review dancing, singing, and *samisen* for the smaller dancing-girls (*oshaku*) in the leisure time every afternoon.

“Approaching the tea-time (3 P.M.) there are heard cries of cake-pedlars in these *geisha* alleys, and small



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girls some eleven or twelve years old are seen to peep out of their entrance door and buy something from them; please remember that all the younger and smaller girls in our society, without exception, are very fond of the sweet named the *mitsumamē* (a mixture of boiled beans and small pieces of rice-cake and others, immersed in syrup). After four telephone messages come from the guild office informing the names of restaurants where we are hired to attend this evening. If some of girls who have been appointed are out to the theatre, the maid-servant of our house at once send telephone to them to come back soon and make preparations for the evening. About one hour before the appointed time for attendance to the restaurant, one or two *hakoya* (guild boys) come to our house and help for preparations; these boys are very well trained to dress *geisha*.

“After the dark those girls who are not yet hired go out for rambling in the *ennichi* street near their house. When the girls, who have finished dressing, are on the point to go out from their house for the restaurant, it is a custom in our society that the mistress of the house strikes sparks with flint and steal against the back of the girls, wishing a good luck of the evening. We first call at the guild office, and, accompanied by the *hakoya*, go to the restaurant. You know very well how we are after the appearance in presence of the guests in the restaurants. We are very busy, and become toilworn if we have to wait upon a great party attended by a great number of guests. Sometimes there is such a case that, according to a previous promise, we meet with the customers at a restaurant or waiting-house and set out from there for an excursion, commonly to a hot-bath resort in an adjacent province. On that occasion we are dressed like ladies or daughters, and take the automobile or the train in night. How happy we are to take pleasures quietly at the mineral bath, while all the expenses for the hotel, and the fees for ourselves, are paid by the customers!



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“On another occasion we have to spend up one whole evening by attending to a Review Meeting held by the master of dancing or *samisen* at least twice a year. The meeting is called the *Osarai*, and generally opened at a large hall of a famous restaurant; all the girls, old and young, trained by or under training of the master, have the duty to attend the meeting. Competitions of the art among girls of different *geisha* houses are very lively, and the reviewing is continued from five or six to ten or eleven in the evening. The girls compete not only for their art, but also emulate one another for their dresses, being backed by her own intimate customers. Elder girls endeavour to do best for the younger girls of their own houses, and forget everything for themselves till the meeting is closed. Certainly, the attendance to the Review Meeting is an extra work for the *geisha* society.

“If we are hired to the *machiai*, it is generally after ten or eleven, and there is no need to tell further about merriment there, as you know very well. The time we can come back to home from the restaurant or *machiai* every night is twelve; in summer we feel revived by the cool air on the way, but in winter night how cold it is on the *rikisha*, as if the ears and nose are frozen up by the cutting north wind. When we get in our house it is near one, and, changing clothes at once, we sit down near the fire-box. Talking one another about the events or guests in this night, we take tea and cakes, and then go to bed. Some go to sleep instantly, and some are smoking in bed. In winter night we are often surprised by ringing of the fire-bell, and look out for the fire through the window. At last all of us fall in sound sleep. Almost all the girls of our profession are offering prayers every day to a certain shrine, and entreat the prosperity of their business and the happiness of their future. On the monthly festival days of the shrine we never fail to get up very early at four, or five, and go to the shrine to worship the god before breakfast.”

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You are much interested with the long narration on the *geisha's* daily life. It is now past ten, and, after paying the bill and giving the *chadai* to the restaurant and the tip to the housemaids, you and your friend leave the restaurant.

By the way the famous Japanese restaurants in Tokyo will be introduced here.

Restaurants are business for night, though a few visit them in daytime by some unavoidable reasons. The largest and most notable Japanese restaurants are the Yaozen and the Tokiwaya; the former is situated at Sanya in Asakusa Ward, and so old a shop that it exists since the feudal age of the Tokugawa Shogunate, and the latter at Hamachō in the Nihonbashi Ward, at present more popular than the other. The first-class restaurants next to the above two are the Kurataya at Himonochō, the Hyakuseki at Yoshichō, the Owariya at Yokoyamachō, and the Tokiwa at Hamacho; the last one being commonly called the Ko-tokiwa (minor Tokiwa) in contrast to the great Tokiwa-ya in the same street. The Chūkatei of the Shokushō Jimmichi and the Shimamura at the side street of Tōri Shichōme serve very nice dishes too. The Okada of Hamachō, the Fukuirō of Takasagochō, the Daimata of Yagenbori, and the Kikuzumi of Moto-daikuchō are to be ranked among the first-class restaurants in the Nihonbashi Ward. Near Shimbashi, the Kwagetsu to the north and the Kogetsu to the south of the bridge are the very large houses, and the Matsumotorō of Owarichō lately made a great success—we are told that the quantity of fish and other materials daily consumed in the house are more than those of any other restaurants in Tokyo, and that the house is most suitable for giving a party. The Kinrokutei is very famous for the excellent cooking, and the Midoriya near the Department of Agriculture and Commerce has a splendid building, and is very nice in its dishes. In the



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quarter of Tsukiji, the Hisago, the Shinkiraku, and the Kōsetsuken are very good, and the Nodaya is very popular by the fame of its amateur cooking. The Man-yasu of Kobikichō in the same quarter is famous for its large buildings and splendid gardens, and, being apt for parties and comparatively cheap in its charges, is always flourishing similar to the Matsumotorō.

Removing to the Yanagibashi quarter, the sphere of influence for the Yanagibashi *geisha* circle, the Kamesei at the foot of the bridge (Yanagibashi) is one of the largest and highest restaurants in the city, and the Ryūkōtei adjoining to it is also a very celebrated one.

Asakusa Park is abundant of large and small restaurants; but there are very few which can be mentioned as the good houses—the Manbai and the Ichinao being best among all. The Yakko, near the back gate of the Higashi Honganji Temple, and the Jūbako of Sanya are excellent for their cooking of eels and snapping turtles.

The Tokiwa-kadan, in Uyeno Park, is a large restaurant occupying a very good position of the park, and governing the whole views of the capital, and the Iyomon of Dobōchō, near by the park, is a very old house and renowned for its superior cookery, these two being the notable houses in the Shitaya Ward.

In the Kanda Ward, the Kaikarō, within the precincts of the Kanda Myōjin Shrine, and the Kinseirō of Renjakuchō have a great number of rooms in their magnificent buildings, and are always full of guests; but as for cooking, the Hanaya of Kōbusho, on the opposite bank of the River Kanda-gawa, has a higher reputation than the two.

In the so-called bluff quarter we hardly recommend very good restaurants, but the Yaokan of Tamachi is an old house in this quarter, and most popular among others; the Mikawaya of



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Tameike is very well both in building and cooking, and can be said to be one of the first-class restaurants. These two houses are located among the sphere of influence of the Akasoka girls' circle.

The Kōyokan (the Maple Club), in Shiba Park, is a noted restaurant, at the gate of which a police-box stands. The feast of nobles and the entertainment of foreigners are often held in this club. This aristocratic restaurant is excellent in everything—rooms, gardens, views, and waitresses. The "Maple Dance," performed by the young and beautiful girls of the club, is very famous and popular.

Along the shore of the Shinagawa Bay there are the Takeshibakan, the Shibaurakan, and the Ikesu. All these restaurants are good for the hot summer season, and we can take sea-water bath there.

We have very celebrated restaurants in the suburban quarters round the city—the Matsuasa of Omori on the seashore of the Gulf of Takye, and the Yaomatsu and the Uyehan along the River Sumida. On the upper reaches of the river there are the branches of these last two restaurants. Both are situated at the quiet and retired places—the Yaomatsu near the Suijin Shrine and the Uyehan at the background of the Mokuboji Temple, and frequented by the stylish citizens of Tokyo. The Hashimoto is of the high renown in the eastern suburb, and placed very near Kameido Park and the Myōken Temple of Yanagi-shima.

In Tokyo you are often told of some special eating-houses, where a peculiar kind of food is served, and the fame of these houses is very high on account of this peculiarity of dishes. At a turning in the north side of the electric tram halting place of Sudachō you will find an eating-house called the Kaneman. The characteristic dish of this house is the globefish flesh boiled in the pan. The Tokyo citizens are not generally very fond of the globefish flesh, because they fear its poison; but in Kyūshū

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provinces, and specially in its northern quarters, the flesh of the fish is very popular among the natives, and treated as the daintiest meat among all other fish flesh. It is said among them that if the globe-fish is well cooked there is no fear for its poison. Now you enter the Kaneman and take your seat by a small table in a large room. The room is brilliantly lighted by the pale gaslights, and full of customers. You give order to a maid-servant to bring a pan of globefish flesh and a bottle of *sakē*. To make assurance, you ask the maid whether there is no fear for poisoning, and the guests near by laugh for your foolish question. Somewhat hesitated by fear, but with great valour, you try the first piece and find what a nice taste it has—incomparable to any others of fish flesh! The dish costs only ten *sen* per pan.

The next peculiar eating-house rather of the lowest class is the horseflesh shop. The largest and most popular house is the Okada at Hatchōbōri in the Kyōbashi Ward, and the hall of the house is always found full of at least thirty or forty customers every evening. The people who visit the shop generally consist of those who believe the horseflesh to be effective for warming the cold constitution, or those who have too poor a pocket to go to a beef-shop. The flesh costs only seven *sen* per pan.

If you be asked by any one whether you are acquainted with an eating-house called the Marugin, perhaps you would answer by a negative. It is a shop of *oden*. In this book you read often of stalls of *odenya*, but the Marugin is a large house situated at the cross-roads of Sudachō, and though it belongs to the eating-houses of the lowest class, it may probably be the first and largest *odenya* in Tokyo. The room, lighted with electric lights, is furnished with tables and chairs, in place of mats and *futon*, very common in the shops of the lower rank. *Oden* is, as previously explained, a special kind of food boiled down with soy, its chief materials consisting of fish,



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bean-curd, *konnyaku*, and taro. When you visit the shop you find a man of the European clothes and the two young fellows of merchant costume; all of them seem to be much intoxicated already. You take a chair by the side of a long table and begin to drink *masamuně* (name of a Japanese wine), taking *oden* of *kani* (crab flesh) and *suji* (sinewy flesh of fish). The young merchants sing some fashionable songs, and, turning to you, beg your pardon for their noisiness; in return, you admire their skill of singing. Then they present a glass of *sakě* to you, and at once you repay it. The man of the European dress is almost inclined to be maudlin, and the two others are very kind to tend him. They tell you that the man is a clerk of a bank, and that he has *yen* 1,000 in his bag. You understand they are tending him by intention to accompany him to some interesting place for this night; but you leave the house shortly. You know not what went on with them further in this night.

It was an evening of autumn when a party of our friends held a dinner at a certain restaurant near Shimbashi. The garden of the restaurant was very beautiful with the several flower-beds of chrysanthemum—full of large and small flowers of yellow, white, red, purple, and golden colours. Our party consisted of some thirty members, who occupied a large room upstairs, and ten large and five small *geisha*, mixed with eight maid-servants of the house, were waiting upon the meeting. When it was past ten, and now all persons being drunk and in their top of pleasure, the feast was nearly to be closed. I called an acquainted older *geisha* to my side and whispered her to accompany me to a *machiai*, where I intended to go this night after the close of the banquet. She consented at once, and as the meeting was closed near eleven I secretly escaped from the rest of our party and drove a *rikisha* for a waiting-house,



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followed by another *rikisha* of the promised girl. The *machiai*, at the entrance of which our *rikisha* stopped, was a house called the Tachibanaya at Tsukiji, not far from the Shimbashi Station. Received by the hostess and maid-servants, we were at once shown in a room innermost of the house.

Business of the class of houses called *machiai* is to receive guests who want to have a place for meeting, and, as those who are to make a meeting wait each other for their arrival at an appointed house, hence the name *machiai* (waiting each other) is produced. At present, however, most of the customers for the *machiai*—or rather all of them—consist of gentlemen who intend to make a private meeting with their acquainted *geisha*, and consequently the mention of *machiai* is always associated with attendance of the girls. While the public meetings or banquets are held at the restaurant, the guests to *machiai* go there very privately, and naturally the rooms of any *machiai* are arranged one another in such a construction that one room is entirely isolated by the others by the walls, intermediate gardens, or corridors. Around any quarter of the city where there is a den of *geisha*, there you find the street of *machiai*, so close and inseparable is the connection between the *geisha* and the *machiai*. Of course there are various ranks of these waiting-houses from the higher to the lowest, and those of the lowest class are said to be haunted even by some kind of private harlots or courtesans. It is strange that the *machiai* of the first rank strictly refuse to receive unacquainted visitors, and, if you wish to go to a house first, you must be accompanied or introduced by your friend well acquainted with the house. In a *machiai* you can drink and eat anything as you please, just as in a restaurant, but as there is no preparations of cookery in any *machiai*, all drinks and food are supplied from a restaurant. The fixed income of the *machiai* is the charge for the room, which costs *yen* 1 or 2 per person for one

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evening, and you shall not forget to give the *chodai* to the house and the tip to the maids, as done in the hotel or restaurant. As the *machiai* is not a hotel, it is not allowed to stay whole night for guests or *geisha*, and *samisen* playing or loud singing being prohibited after twelve, these houses shut up the door after twelve. But sometimes on early morning you will find a gentleman going out of a *machiai*, and on the other occasion a *rikisha* of a *geisha*-like girl running out of the gate of the same house. I don't know whether the man is a relative of the hostess or the girl is a maid-servant of the house.

The room in which the two, I and the girl, were shown was of six mats, nicely arranged with the stylish decorations. I sat down by a square red-sandalwood table, and the girl on my opposite side. Feeling thirsty, I ordered a housemaid to bring a bottle of beer, and when it was poured into a glass by my girl, I emptied it at one draught. After ordering *saké* and some dishes, I requested the girl to tell some interesting stories regarding her circles. The following story done by her will explain one side of the real features of *geisha* :—

“We girls of gay circles are altogether said to be fickle, faithless, two-tongued, and plotful, and there may be such a tendency among some of them, but according to my impartial judgment—I know the true features of our circles very well, as I have grown up and still live in them—criticism or blames against us should be done after the discrimination on the kind or qualities of girls were properly done. The girls who have suffered pains or experiences within the society of *geisha* profession are much kinder and more compassionate, and have greater inclination to sympathise with the others, than the common, unprofessional girls.

“Men reproach us to be fickle, faithless, or plotful, and the cause of these blames is founded upon our profession after all. Every day we have to meet and



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wait upon guests who are not acquainted before, and to appear kind and familiar equally to men of any qualities. It is natural that charms and compliments for every man become our habits. While waiting upon guests, we must peep into the true state of each of their characters, and the efforts to understand each man gradually lead us to be suspicious for everything. The girls in our circles are wonderfully developed in their wit, and if the wit is further cultured, it is turned to sympathy and compassion. Being very suspicious, however, the tendency to sympathy and compassion is suppressed down by ourselves, and thus they reproach us to be faithless and cold-hearted. What a nonsense to be subjected to such insult, in consequence of misunderstanding upon our true spirit! In order to explain whether the girls of the gay circles are faithful or not, I shall tell you an actual instance.

"It was a time when I was a dancing-girl (*oshaku*) of only thirteen years old in my present house, and, among many girls in this house, there was a young *geisha* named Kohana, who was in love with a young gentleman, a son of a rich merchant. One day the mistress and all girls of the house went to a theatre, but I, being sick on the day, was left at home together with an old maid-servant. About 3 P.M. the girl Kohana unexpectedly came back alone, and told me that, feeling a strong headache, she could not help to be in the theatre. After less than half an hour, her lover, the young gentleman, came in too, and confined himself in a room upstairs together with the girl. They seemed to be talking very secretly, and after some twenty minutes suddenly I was called by Kohana. When I went up to their room, I was surprised to find that the little finger of the young man's left hand was wrapped up with a piece of paper, which was stained with bleeding. Presenting a razor before my face, the girl said to me, 'I pray you to cut my little finger.' At a moment



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I understood that the man cut his finger himself, but she could not be bold enough to cut that of her own herself, nor he could be so cruel to do it for his sweetheart. It is an old custom in Japan that the lovers cut their little fingers for the sign of the true love between each other, and the cutting is done by the way of striking a razor put on the finger with the wooden pillow of the female. Applying the razor on her finger, the girl repeated, 'Please strike the razor by the pillow with your all might!' But I, being a little girl of only thirteen, was very afraid, and could not do such a fearful act. I was trembling, and said, '*Neisan* (older girl), I can't do such a dreadful thing!' Kohana insisted against me, but I refused by repeating, 'Excuse me, excuse me!' She appeared angry, and pressed upon me, 'If you do not obey to my request,' said she, 'I shall never protect you in future when you are persecuted by the mistress or other girls, and moreover never help you on your daily reviewing!' I fell into great troubles, and was compelled to decide at last to do as I was ordered. I took up the pillow, and, shutting my eyes struck it on the razor. When the blood gushed forth from her white slender finger, she was gazing at the bleeding finger. She smiled, but her face was as pale as a ghost. I was struck with fright, and began to cry out. Her lover turned away his face and could not see the cruel scene.

"The cause of the finger-cutting was that the young gentleman had to go to America on his business and stay there for two or three years. To be parted for a long time was very bitter for the two, and, in order to show the unchangeable love between each other, the girl proposed to perform the old method of oath to show the firmness of mind. Thus the young lovers parted with tears; and it passed half a year, one year, one and a half and two years, but there came no letter from the man to the girl. She was always thinking of her lover and waiting a good news from

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him ; she had been a very active and light-hearted girl, but gradually became thoughtful and gloomy.

"Sir, how do you think if you know that going abroad of the young gentleman was a lie? He did not go to America, but on the contrary he married a young lady! One day, two years after the tragical parting, Kohana, the abandoned girl, met with her old lover, accompanied by his wife, in the street of Ginza. She stopped, and felt her heart about to burst out. But the cold-blooded brute turned away its face and escaped off. What a pity was the girl deceived by such a fox! The honest girl cut the finger by her true heart, but the man by his mere whim.

"What a good example it is to explain the fact that a man is fickle and faithless. Of course I do not conclude at a time that all men are faithless, but I can say that the girls of our circles are not all unkind, but that some are much more faithful and honest than ordinary women. In a word, a *geisha* does not love the man thoughtlessly, but if once she loved, she does not hesitate to sacrifice even her life for the lover."

## CHAPTER VII

### PUBLIC BATH-HOUSES

WE are told that one cause of the downfall of Rome was to be ascribed to its bath-places, and the bathing seems to be neither the habit of the German race nor of the Chinese people, because it is very difficult to take bath habitually in these cold continental countries. There is a great difference in the principle of bathing between the European and the Japanese. The Europeans are compelled to take bath in order to clean off the filth excreted over their body, and consequently, if there is no necessity to bath, they are glad to be without bathing; but on the contrary, bathing of the Japanese is far beyond the simple object of cleaning their body, but it is so evolved that they take bath to wash their *life*!

The Europeans wash their hand before they take dinner or supper, and also comb their hair several times in a day; but they take bath or wash the hair only once a week. If the Japanese take bath with the object to wash their body and clean the dirt, there is no need for them to bath every day—nay, nonsense for them who sometimes take bath on the morning and evening of the same day! Bathing of the Japanese may be certainly called washing of the life rather than cleaning of the body. In other words, bathing is the supreme pleasure indispensable for the Japanese.

The public bath-house in Japan is the paradise for



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labourers, and the real value of bathing can be appreciated after their hard work of the whole day. By bathing they cannot only forget all the fatigue of the whole day, but also their idea is entirely changed owing to the effect of the new and active circulation of blood. At the moment when they begin to sing a popular song cheerfully in the bathroom, any of them is no more a carpenter, a cart coolie, nor a navvy, but now he is a poet. An Englishman once said that every Japanese is a poet, and his saying is proved absolutely true in the bath-house. Bathing washes away their discontent, and their disposition as labourers is melted away in the bath-box ; they are converted to optimists ; the love for their wives and children are recovered or deepened in their mind. Coming home from the bath-house, they drink by attendance of wives, and, soon falling into sleep, become the men of the peaceful paradise.

The public hot bath-houses in the city of Tokyo are as numerous as there are a great number of barber shops, and almost all the citizens, except those who keep the private bathrooms in their own houses, go to the public bath-houses every day, specially in the evening from 8 to 12 P.M., after their daily business is finished.

The bath-house is separated by the wall into two parts, the bathrooms for the male and the female, to each of which its own entrance is attached. When you step in the male entrance, you find a large room with the floor covered with mattings, and here you are to take off your clothes, which is put by yourself in a basket provided for each person. Next to the room, and shut up with glass doors, there is the bathing room. Now you, stark-naked and carrying a towel and a soap, which you brought from your home, open the glass door and march in the bathroom. The floor of the room is smoothly boarded, its whole surface being made in slight slope so as to give an easy flow of water, and a large square box is fixed at

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the bottom of the wooden wall on the opposite side to the glass doors. The box is filled with the hot water, into which all persons are to sink and warm their body. The bathroom is large, and can contain over fifty men at once, while the bath-box is wide enough for twenty. Along the wall bordering the female room, there are two fixed smaller square boxes, one filled with the hot and the other the cold water; people are not allowed to go into these boxes, but they are to use the hot or the cold water by taking into small tubs when they are about to go out of the room after cleaned up their body. The walls of the bathroom are generally glazed with large mirrors, so that they can use them when they wish to shave at the intervals of bathing. Along one side of the walls you see a pile of small tubs, which you can take, and, filling up with the hot water in the fixed box, use for washing your body. The charge for bathing is only three *sen* per person, and if you wish to have your back washed by the bath-boy (*bantō*), you shall pay one *sen* extra. The bath charge is called the *yu sen* ("cost for the hot water") and the bath-boy fee the *nagashi* ("to wash").

Regulation for temperature of the hot water in the large box is done by cocks furnished at one corner of the box, and the bath-takers in the box can pour in the hot or cold water from the cocks as they please.

Up to about thirty years ago the construction of the bathing-room was entirely different and much more conservative than the simple and open system at the present time. The bath-box was not open as at present, but its approach was covered with a large board hanging down from the ceiling, so that those who were to come into the box were to bow down their body and pass under the board. The inside of the board was full of steam, a small lamp inserted in the wooden wall throwing a dim light; so it was very hard to see how many men were in the box. It was an etiquette for the bath-takers, when they were to



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come into the box, to say, "I beg your pardon; I am a rustic," and in winter they said, "This is a cold thing." These complimentary expressions were given for fear that he might touch the other's body, because the inside was dark and he could not exactly see the men there. In these few words we can find the trace of the pure Yedonian spirit—Yedo is the old name of Tokyo in the Tokugawa age, and the spirit of the Yedo citizens is the incarnation of gallantry and chivalry. Besides the bathroom, there was a special system for the dress-room too. The lattice doors were shut at the entrance of the bath-house, and if they entered the door, in front there was a large staircase which led to a room upstairs. On upstairs there were two or three large rooms, and here they found three or four nice young girls, who supplied them with a bath-gown. Putting off their clothes and taking the gown, they went down the stairs, and, throwing off the gown into a basket at the downstairs room, they went into the bathing-room. After they finished bath, they put on the gown, and coming up again to the upstairs room, one of the girls served them a cup of tea or *sakurayu* (*sakuraya* is the hot water in which two or three cherry flowers salted down are floating). What a nice taste and fragrance the *sakurayu* had, being seasoned with light salt emitted out of the flowers and flavoured with their perfume! Guests would take cakes which could be supplied by the girls. In these rooms chess and checkers were furnished, and the customers to the house would be glad to play games. Young men were very happy to gossip with the waitresses, and spent their leisure time in the evening. These girls in the upstairs of the bath-house seem to have been selected out of the beautiful maidens, and we often found among them such *belles* that even *geisha* of the age could not match them in their charm and beauty.

At present these girls for tea-serving in the upstairs rooms of the bath-house are prohibited. In



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common hot bath-houses people come to take bath simply, yet every evening all houses are crowded with visitors—specially very flourishing after nine or ten. Two or three small tubs filled with hot water are kept by the side of each visitor, who washes and polishes their face, body, and limbs, and fragrance of soap fills the room, mixed in the vapour floating up out of the large bath-box. Some are washing their head with the water falling down from the taps fixed high above on the wall; and others, who are about to get out of the room, pouring down the clean hot water over their body and then wiping off the wet with the towel—the fresh hot water having been drawn in tubs from the smaller hot-water box. Three young fellows, who seem to be carpenters by their expressions—one of them has his back tattooed with a coloured picture of a beauty under cherry blossoms—are now in the midst of their good humour in the bath-box, and a song loudly and skilfully sung by one of them is followed by another song alternately done by the other two.

Noise and confusion in the female room are still greater. Most of the women who come to the bath-house in night are wives of merchants and labourers, and they are generally accompanied by two or three children. Wives living in neighbourhood happen to meet in the bathroom, and their mutual chatters are ceaselessly echoing here and there, while sharp cries of babies deafen the ears of silent bathers. Women use the *nukabukuro*, as well as soap, for polishing the face and body; and the *nukabukuro* is a small cotton-cloth bag filled with rice bran (*nuka*), which is used after dipping into the hot water. Young wives and daughters who have finished their polishing sit before the mirror in the wall and powder the face and neck. *Bantō* or bath-boys are very busy in the female far more than in the male room, for most of the

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women need have their back washed by them ; and *bantō* are happy to be busy, as they can earn one *sen* per person for their work.

The public hot bath is opened at 5 A.M. every day, and closed at 12 P.M. The old dirty hot water in the bath-box is thrown out every night as soon as the house is shut up, and the preparation of new water for the next morning is done by the *bantō*, who thus have to work sleepless by turns.

Besides the common hot bath-houses, there is a special kind of bath-houses where business of restaurant is taken together at the same time ; they are called the *onsen-ryōri*, which means the bath-restaurant. One summer evening you visit a bath-restaurant called the Ikaho near the Uyeno Park, around which some three or four famous *onsen-ryōri* are situated. At the entrance of the Ikaho there stands a large wooden gate of the pure Japanese style, and the courtyard of some ten yards long leads from the gate to the door of the house. A large two-storied building is divided into many rooms, to one of which you are shown by one of the waiting-maids. First of all she brings a bath-gown (*yukata*) and asks you to take bath if you please. A part of downstairs of the building is made a large bathroom, furnished with the dress-room next to it. The bath-box is filled with the hot water similar to the mineral hot spring of Mount Ikoho in the Kodzuke Province, made by mixing the flowers fetched from the original spring. A *bantō* serves tubs of pure hot water, and washes your back with soap. After you get out of the room and put on the bath-gown, you come to the toilet-room connected with the dress-room and give a touch to your hair. Coming back to your room, you sit down on the *zabuton* and try to smoke. Just then the waitress appears again, and prepares a table of dishes and *sakē*. The views from the upstairs room is very fine ; fireflies are going to

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and fro over the meeds on the bank of a small stream, the twinkling lights of street lamps can be seen through the dark wood of the park. At times noises of trains are heard like distant thunder, and they are the trains of the North-Eastern line, which runs a long distance of four hundred and fifty-six miles between Uyeno and Aomori. Cool breezes, which come through the green leaves of the wood, and after touching the ripples in the stream, are constantly stroking your face and breast. In a room beyond the courtyard sound of *samisen* and voice of singing are heard, and your maid tells you that three beautiful *geisha* from the Yanagibashi circle are attending the guests of that room. In another room there is an old gentleman, accompanied by his wife and children, and taking supper sitting in a merry circle; in the hall downstairs a dinner-party of young students seems to be at the height of pleasure. Through all seasons citizens of every rank come to the bath-restaurants, and are fond of making merry after washing away the dirt of daytime. Some of these bath-restaurants are taking business of hotel at the same time. If you have no leisure to visit a distant local quarter of the mineral spring, you may be satisfied to stay some two or three days in one of these bath-hotels. The most popular bath-restaurants in Tokyo are Ikaho, Isobě, Shiobara, and Kusatusu — all these names being derived from the appellations given upon the original springs in local quarters.



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SHIMBASHI STATION TO SHINAGAWA

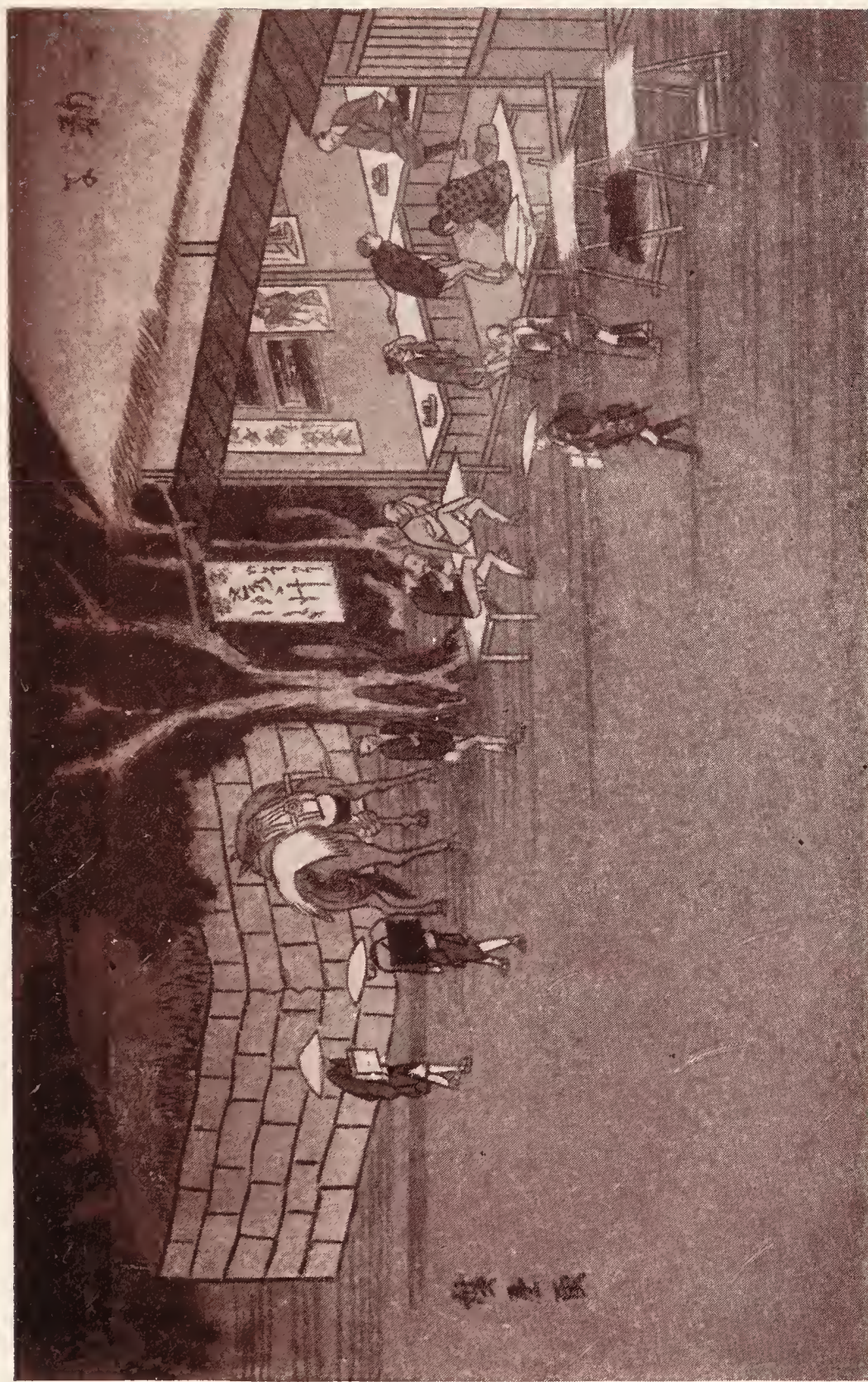
AROUND the city of Tokyo there are the five terminus stations—the Shimbashi, the Manseibashi, the Uyeno, the Ryōgoku, and the Asakusa; but as the great central station is now in course of construction and will be completed in the next year (1914), the lines from these five stations will be concentrated into the new station. Among these five stations at present, the Shimbashi, which is the starting-point for the Tokaido line, is always crowded by passengers, and specially those who are going to travel to Osaka, Kōbē, or Shimonoseki of the Sanyō line, take the express train in night. It is about seven in the evening when you make appearance in the station to see its general aspect. By one side of the stone steps leading to the front entrance there stand three automatic telephone boxes, each of which is occupied, one by a girl and the other two by gentlemen. Close by one of the telephone boxes a money-changer box is found, and an old woman in the box busy on her business of exchange. Ascending the stone steps, you pass the entrance and fall into the whirlpool of people. Pushing through the throngs, you approach the first- and second-class waiting-room, where you find ladies and gentlemen in travelling costume, some leaning on the sofa and reading papers, some talking with friends standing by the large table at the centre, magazines and papers being furnished on the table by the stationmaster. Porters of red caps are carrying

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bags and trunks for the train. In the lady's waiting-room, on the opposite side, you can see some six or seven young and old ladies of the peer's rank, attended by their chambermaids. Then you come to the large waiting-room for the third-class passengers; men and women who constantly come in and out of the room are about to shock with you, and their chatters and idle talks with loud voice are raising a confused noise within the room. Most of people assembled in this room are rustics; some dangle a cotton bag from their neck, and some carry baggages on the shoulder. Near the door of the room there is standing a policeman, to whom an old man shows his bald head, by taking off the old ruffled soft hat, and, after bowing down, politely enquires where to buy his ticket. There are two large booking offices fronting each other at the centre of the station; in one of them there are opened the windows for the first- and second-class and platform tickets, and in the other those for the third-class only. These windows being classified according to the kind of ticket for short and long distance in the Tōkaidō line, and for the Tanyō, the Tan-in and the Kyūshū lines—all tickets are sold by young female clerks.

Coming round into the spacious part of the station which leads to the wickets, newsboys are crying for the evening press, and at one corner of the place you find a nicely-decorated shop of miscellaneous articles—at the shop passengers buy cigars, matches, magazines, handkerchiefs, and the like. On the wall, near the shop, large square looking-glasses, with advertisement pictures on their broad frames, serve for dandies to touch on the hair or the tie, or on arranging dresses. The western side of the part is made the way out of the station, and along the wide frontage here *rikisha*, carriages, and motor-cars are prepared in rows and waiting for guests. At one side of the frontage you find a box of *rikisha* tickets, and, if any one buys a ticket at the box after appointing his destination, he can take a *rikisha* to any quarter





MARIKO, A STAGE ON THE HIGHWAY OF TŌKAIDŌ, IN THE AGE OF YEDO.





## THE SHIMBASHI STATION

of the city without troubles to fix the fare himself directly with the *rikisha*-man. You come back again near the first-class waiting-room, and, along the wall of its entrance, there can be seen a large bending staircase; now stepping it up, you arrive at the door of a restaurant.

On entering the door there is a bar, and farther inside there are two large rooms, in each of which a number of tables are furnished. In the restaurant both the Japanese and European dishes can be served. In the bar six young clerks of a firm make a circle round a table, and are taking beer, whisky, or *saké* according to choice of each. They seem to have happened to meet here on their way back from Yokohama and other places after finished their business, and now, being much intoxicated, are discussing for an expedition to a certain gay circle. You take a seat by a table near these young fellows, and, giving order to the waiter to bring a glass of beer, listen what they speak. "I have *yen* 15 here in my pocket," says the oldest one among them, some twenty-five years old, "and I can spend *yen* 10 this night. How much can you all contribute from your purse?" After some minutes of conference among the rest, the youngest one replies, "We all can make *yen* 20, and, adding your *yen* 10 into ours, the war fund amounts to thirty." "That will do," says the first one; "but there is an important matter which you all must not forget, and that is we should go home before twelve this night, nobody shall stay till later than midnight. Now let us start at once, the earlier the better." "Then shall we go to Shinagawa by train again?" asks another one. "Yes, it is nearest to here," echoes the ringleader; "we must save time." You determine your mind to follow them to Shinagawa, the south end of the city, where a prostitute quarter is established. In the meantime, while they are still emptying the glasses, you leave your seat and try to look into the inner rooms. There

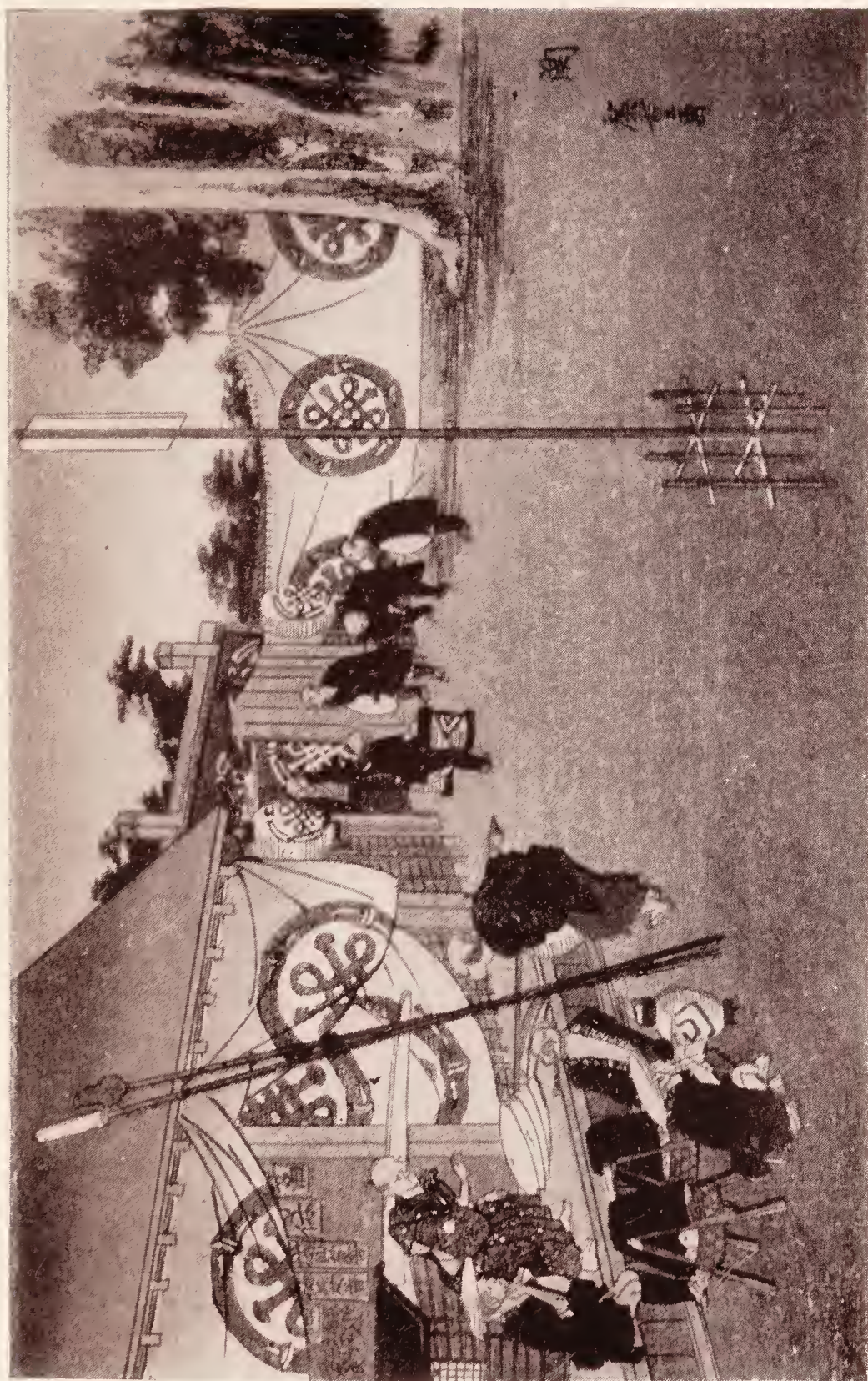
## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

you find some four or five companies of ladies and gentlemen, the European and the Japanese, taking drinks and some dishes; these guests are all for the next train, and have come to take refreshment, utilising a few minutes before the time.

Following the six clerks, you descend the stairs, and, when you are going to approach the ticket window across the crowds of people standing in rows, you are suddenly interrupted by a policeman. Being bewildered by the unexpected obstruction, you are told by a gentleman by your side that H.I.H. Princess K—— has come back by the train just arrived. In a few minutes the princess, guided by the stationmaster, and followed by the steward and chambermaids, passes through the way between the rows of loyal citizens, who all take off the hats and bow down the head. She is dressed in a pure Japanese costume, and, getting in the carriage waiting at the front entrance, goes away for her palace.

Having missed your games now by this sudden hindrance, you look for them among the throngs, but could not find them. You buy a ticket and hasten into the platform. Looking into each box of the train through the window, at last you could discover the band of expeditionists, who are laughing and talking loudly. You get into the same box and take a seat at the opposite corner; at this moment your watch shows just nine. A flute of the stationmaster and a steam whistle at the engine—the train begins to run for the Tōkaidō. Ten minutes and the train arrived at the Shinagawa Station, the next one to the Shimbashi Station. Getting down the train quickly, you follow them with strict care never to miss them again. It is less than half a mile from the station to the Shinagawa Street. They come to a large brothel called the Shimasaki-rō, and enter its door at once. Now you give them up and begin to take a walk through the street to see the general state of the quarter.





A BARRIER ON THE HIGHWAY OF TŌKAI DŌ, IN THE FEUDAL AGE.





## THE SHIMBASHI STATION

Shinagawa is the southernmost part of the city of Tokyo ; in the period of the Tokugawa government a barrier was established at the north end of the road, and those who come from the west were not allowed without the passport to pass the gate of the barrier, the throat of the city of Yedo. The brothels of Shinagawa were very flourishing by travellers in the age of Yedo, and at present a little more than one hundred houses are still on the both sides of the street, those on the eastern side governing the magnificent views of the Bay of Shinagawa. The front view of these houses here are different from that of those at Yoshiwara ; the so-called showrooms are not opened for the street, but if you want to see the girls, you have to step in the entrance of the house, and there can have a sufficient look upon them. In this street a great number of restaurants and smaller eating - houses open their shops mingled among brothels. Just below a large brothel building you find a small eating-house, at the entrance of which a long square paper lantern hangs, and four large Japanese characters, *Ha-ma-na-bě*, are written on the lantern's paper—the *hamanabě* is the name of a dish made of clam-flesh boiled in a pan. You enter the house, and, taking a seat on a *sabuton*, order to bring a bottle of *sakě* and a pan of *hamanabě*. A little maid-servant brings a small square fire-box, on which a little pan filled with clam-flesh is put, the dish being arranged so as to be gradually cooked on the fire-box. At one part of the room there is a group of stalwart fishermen, who live in the fishing-village along the Shinagawa Bay ; they guzzle *sakě* and devour dishes of clam and others. “It was about the middle of last night,” groans out one of them, with the eyes like an eagle upon the copper-coloured face, “when we discovered and picked up the drowning young couple into our boat. It was very dark, the sky being covered with dense clouds, and the waves were very high, not easy to pull the boat as we please.”



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“How it happened to you to rescue them in such a dark night?” asks a young fisherman in earnest; “and were they both still alive when you found them?” “No, the man was almost breathless and the girl already fainted. It was on our way back from the fishery last night when one of our companions discovered a black mass floating upon the waves, and, approaching the boat to it, we recognised the form of two human bodies tightly bound each other. At once I ordered to take them up into the boat, and no sooner the two bodies were laid down on board, than we hastened for the shore with full speed. On the shore we burnt straw and warmed them by the fire for some ten minutes, when the two could recover their breath, and at the same time threw up a quantity of water from the mouth. They were taken to the police-station, and this morning I heard that enquiries were made upon them by a constable. Both they are young, and the girl very beautiful.” “And have you been told of details why they did such an indiscreet conduct?” enquires another one, holding a cup of *saké* in his left hand, and putting the chopsticks in his right hand into the boiling pan of *hamaguri* (clam flesh). “Yes, before they were sent to the police-station,” answers the first one, “I was told by the young man as follows:—

“The young couple were the natives of the town Uraga, in the Saitama Prefecture, some twelve miles north to Tokyo. The man is twenty-five years old, and betrothed to the girl, who is eighteen years old. The father of the girl, a merchant of dry goods, was unfortunate to ruin lately by his miscarriage on business, and compelled to make a certain amount of money by sending away his daughter to a *geisha* house in Tokyo. Having been told of the father’s intention, the girl was much surprised, and in the night ran to her future husband, who was a clerk of a bank in the town and living in a short distance from her house. After consultation throughout the night,

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the two eloped for Tokyo by the first train of the next morning, but they were prepared with a small sum of money in their pocket. They took refuge in an inn near Uyeno Park, and were staying there for about a week. The money was spent up soon, and could find no means to get work as they had no acquaintances in the city. At last they resolved to die together, and, after wandering away to Shinagawa last night, attempted to drown themselves in the bay." All fishermen are silently listening, some sympathised with the unfortunate couple, and the others taking pity on their foolish conduct.

After paying the bill, you come out of the house. It is now eleven o'clock, and you begin to stroll down the street to the north farther. Passing a stone bridge, under which the Tōkaidō railways run, you arrive at the south extreme of the electric tram of the city, and see multitude of people pouring in and out of the cars, halting here. You do not take the tram, and walk farther on along the pavement. After twenty minutes you arrive at the corner of the entrance road to the Sengakuji, the very famous temple for the graves of the "Forty-seven Rōnins," who revenged for their lord, Naganori Asano, and all committed suicide (*harakiri*, cutting the abdomen) at once, in the feudal age of the Tokugawa Government two hundred years ago, and try to visit the tombs in night. The road leading to the Temple Gate is very dark, while by day the shops of souvenir articles for the loyal retainers are opened in rows on its both sides and crowded by the visitors. Entering the gate, you turn to the left and come to the well called the *Kubi arai Ido* (the Well washing the Head), which it is said was used by the *rōnins* to wash the head of Yoshihide Kira, the enemy of their lord, Naganori. Near the well there stands a large stone monument for Rihei Amanoya, a chivalrous merchant who made and supplied all arms and costumes necessary for the



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invasion of the loyal retainers of Asano. Advancing farther on the dark narrow lane under the thick wood, you reach a black wooden gate of the graveyard, and the dense smoke of the burning sticks of incense offered by the visitors in daytime can be seen curling up in the air. The gate being locked up in night, you cannot enter the graveyard, but over the fence and through the dark you can observe the tombstones of the forty-seven heroes, standing in square rows surrounding the two large tombs of their lord, Naganori Asano, and his wife. After worshipping these monuments of the Japanese *bushido*, you come round towards the front of the temple, the doors of which are now shut up, and the glimmering lights in the hall of the main building can be hardly seen through the opening of doors. The sound of wind blowing over the roof of the large temple and through the wood behind the building make you feel horrible; at this moment a large dog appears from under the temple floor and loudly barks at you. You note a round lump on the ground just under the eaves of the building, and close by your feet begins to move suddenly and slowly, and gazing at it, find it is a beggar, covering his body with an old straw matting, and perhaps awakened from sleep by barking of the dog. You get out of the gate and come back again into the street. It is now near twelve, and passers in the street are rare. You catch a tram just come from Shinagawa, and go home peacefully.



## CHAPTER IX

### AMATEUR WRESTLING IN SUMMER EVENING

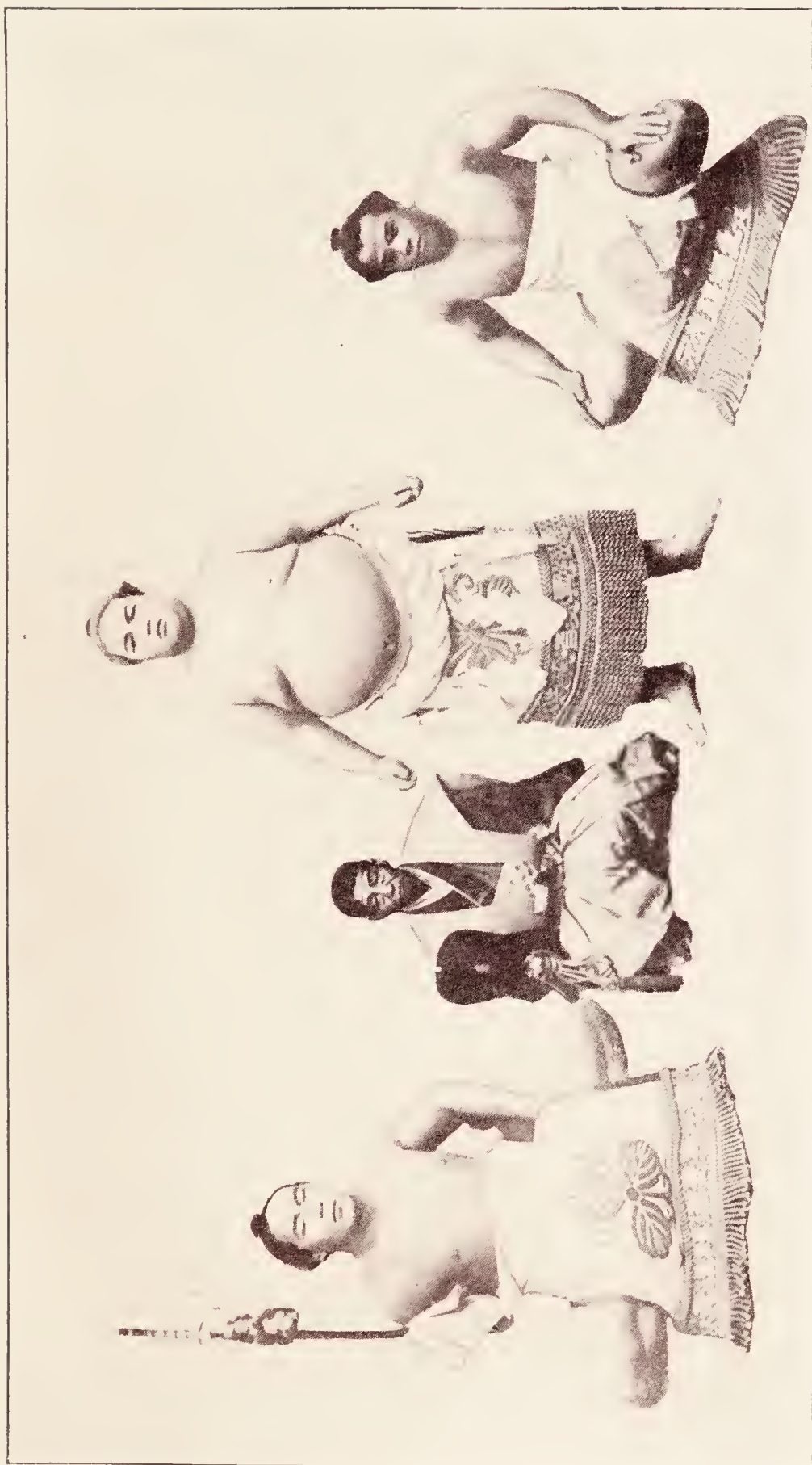
IN the hot summer evening, when the burning sun sets below the horizontal line of the west, the *Shirōtō-Zumō*, or Amateur Wrestling, takes place at various parts of the city. If it approaches six in the evening, happy-go-lucky old men, who are glad to take troubles for young men, appear to a vacant land in their neighbourhood, and construct a temporary wrestling-ring with materials which consist of bamboo rods, timbers, and boards collected from the inhabitants in the quarter; on the four large pillars called the *Shihon-Bashira*, at the four corners of the ring, old earthen teapots filled with the oil and with the burning fire at their beaks, are hanging in place of lamps. Around the ring multitude of naked amateur wrestlers and spectators are crowded, a part of them sitting down on the straw mats stretched on the ground, and the rest standing behind them. Some of the wrestlers are fat and stout, but most of them pale and slender—all these so-called wrestlers being sons of merchants, school boys, or young labourers living in the streets near by. On the ring you would find two slender wrestlers, severely, but funny in some points, fighting each other, and an umpire called the *gvōji* is inspecting the match, standing at the right or left side of the fighters.

The wrestling of amateurs has lately become very popular, not only in the city of Tokyo, but also

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throughout all parts of Japan. During summer every year young men are very fond of competing their strength, and wherever you visit a town, a village, or a harbour, you will find the wrestling youths, some of whom have such an excellent physical make that even the professional wrestlers of the second or third rank are surpassed by their appearance.

To enumerate the most influential circles of amateur wrestlers in Tokyo and its vicinity at present, the first and oldest one is the *Hachiman-kō*, consisting of more than fifty warriors in the suburbs of Minami Adachi and Minami Katsushika, and the champion wrestler of them is called Matsuno-oto. The next circle is the *Yotsume-ko*, the alliance of heroes in the Honjō and Fukagawa wards, the man called Kozakura taking charge of the director of the association and its members, amounting to over eighty. The most famous and popular champion of the *Yotsumekō* is a man named Hamachidori; he is the proprietor of the Fukagawa Fish Nursery, and, though he is an amateur, his body weighs more than 200 lb., and his art on wrestling is so well trained that even the professionals are often defeated by him. Besides him, Kinugawa and Miyakomatsu, who were once the professional wrestlers of the second rank, are joined in the circle, and in the tournament with another circle the *Yotsumekō* has always been victorious. In the quarter of Mukōjima there is another body called the *Futabakai* in which Raiden, a mighty man of the Tanioka Dye Works, occupies the position of the champion wrestler. A band in the Asakusa Ward is very powerful under the leadership of the two champions Dangoyama and Ryōgoku, and patronised by Ichinao, the restaurant in Asakusa Park; Ryōgoku is the ex-professional who was once called Manazuru as a disciple of the old great wrestler Oguruma, and the other two popular members, Midorigawa and Asamayama, are the graduates of



UMEGATANI, A CHAMPION WRESTLER, WITH HIS TWO DISCIPLE WRESTLERS, AND AN UMPIRE.





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the Higher Industrial College. Besides those above mentioned, there are still numerous bodies of amateur wrestlers, and among the rest the most interesting one is the body whose members consist of men of letters under leadership of Sui-in Emi, a novelist. Schools in Tokyo have their own wrestling parties; the *Tengu Club* of the Waseda College is very famous, and its members are trained by Isenohama, a champion among the professional wrestlers, who is engaged as the teacher of the art for students; the Keiō and the Meiji College employ the professionals, too, as their leaders, and we are told that a son of Doctor Tatsuno, the student of the First Higher College, is the most accomplished wrestler among all students of the College.

Before entering the details of the Amateur Wrestling in summer evening, a short story on the Professional Wrestling at present will be given:—

The art of wrestling in Japan has its origin in the match between the two men Taima and Nomi in 23 B.C., and is followed down to the present. By the two great experts Takasago and Ikadzuchi, the art became most flourishing near the end of the nineteenth century, and is still recommended by all the Japanese as the national and heroic accomplishment. Lately a gigantic iron building called the Kokugikan (the National Art Hall) has been constructed at Ryōgoku, on the east bank of the River Sumida, as the permanent establishment for the wrestling performance, and its large dome can be seen from every part of the city. Indeed, the wrestling is the king of all performances for pleasure in Tokyo, and the flower of all arts carried on in the great city.

In the street Motomachi of the Honjō Ward, there is the Great Wrestling Association (*Ōzumō Kyō-kai*), which is the central office for the wrestling business in Tokyo, and in the office rooms members of the Association are always busy on taking business. The representatives of the Association are called the

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*Toshiyori* (elders), who are veterans, powerful and meritorious, among their society. In the feudal age the number of the *Toshiyori* were limited to thirty-six, in accordance with the number of gates of the Yedo Castle, but at present they are increased to eighty-eight. The most powerful among these elders are called *Tarishimari* (directors), the next *Kensayaku* (inspectors), and all business of the Association is classified and taken among all these *Toshiyori*.

The great wrestling performance in the Kokugikan is held only twice in a year, in January and May, and the period for one performance is limited to ten days. By the result of these two short but important performances, the position and salary of all wrestlers are promoted and increased, and during the rest of the year, except January and May, the wrestlers go out for travels to the eastern or western provinces, where they are to show their performances to the country people, and at the same time to train their body and art in preparation for the formal competition at the Kokugikan in the next year. The formal performance at the National Art Hall of Tokyo is called the *Hombasho Zumō* (Wrestling at the Headquarters), and those performed at other quarters of the city and local provinces the *Hana Zumō* (Flower or Prize - wrestling). While the wrestlers are out for prize - wrestlings, the Kokugikan is utilised for exhibitions of various performances or shows, such as a circus-riding, chrysanthemum flowers, bazaars, etc., etc.

Around the great Hall there are a number of the guide-houses called the *Sumō-jaya* (Tea-house for wrestling), just equal to those to the theatre called the *Shibai-jaya* (Tea-house for the theatre). Performances of theatres being carried on through the year, their guide-houses can take their business without pauses; but as the great wrestlings are performed only twice a year and for ten days a period, how can the guide-houses to the wrestling manage to lead



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their life for a year? Of course the fees for guidance and arrangement of seats or profits by supplying food and drinks are trifling, but the so-called *chadai* (tea-money or tips) given by customers amounts to a tremendous sum. We are told that the smallest sum of the tip given by a customer is no less than *yen* 20 at a time, and that ladies and gentlemen are not rare that leave the gift of *yen* 50, 100, or 200 on the counter of their intimate guide-houses.

At the centre of the Hall there is the wrestling-ring, or arena, called the *Dohyō*, which is made of eighty-two sand-bags most firmly heaped up on the ground, and the four strong pillars called the *Shihon Bashira* are erected on the four corners of the ring, all wrapped up with coloured cloths; the east pillar, twined with the blue cloth, symbolises spring; the west, with the white, autumn; the south, with the red, summer; and the north, with the black, winter. Near the foot of each pillar a bale of salt and a large tub of water are furnished, these to be used by the combatants for purifying their mouth and body before they begin to fight when they come upon the arena.

The programme for the Grand Wrestling Tournament at the Kokugikan is published by the Association on the day previous to the first day of the performance in January or May each year, and being fixed after the conference among the directors, the inspectors, and other *Toshiyori*, it is kept very secret to all wrestlers up to the date when it is published. Wrestlers who have come back from their tour receive the programmes from the Association and distribute them to their patrons and customers. As soon as the performance of each day is closed, the report of matches is sold at the entrance of the Hall, and at the same time men are running to sell the reports through all streets of the city, loudly crying, "*Ōzumō-Shōbu-zukē, Ozumō Shōbu-zukē!*" (Report for the Grand Wrestling Tournament!), just as news-boys running for extra news.

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As there are several ranks of wrestlers, classified according to their strength and skill, so are there the ranks for the umpires of wrestling. When an umpire (*Gyōji*) comes on the arena to take his duty, he carries a wooden fan named the *Gunbai Uchiwa* (war-fan) in his hand, and uses it to appoint the victor when the match is settled. To the handle of a fan a tuft of silk thread is attached, and the ranks of the umpire are distinguished by the colour of the tuft: the umpire of the highest rank is called the *Tategyōji* and uses the crimson tuft, the next, the mixed one of red and white, the third, that of blue and white, and so on. The training of the young umpires is done likewise by their elders during the time when wrestlers train themselves in the performances during the travels to localities.

There is another kind of men called the *Yobidashi* (crier) who do not belong neither to wrestlers nor umpires, and their business is to cry out the names of wrestlers who are to come up and combat on the ring. The voice of the *Yobidashi* is so strong and clear that none of people fails to hear him however distant a corner of the Hall they may be at. Besides calling out the wrestlers' names, they have sundry works to do in the Hall.

When the season of the great tournament approaches you will find a very tall tower temporarily built up near the Kokugikan. It is the drum tower, and the drum on the tower is called the *Yagura Daiko*; the height of the tower is fixed to 57 feet, the extent at its bottom being 9 feet square, and the top, where the drum is set, 6 feet square, all being built with long, strong logs only. During the period of the performance, every morning, very early, before dawn, each of the *Yobidashi* appears by turns on the top of the tower and beats the drum for about one hour, notifying the citizens of the wrestling performance of the day. The drum-beating on the high tower is an old habit of the wrestling formalities.



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All wrestlers are divided into two parties, the east and the west, and the matches are performed between these two parties, a pair of wrestlers for a match being called upon the arena in turn from each party. When the *Honbasho Zumō*, or Headquarters Wrestling, at the Kokugikan begins, the *Yobidashi* (criers) go round to awake wrestlers in their rooms by striking wooden clappers (*Hyōshigi*) on very early morning before dawn at 3 A.M.; and, when the matches between those of the lowest rank are to be carried on, the *Kensayaku* (inspectors) appear on the arena, and, taking the seats at the foot of the four pillars, take their charge to inspect the result of matches, superintending the judgment of the *Gyōji* (umpire). At the present time the champion wrestler of the east party is Umegatani, and that of the west Hitachiyama, both being crowned with the laurel of the highest honour called the "*Yokozuna*," which is to be bestowed upon the strongest and the most meritorious wrestlers among champions. Among many great Japanese wrestlers who ever lived, Hitachiyama is the only one that was abroad; while most of the wrestlers are dull in their nature, he has a knowledge and intellect not inferior to ordinary persons, and is worthy to be proud of the complete development of his constitution every inch in the trunk and limbs, so that he can be said a specimen of the beauty of human body. In contrast to the great champion of the west, Umegatani of the east is his competent enemy. By his countenance he seems to be dull and ignorant, but he is a clever and skilful fighter; his body is big and round like an elephant, and specially the most strangely developed part is his large and projecting belly—none of strong wrestlers can defeat him if one's body is taken on and pushed by his large and tight belly. Certainly the two great heroes must be said a pair of kings among the circle of the Japanese wrestlers and the honour for the Tokyo Wrestling Association, as well as for the



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citizens of Tokyo—nay, the living decorations of the Empire at this present age!

To return to the Amateur Wrestling.

One summer evening you visit an amateur wrestling body consisting of men of letters. The body is called the *Bunshi Zumō* (Men of letters' Wrestling), whose matches take place every evening on the ring constructed at the back yard of the house of Sui-in Emi, the novelist, the ring being covered with a roof supported by the four pillars. It is five in the evening, and when you enter the gate of Emi and come round near the arena, you find a number of so-called wrestlers assembled near the ring, all being students, but the time being still too early, matches are not yet commenced. Emi, the founder of the *Bunshi Zumō*, tells you that, when the band was first established, most of the members consisted of literary men—Shunrō Oshikawa, Tenkei Hasegawa, Kiku-u Saiki, Sagoromo Kurishima, Keigetsu Omachi, Kakuhan Kamiya, Namiroku Chinunoura, etc., all being novelists, essayists, journalists, or dramatists. Once there happened such a funny event that, when Sui-in, the founder, and Kakuhan, the journalist, were fighting, the latter was pushed away out of the ring; but he was not aware of his being defeated, and, without setting free his hands from the enemy's body, continued to struggle at the outside of the arena; at last, the two bodies falling down into a large dust-bin put by the side of the house, the game was hardly settled. At present most of these literary wrestlers were replaced by students, among whom most hopeful champions are Hakuryū Inouye, of the Fine Arts School, and Kishi Shigeo, of the Dentist School—the total members amounting to more than sixty.

Now it becomes dark, and lamps are lighted on the pillars. The members of the band having almost assembled now, the competitions on this evening are to be commenced. It is very lucky for you that this evening all notable fighters of the circle have

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made their appearance: Tamano-o, famous for his art; Tamausagi, excellent for overthrowing the enemy; Inouye and Kishi, the two champions; and the Captain Kametaka, celebrated for his merit of having extinguished the fire in his steamer during her voyage in the Indian Sea last year (1912)—all can be found among the group of wrestlers.

The first match is fought by Tamano-o and Tamausagi; when the two come upon the ring, each behaves just as the professionals do before he enters fighting, gargling with water and purifying the body by sprinkling pinches of salt. When both stand up to fight, their postures are very funny: each is standing a few minutes apart from the other in order to catch the opportunity for attack, waving up and down his both hands and crying, "*Yōh, yōh!*" Finally they come to grapple, and after some minutes of severe struggle, Tamano-o gets the honour of the victor. Taking the place of Tamausagi, the defeated warrior, Sui-in Emi, the old champion, appears on the arena to fight against the triumphant hero Tamano-o. When the two stand up Sui-in suddenly raised up his hands high above his head, just like a man who is shouting "*Banzai!*" ("Live forever!"), and taking the opportunity, the enemy steps near him and grasps his belt. You anticipate that, the belt being seized by the enemy, Sui-in should be defeated, but he composedly drops down his long arms, and no sooner he seizes the knot of the belt at the enemy's back, than he carries the enemy out of the ring by suspending the body with his two hands, together with his one cry, "*Yōh!*" Another wrestler is again defeated by Sui-in with the same trick, this time overthrowing the enemy by twisting his arms round the neck. The student wrestlers, who are looking at the games, whisper, "The way of our leader's wrestling is very cruel!"

Next the champion Hakuryū Inonye appears on



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the ring, and, in a few moments, throws down Sui-in. Being desperate now, the latter tries another match, but is again defeated. Coming down from the arena, and after washing away the sand on his body, Sui-in puts on the white summer clothes, and then, coming to you, complains, "I wished to show you how strong I am by defeating the rivals, but my disciples do not hesitate to beat down their master. Kakuryū, who threw me down twice just now, is so mighty a hero that, once when Azabuyama, the champion of the Azabu amateur band, came and challenged the match against him, he defeated the enemy thirty-nine times out of the forty successive combats, and he, as well as all others, was at first trained under my directions. Nevertheless, they all forget my efforts done for them, and advise me to be the *toshiyori* (elder) of the band now." Meanwhile, on the arena the new game takes place between Hakuryū and Kishi, another champion. You expect the match to be most interesting, because it is the great wrestling between the two greatest heroes of the circle. You are sure that, even if either of the champions fights with a professional of the third rank, he can probably defeat the enemy. The combat of the two gladiators continues for about a quarter, and at last the umpire sentences the drawn game. After many interesting and funny matches further, the tournament of this evening is closed at half-past ten.

You are told that, at Shin-ami of the Shiba Ward, there is held an amateur wrestling every evening this summer, and try to visit it at about 7 P.M., when the sky is already covered with a slight dark. The quarter of Shin-ami is one of the notorious dens of needy folks, and, when you come near the narrow streets of poor small buildings, your nose is attacked with the stinks floating in the air. Being told by a boy of the position of the wrestling-ring, you step in



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a narrow alley only two feet wide, and are surprised to find that all men and women in the houses on the both sides of the alley, as well as those standing at their entrances, are all naked ; and at the same time you think that, even the women being naked here, the wrestling must be very popular in the quarter. Passing through the alley, you arrive at a large vacant land, where you find a low wrestling-ring furnished with the *Shihonbashira* (Four Pillars). Though a room for wrestlers is not prepared, a shrine of *Inari* (God of Harvests) at a corner of the land is utilised for the depot of clothes and others taken off by wrestlers. The land being situated near the Shiba Detached Palace, and perhaps as the result of interference by the police, one side of the land fronting the Palace is covered high with the large reed blind.

On the dark arena, where no lamps are yet lighted, several pairs of small boys are wrestling in entanglement. A naked wife runs up here, catches one of the boys, and cries out, "This devil, you took father's belt again !" and, taking off the belt from the boy's body, she hurries back with it to her house. The boy is sobbing, and runs after the mother to recover the belt, for he could not wrestle without it.

Near nine o'clock warriors of the quarter gradually assemble around the arena, most of them consisting of the inhabitants in Azabu, Akasaka, and Shimbori, and they are *rikisha*-men, servants of rice dealers, cart-pushers, and young masters of public houses. As the quarter is swampy and dirty, spectators are attacked by the army of mosquitoes, but the people living hereabout being too poor to visit the professional wrestling by paying a high admission, they are very much pleased to see the free exhibition of voluntary fighters, and giving noisy applause for their favourite wrestlers, in spite of the severe assault of stinging insects, which they hardly drive away by *uchiwa* (round fan) carried in their hand. Mixed in the crowd there can be seen a number of young girls, who

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are daughters of labourers in the poor houses at the neighbourhood ; in daytime they were busy for the jobs of handwork, making match-boxes or pasting fan's paper, but now, having taken a bath and painted the face, they have appeared to see the wrestling. They criticise the countenance of wrestlers, and are smacking their lips by taking *tokoroten* or *mitsumamē* (viands of the lowest class).

The *Noryō Zumō* is another name of the *Shirōto Zumō* (Amateur Wrestling), and it means the Cool-taking Wrestling—*i.e.*, wrestling under the cool breeze of the summer evening. The place most appropriate for the Cool-taking Wrestling is the reclaimed land at the foreshore of Shibaura. Standing on the broad vacant land, you can look the mountains of Awa and Kadzusa provinces in front far beyond the calm sea, and, on both the right and left sides, brilliant lights of the prostitute quarters of Shinagawa and Susaki can be seen distinctly. Every summer evening inhabitants in the vicinity gather here, after finished supper and bath, to have the cool breeze from the sea, and, as the time passes on, the number of these cool-takers is gradually increased to several thousands — men, women, and children, all clothed in white summer clothes and carrying round fans. Among them there are young men, who are very fond of wrestling, and they begin to try matches. At a spot of the land near the bath-restaurant Takeshiba-kan, there is a heap of sand about three inches high and making an arena most suitable for wrestling. Chief fighters wrestling on the natural ring are young fishermen living along the shore of the Shinagawa Bay, and you are told that, as their fighting is very violent, the first son of an old fisherman became lame last summer, and his second son, having broken the right arm this summer, is still lying on bed. Those who are wrestling now jump into the sea when they are sweated, and, after cooling themselves in the waves, come out and wrestle



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again ; repeating the swimming and the wrestling by turns, they are entirely tired out, and at length lie down on the ground near the fence of the restaurant. On this occasion *samisen* and songs sound to their ears from the Takeshibakan ; then these light-hearted fellows begin to hum a song following the other's *samisen*. It is said good professionals are often produced out of these amateur wrestlers. Sometimes betting is done for the matches, and some successful combatants win a wonderful sum of money in one evening.

This evening you visit the wrestling at Akasoka. The space is situated obliquely opposite to the theatre Engiza, and, being near the quarter of the *Akasoka geisha* circle, you find the scene to be gaudiest among all the amateur wrestlings you have ever seen. The ring is made within an enclosure, and cannot be seen from outside. The wall of the entrance is covered with hand-bills notifying the presents from the patrons to the manager and the favourite wrestlers — such as : “ 3 Rolls of towels and 50 quires of Japanese paper to the manager from Miss Kinko Omiya (*geisha*) ” ; “ *Yen* 10.00 to Mr Arashiyama (wrestler) from Yamadaya (patron), ” etc., etc. The greater part of wrestlers who appear here are young fellows living in four streets of Tamachi in the Akasoka Ward, the rest coming from Azabu and Shiba. Almost all things necessary for the wrestling performance are arranged here as done by the professional, *Kensayaku*, *Gyōji*, and *Yobidashi* being appointed among members of the circle, and you are told that the champions of the place are called Hana-arashi and Inanoheso.

In the enclosure the roof of the ring is covered with red and white curtains, and the four pillars are wrapped up with cloths of four colours,—blue, white, red, and black. It is now 7 P.M., and spectators already assembled around the ring amounts to more than one thousand. Sound of wooden clappers



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informs the beginning of matches, and boy wrestlers prepare to come upon the arena by taking off their clothes. Meanwhile three old men take their seats by a table set near the box of spectators, and bottles of soda-water, towels, paper, notebooks, etc., are arranged on the table as the prizes for conquerors. A tinker named Kinsan being appointed the crier, he appears on the ring and asks the name of the boy at the west party: "What is your name? Sunamoguri? All right." Next coming to the east: "Your name? What, Hitachiyama? This champion Hitachi seems to have been ill and is very lean!" Then, standing at the centre, he cries out the two boys: "On the east, Hitachiyama-a-a! on the west, Sunamoguri-i-i!" When the two boys come upon from both sides, the umpire appears on the ring carrying a *gunbai* (war-fan) made of the plain wood and clad in an old costume called the *Kami-shimo*. At the instant when he takes his position between the two small heroes, one of spectators cries: "Hallo, tailor! Be an honest umpire!" The tailor-umpire introduces the wrestlers again to the audience, pointing with his war-fan at each of them in turn: "Hitachiyama on the east; Sunamoguri on the west!" As soon as his fan is withdrawn the rivals struggle pell-mell, and after a few minutes the slender Hitachi is thrown down. Matches are carried on continually by successive pairs, and as the time goes on all folks in the space, spectators, wrestlers, and umpire, become much enlivened and very noisy. Specially the activity of the tailor-umpire is striking; being over-enthusiastic with his business, he overlooks a wrestler's false steps out of the ring and often misassigns the defeated as the victor—sometimes, coming behind the body of a wrestler, he is thrown out of the arena together with the defeated hero. The warning is given to the umpire by some of spectators: "Umpire, you must be steadier and more attentive!" Hearing this, the tailor with the war-fan

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becomes very angry, and, staring with his stretched eyes, at once retaliates by crying out from the ring: "Spectators have no right to say anything on the match. Don't say such affected things; I am not an amateur as umpire!"

Towards ten o'clock *geisha* and waiting-maids of *machiai* and restaurants come to see the matches, some *geisha* getting already drunk. Presented with new gifts by these girls, the manager writes down hand-bills at once and requests the umpire to announce the new presents. In the professional wrestling announcement of presents are done by the crier at intervals of matches, but in this amateur wrestling the umpire is entirely indifferent of the match going on, and at once cries out in the midst of the serious combat of wrestlers, "*Yen* so-and-so, presented to the manager by so-and-so!" What an illegal, but an innocent conduct of the umpire!

On the arena there is a boy about fifteen years old, and he is so powerful that no boys can conquer him. At this time, some five or six students, all twenty-five or six years old, come into the place, and one of them, who bears a mustache, says: "That little fellow is too strong. All right, I'll try him." At an instant he takes off his clothes and jumps upon the ring. In spite of protestation by his friends and the manager, saying, "A man is not allowed to intrude among boys," he begins to fight with the boy-champion; the boy is overthrown at once, though he made efforts against the "mustache," and, coming down the ring and sobbing, goes to wash his feet. The father of the boy is much excited, and, consoling his son, "That fellow of 'mustache' is making fools of us. Don't weep; I shall protest to him," and approaches the ring. There a quarrel has been about to take place, but, being prevented and soothed by inspectors and other persons, the father is compelled to retire in peace to his seat.



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Unconcerned to such troubles, the student on the ring continues to fight with boys in turn, and defeats them all. Seeing this, men hate him, and some wrestlers try to beat him down ; but, on the contrary, the "mustache" is far obstinate to yield, and all they are at a loss. In the meantime Inanoheso, the strongest wrestler of the band, happens to appear, and, being told of the details of the situation, he is exasperated, and instantly goes up into the arena. While friends of the student are crying his name, "Dekoyama! Dekoyama!" the *geisha*, waiting-maids, and other spectators pour out the shouts for Inanoheso, because the latter has many friends and backers at the quarter; cheers and noises of all persons in the space are so tremendous that a hive has suddenly burst out—no less than the great tumult often seen in the Grand Wrestling at the Kokugikan of Ryōgoku. The rivals stand up; first Mr "Ina" tries a strong push, but Mr "Mustache" sustains it. Then comes a body-to-body struggle, and each hastening to beat down the other, Mr "Ina" ventures a throw. Mr "Mustache" staggers, yet he could hardly check from falling down, and at once gives a throw to the enemy, *vice versâ*; at this moment, as the result of his repeated severe fightings, the belt of the "Mustache" is loosened and falls down, and his legs being twisted round with it, he tumbles down. The umpire appoints with his war-fan Inanoheso as the conqueror, and thunderous applause is poured upon him from all parts of the space. The inspectors at the pillars, however, give their verdict: "If his belt had not been loosed, he got the victory." And the umpire is blamed: "It is the umpire's error that the match was not suspended at the moment when he found the belt was loosened." Troubles on the match are thus settled by the judgment of impartial inspectors, and then a recess for ten minutes is announced by the umpire. A little girl of a *geisha*-house comes in, and, approaching a box,



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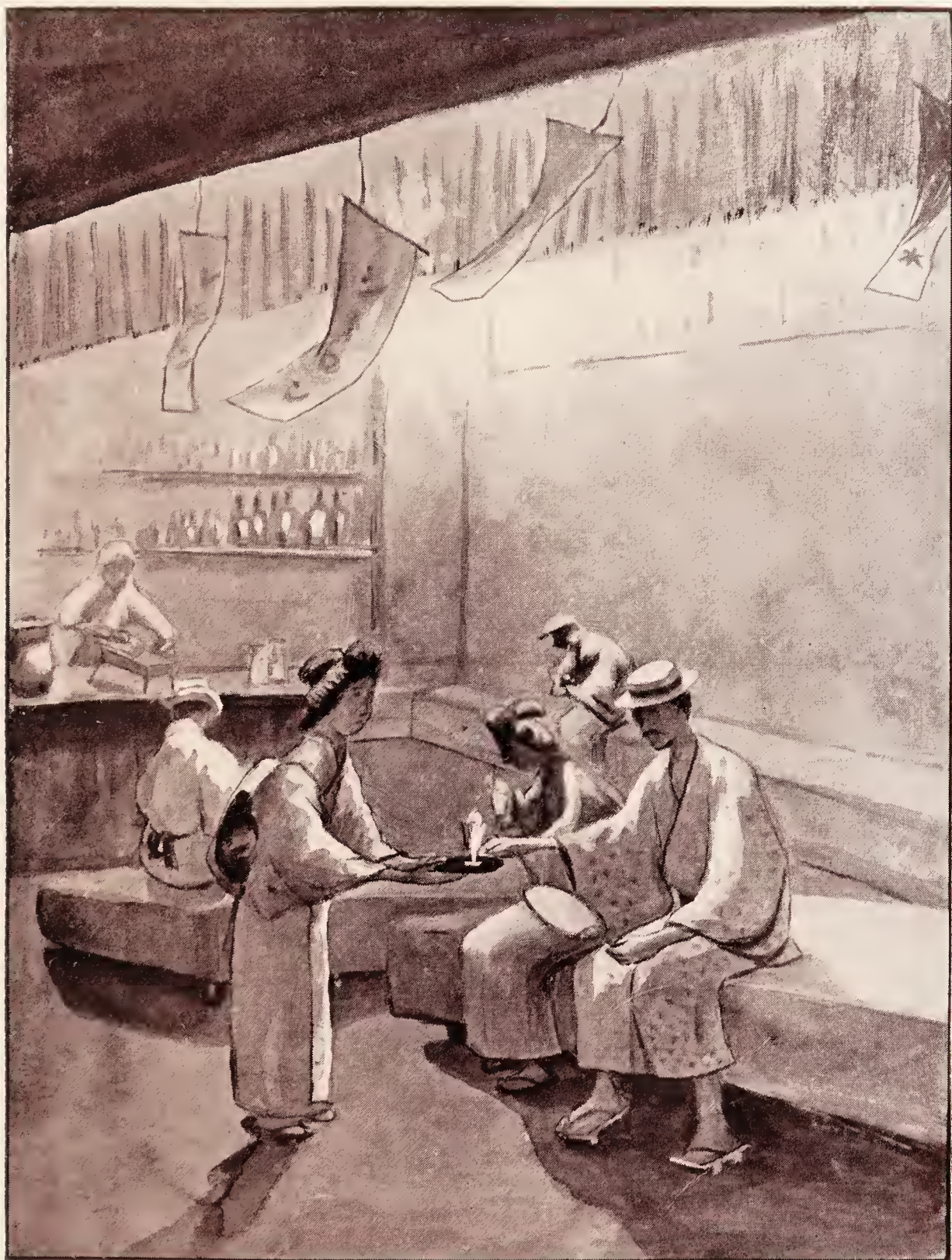
speaks to a girl: "*Kogiku-neisan, Ozashika desuyo!*" ("Miss *Kogiku*, you are hired to a restaurant!") Vendors of refreshments appear and go round the spectators' seat; they supply with cakes, oranges, cigarettes, ice-cream, lemonade, *saké*, and beer.

## CHAPTER X

### GREAT FIREWORKS AT RYŌGOKU

ALL newspapers in Tokyo report that an exhibition of the great fireworks will be held at Ryōgoku in the evening of the 2nd of August, and you expect to visit it. About six o'clock in the evening of the appointed day you leave your house and take the tram for Ryōgoku. When it comes near the square at the approach of the bridge Asakusa (*Asakusa-bashi*), which is about a furlong distant to the bridge Ryōgoku (*Ryōgoku-bashi*), it stops suddenly, and the conductor apologises to the passengers by explaining that, the road being entirely crammed up with people, it is dangerous to go on farther, and that the policemen forbid all trams to advance any more than this spot. You then get down from the car, and are surprised to see great multitudes of people overflowing on the streets leading to the bridge Ryōgoku, both on the pavement and the roadway. Pushing through the throngs, you could hardly reach the approach of the bridge. The fireworks are to be carried out on the River Sumida, over which the bridge is crossed, and five large flat boats are anchored at the middle of the stream on each of the upper and lower waters of the river; in these boats all preparations for the fireworks of the evening are fully arranged by the expert engineers of the art. On the bridge policemen are standing along the railings of both sides with a space of about two yards from





A KŌRIYA OR ICE-SHOP.





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one another, and prohibit people from stopping on the bridge to look the exhibition; they are to pass the bridge from the one to the other bank of the river by taking the left side only, a big strong rope being stretched along the middle line of the bridge. All restaurants and other houses along the river on the both banks are wide opened, and beautifully decorated to furnish good seats for customers and friends.

The night exhibition of the great fireworks at Ryōgoku is generally known under the popular name of the *Kawa-biraki*, and annually carried out at the midst of the hot summer. The *Kawa-biraki* means "Opening of the River," and is originated from the following fact:—

In the age of the Tokugawa Government (since the beginning of the eighteenth century) the *Suijin Sai* (Festival of the River God) of the Sumidagawa Shrine at Sui-jin-no-mori, on the east bank of the upper waters of the Sumida River, was celebrated on the 28th May (lunar calendar) every summer, and the exhibition of fireworks was contributed to the festival by the manufacturers called the Kagiya. On and after the festival day of the River God the River Sumida was crowded with boats, in which citizens of Yedo (Tokyo) were pleased to take the evening cool. In this age neither *samurai* of high rank nor rich merchants knew to go up-country to escape the summer heat, but their only means to avoid the heat was the boat excursion coming to the river after sunset. Thus, as the festival of the River God was recognised to be done on the first day for the season of boat excursion every summer, the festival was called the *Kawa-biraki*, or "Opening of the River," and the fireworks always accompanying the festival, the fireworks itself came to be called the *Kawa-biraki*. Though the fireworks was at first exhibited by contribution to the festival by the manufacturers, afterwards it was given by the boat-letters living along the

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river, in order to flourish their business during summer by drawing spectators. These boat-letters, which were abundant up to some twenty years ago, gradually disappeared, and at present the restaurants in vicinity of the bridge Ryōgoku have taken place of them, the performance of the fireworks every summer being taken in charge of these restaurants too.

You hardly pass over the bridge Ryōgoku to the east bank, where the Kokugikan, the great hall for wrestling, stands, and, turning to the left, arrive at the verge of the bank commanding the whole view of the river. In Kamesei, Ryūkōtei, Fukagawatei, Nishūrō, Fukuirō, Ikuine, and other restaurants and *machiai* (waiting-houses) on the both banks of the river, the rooms both up and downstairs fronting to the river are entirely open, all paper-slides and doors being taken off, and thousands of electric lamps and red-coloured round paper lanterns are hanging under the eaves of each story of these buildings. These long rows of lights being reflected upon the surface of the river, ripples on the water appear like golden scales of a large wriggling dragon. Large and small boats filled with spectators almost cover the surface of the river, rows of these boats occupying the length of about a mile of the upper and lower waters on the both sides of the Ryōgoku Bridge; they are all decorated with paper lanterns, too, music being played in some of them.

Suddenly a bang echoes upon the water, and a crackling in the sky notifies the opening of the exhibition of fireworks. On the river boats of the water-police are running, endeavouring to bring spectators' boats in order and to avoid them from danger of collision; on the bridge and banks policemen are making efforts to control the bustles and pressures of tremendous crowds. At the entrance of the Ryōgoku Square, near the approach of the bridge, and in two or three tents established along the banks, police surgeons or physicians of the Red



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Cross Hospital make preparation to receive the diseased or the wounded. Temporary galleries or boxes constructed along the banks, and the rooms and balconies of restaurants, are now quite full of spectators. Every moment, when a firework is given, voices of acclamation and cries of applause cover the whole sphere of Ryōgoku, both on land and water.

The fireworks exhibited in this evening are of various kinds, all characteristic to Japan. They can be classified into two parts—the *Uchiage* and the *Shikake*. The *Uchiage* is a ball, which is shot out from a large wooden barrel and bursts up high in the sky; and the *Shikake* is a large framework erected on the boat, and a skilful fireworks are twisted around the bones of the frame. When a *Uchiage* ball bursts out, it exhibits a large brilliant flower consisting of fireballs of various colours, or sometimes, after the momentary fire-flower extinguished, some five or six fireballs of red, blue, green, and yellow tints are suspended in the sky like stars, and floated away by wind, sparkling in the air till it extinguishes at last. The framework of the *Shikake* is made into a figure of a large wheel, Mount Fuji, a magnificent building of a palace, a flower-garden, a waterfall, or an airship, and if the fire is set at one end of it, the whole frame is instantly covered with the burning fires of various colours, distinctly representing the expected figure made of the beautiful firework. The large fire-wheel turns and turns, pouring down the rain of beautiful sparks. The gigantic Mount Fuji stands high in the air, showing her splendid conical feature covered with green fires as woods at the foot and with purple smoke, as clouds near the top. A fire building represents the Imperial Palace of Shishinden, at Kyōto; at the two sides of its stairs leading from the yard to the high floor there stand two trees, the cherry to the right and the *tachibana* to the left, both in full bloom, and the inner part of the building being fully decorated with coloured doors. The flower-garden represents the

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whole view of that in Hibiya Park, clusters of autumn flowers of all kinds competing their size and beauty. The number of fireworks, both the *Uchiage* and the *Shikake*, to be exhibited in this night amounts to more than three hundreds.

Leaving the spot of the bank-side, you try to come to the southern part of the same bank, and, hardly passing the approach of the bridge through the pressing crowds, arrive at the front of the gate of the restaurant Nishūro. You buy a ticket, which costs one *yen*, and enter the gate. Taking a wood check for your footgear, you are guided by a girl into a hall upstairs; the hall is of a pure Japanese style, the floor being spread with fifty mats. The whole room is fully occupied by spectators, most of them consisting of young boys and girls accompanied by their parents or brothers. The seats are regularly arranged in such a way that those who are in the fore-side near the river are to sit down on the *zabuton*, and those at the behind-side are to take chairs. As often as a firework is shot up into the sky, or burnt on the river, boys and girls in the hall are applauding for its beauty and splendour. At one corner of the hall a number of waitresses of the restaurant are attending, and the spectators can have from them any kind of refreshments as they wish—such as sandwich, bread, fruits, cakes, ice-cream, beer, *sakē*, etc. Some old men who seem to have come here as guardians for their grandsons or granddaughters are drinking *sakē* and gossiping one another with their back to the riverside. They do not care for the fireworks, but are pleased to be absorbed in drinking and speaking. At this time a young gentleman and his wife come in the hall and are appointed by a waitress to the chairs at the rearmost side, all other seats being already occupied. The young lady is dressed in a summer clothes of rough striped crape, tightening up the body, with the belt of white *hakata* fabric; she is very beautiful, and attracts attention of all people near her. “Our position,” she



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murmurs to her husband, "is too far from the riverside, and we cannot have a good look for the fireworks. Let us have a better seat, my dear." "It is too late now," the husband replies, "to get good seats; all houses are already filled up with guests. I think it is better to take a boat in the river than to search for a good position on land." "Then let us go and hire a boat!" responds she. At an instant the couple go down the stairs and leave the house for the river-bank, where boats are waiting for spectators. You follow them to the bank to try the boat too.

On the bank, more than twenty yards north to the Nishurō, there stands a temporary booking-box, which sells the boat tickets, and its five windows are crowded with the purchasers of tickets. The tickets are classified into three kinds, the first, second, and third, and they cost fifty, thirty, and ten *sen* per piece respectively. The difference of the value of tickets is founded upon the arrangement of the boat: the first-class boat is furnished with chairs and tables, and guests on board each boat are limited to a small number, thirty to fifty; those on board the second-class one are to sit down on the *zabuton* prepared on the mattings, and amount to eighty to one hundred per boat; and nearly two hundred are embarked in the third-class boat, and almost all of them are standing on the mattings. All these boats are cabled along the bank, and as soon as a boat is filled up with the fixed number of guests, she is rowed out towards the middle of the stream. The young couple could hardly buy the first-class tickets and get into a boat of the corresponding class. Then you also get the one of the same class and hasten on board the same boat. Not long before our boat is filled up and departs for a suitable position.

Keeping a distance of some one hundred yards around the boats of fireworks, the surface of the river is entirely covered with all kinds of large and small boats of spectators — steam - launches, motor - boats,



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lighters, house-boats (*yanebunē*), and fishing-boats being all equipped to correspond to the demand for this night. Each boat is decorated with a great number of coloured paper lanterns (*chōchin*), and in some boats sound of *samisen* and singing of girls can be heard. People in their private boats come to see the exhibition of this night together with their family and servants, or those who have engaged the whole of a house-boat are accompanied by their friends and intimate *geisha* to make enjoyment of one night, taking advantage of the *Kawabiraki*. It is said one boat costs *yen* 5 to 20 to hire for this night, the rate being arranged according to the kind and size of the boat.

Your boat is filled with some thirty men, women, and children, who are taking chairs along five round tables covered with white cloth. On each table a tea-service is furnished, and a kettle containing hot water kept on a gas lamp. Guests in the boat seem to be of above the middle rank, and specially ladies are dressed very neatly in summer clothes of various light colours, all of them, as well as the gentlemen, carrying small round fans in their hand. The young gentleman and his wife whom you have followed take their position at a table near the bow, and seem to be satisfied to be able to have the good look for the fireworks. The boat is rowed near the opposite bank and anchored just below the balcony of the restaurant Fukuirō, the position governing a good view for both the *Uchiage* and the *Shikake* works. While you are looking the continued performance of the fireworks, small boats of vendors come to and fro, evading among the mass of spectators' boats, and sell drinks and eatings. Children in your boat request their parents to buy fruits and cakes from these boat vendors and, by the way, some of gentlemen take bottles of beer or *sakē* from them. You could have the satisfactory sight on the exhibition of more than one hundred fireworks of both *Uchiage* and *Shikake*, and when it is finished, at about ten

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o'clock, your boat is rowed back to the landing-stage, and you get upon the bank immediately. Looking down on the river from the bank, confusion of boats in a tremendous number is indescribable, all hastening to go back for their own home, the cries of boatmen and whistles of steamboats echoing each other ; the steam-launches and boats of the water-police are flying among the bustles of the spectators' vessels and endeavouring to keep order by all their efforts.

Confusion of crowds on land is enormous. Pressing throngs of people are flowing on like tidal waves in all main streets at the quarter of Ryōgoku, and ladies and gentlemen who come out of the gates of restaurants take their carriages or automobiles, but cannot drive them for home until the dense crowd of the street is a little reduced. Being pushed and pushing, you hardly arrive near the east approach of the Ryōgoku Bridge, which is so dreadfully pressed up with people that, taking its left side according to the direction of policemen, you could pass over to the west end as if at the risk of your life. Turning left and pushing through the throng, you come at the east entrance of the Ryōgoku Square. Entering the stone gate, you approach one of the public summer houses in the square to take a rest for a few minutes, but all these houses are found to be already occupied by overflowing multitudes. While you are compelled to wander about on the lane along the lawn, you find a number of people standing on the way and discussing one another. Drawing near and looking over their shoulders, you see a little girl, some seven years old, weeping bitterly. Making enquiry to one of the bystanders, you are told that she has strayed from her parents on her way home ; and then, pushing aside the people, you approach the girl and very kindly ask the name and address of her parents. She is very wise, and could give particulars in reply to your questions, though she is still sobbing. You take the girl to the



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police-station just behind the back gate of the square, and when you meet a policeman and talk him of the girl, you are told by him that there are more than ten stray children who are protected in the station. Then you are shown into a room where these children are received ; they are boys and girls from five to ten years old, and some are weeping, some eating cakes given by policemen. The girl whom you brought here is taken into the same room, and at the moment when you are to leave the station there come in three men with anxious face, and they make application for discovery of their lost children. At once they are shown into the room in which the children are kept, and one of these three men, a man in costume of merchant, instantly finds out the girl, whom you have accompanied here just now, to be his own daughter, and embraces her into his arms. He is very glad, his eyes being moistened with tears of joy. Being told by the policeman that his daughter has been relieved by you, he comes to you, and, bowing very politely, expresses his hearty thanks for your kindness, at the same time apologising to the policeman for his carelessness, and thanking for troubles of the police. Then he goes out of the police-station, carrying his little dear daughter in the arms.

Coming out of the police-station, you find the street still full of the crowd, though it is somewhat lessened in its density. On both sides of the street you find many ice shops, which are all full of guests. In summer, streets of Tokyo are abundant in ice shops, which are generally called the *kōriya* and supply glasses of ice for those who wish to quench thirst and avoid heat. There are several kinds of these ice glasses—the *kōrimidzu* is a glass in which scraped ice is mixed with syrup, the *yukinohana* or “flower of snow” is the scraped ice over which white sugar is fully sprinkled ; glasses of ice flavoured with lemonade, wine, orangeade, cinnamon oil, and boiled red beans are called the *kōri-remon*, *kōri-budō*,



## FIREWORKS AT RYŌGOKU

*kōrmikan*, *kōri-nikkei*, and *kōri-azuki* respectively. Besides them, cider, ice-cream, and punch can be got here too, if you please. These shops are decorated with plants of green leaves, and benches and chairs furnished around tables; the waitresses are young girls of nice complexion, clad in neat summer dresses tighted with a red light belt. You enter a shop to take a rest, and order to bring a glass of ice-cream. The shop is also filled with guests, all on their way home from the fireworks, and the five waitresses are busy to attend them. At the table next to yours there is a group of a family, consisting of parents, two sons, and three daughters, who are all taking glasses of the *kōri-azuki*. The two boys carry a bundle of small fireworks for sport in their hand, these being the imitations of the fireworks given in the exhibition of this night. They are sold in the night stalls on the streets near Ryōgoku, and attract the attention of boys who have come to see the exhibition. Boys who have purchased the sport fireworks go home with satisfaction, and are much pleased in anticipating how excellent an exhibition of beautiful fires can be given in their own yard, not inferior to those shown at Ryōgoku in this night.

After a repose of some twenty minutes, you leave the ice shop, and go on for the tram's halting-place near the bridge Asakusa-bashi. Now the confusion in the street is almost cleared up, except those who do not hasten for home and are slowly rambling on. When you come near the halting-spot, you could not help to be surprised by finding a great mass of tremendous number of people standing by the sides of the track. They are the visitors to Ryōgoku, and still waiting for tramcars by which they are to go home. Trams come to the cross-roads here in succession from four directions, and, being filled up with passengers at an instant, they run away for their destinations. Yet, only one-tenth of

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the whole mass being carried off, the rest have to wait still longer. Whenever a new tram arrives people struggle to get ahead into it, and the confusion is so terrible that they are in the battlefield, and it is very dangerous for the female and children to get into any of the cars till after an hour or two. You stand still for about twenty minutes witnessing the bustles of the place, and at last decide to give up the tram. Then, coming to a *rikisha* stand at one corner of the square, you hire a *rikisha* and go home safely.

## CHAPTER XI

### AUTUMN NIGHT

GENTEEL persons of Tokyo, including both the male and the female, are fond of taking pleasures by listening singing-insects and looking moonlight views in the autumn evening. They go out to a certain grassy plain for *mushi-kiki*, or to listen the singing-insects; or to visit a hill for *tsuki-mi*, or to have moonlight views. Thus the *mushi-kiki* and the *tsuki-mi* are the two refined enjoyments of autumn for the Tokyo citizens.

To experience these elegant amusements, you leave your house at about six o'clock in a moonlight evening at the middle of October, and come to a quarter of the Asakusa district called Sanya. The quarter Sanya is the most eastern edge of the Asukusa Ward, limited by the River Sumida from the Honjo quarter, and most of the buildings standing along the stream on the bank of Sanya and its connected quarter Imado are the villas of peers, high officials, and rich merchants. A canal called the Sanya-bori, which is opened in the length of about one mile from a spot near the prostitution quarter Yoshiwara, discharges its water into the river at the south end of Imado, and there is a small hill named Matsuchiyama on the south bank of the outfall of the canal. Ascending the stone steps, you come upon the tableland on the top of the hill, where you find a shrine of God Shōden, and one dozen of street lamps are standing on the both sides of the pavement leading to the front of



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the shrine. At the interior of the shrine you can see the sacred altar of God Shōden, around which more than one hundred Japanese candles with paper wick are brilliantly burning. A number of men and women bow down before the altar and are earnestly worshipping the god. Coming round to the back-yard of the shrine, there you find several stone monuments for the famous Japanese poets under the dark shadow of tall trees, and, at the east brink of the hill, there is an open tower for prospect (*chōbō-dai*), which commands the whole views of the River Sumida and the long embankment of Mukōjima under clear moonlight. On the tower a number of citizens in neighbourhood are gossiping and enjoying the fine views of this evening.

After a few minutes you leave the tower and descend the hill, then come to the ferry (*wata-shiba*) near by the mouth of the Sanyabori Canal. The ferry is very famous under the popular name of the *Takeya-no, watashi*, and it is done with a small Japanese boat rowed by a boatman to cross the River Sumida from the side of Sanya to the opposite bank of Mukōjima. We are told that in old times profligates were very fond of visiting Yoshiwara by rowing up the canal with a small boat called *choki* from this point of the river, and that they could easily arrive at the Great Gate (*Ō-mon*) by landing from the boat at a spot of the bank called the Hatchō Dotě. You now get into a boat which is bound up with a rope to a post of small pier, and find three men and one woman there in the boat. Waiting some five minutes, there appears an old boatman from a small cottage on the bank; he cries out, "*Deru yō!*" ("The boat is leaving!"), and, standing on the stern of the boat, is looking out any persons to come. At this moment sound of running footsteps can be heard near the bank, and a young man and a girl appear and jump into the boat.

## AUTUMN NIGHT

Now the boat leaves the bank, and is slowly rowed out towards the middle of the stream. The clear light of the autumn moon in the high blue sky shines upon the ripples of the gentle stream, and throws the shadows of the boatman and passengers at the bottom of the boat. Looking to the lower waters to the south, a long iron bridge, Azuma-bashi, across the river, can be dimly seen in the fog, and, on the long dike of Mukōjima, on the opposite side to the Sanya quarter, a long, long row of cherry-trees is standing high like a thick wood covering the sky to the east. At times two or three cargo-boats come rowing up and down the river, crossing the route of your boat near the bow or stern. When in daytime, and here and there on the river, you can find groups of small beautiful white birds, some swimming on the waters and some flying in the air—they are oyster-catchers, popularly called the *Miyako-dori* (Birds of the City) by the citizens of Tokyo. You strike a match and begin to smoke. The young man who have come latest into the boat, accompanied by a damsel, asks you to lend the match, and, handing it up to him, you try to speak him: "Where are you going, sir?" "We are going home," replies the young fellow. "This is my sister; we have been to Asakusa Park to see the shows there." "Then you live in Mukōjima?" you say again. "I envy you to have a home in such an elegant and quiet quarter of the city!" "Yes, my house is in a part of Mukōjima called Terashima, and I am a gardener." "Do you live together with your parents and sister?" "Yes, my father is a gardener too, but now very old, and my sister is employed as a waitress in the restaurant Irikin here." Turning to the girl, the sister of the young gardener, who is very pretty and some eighteen years old, you begin to address: "Do you live in Irikin, *neisan* (miss)? I often visit the restaurant, but have never seen you hitherto. When have you come to the house? This evening I am going to visit the Hyakka-yen (the famous flower-



## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

garden at Mukōjima) to see the moonlight views and hear insect-singing there. The garden is situated next to your restaurant, and do you know any news about the garden in this autumn?" Being suddenly spoken to by a stranger, she appears to be a little perplexed, but at once resuming herself, replies very politely: "I first came to Irikin at the beginning of the last month, sir. This morning I have been told that, at the Hyakka-yen garden, the annual meeting of the *Mushi-hanachi-kai* (the Meeting of Setting Insects Free) will be held for three evenings from this day, and visitors welcomed by its members." The *Mushi-hanachi-kai* is an interesting meeting held at the flower-garden in the nights of every autumn, and the members who assemble to the garden have duty to bring singing-insects; they set them free into the bushes of the garden, and make enjoyment by listening their songs. "I am very lucky," say you, "to meet this unexpected occasion of the meeting this night." The three other men in the boat tell you that they are going to attend the meeting too, and each of them shows you a small paper bag in which insects are hold—they are regular members of the meeting.

In the meantime the boat arrives at the landing-spot under the bank of Mukōjima, and, after paying the fare to the boatsman, you, as well as the other passengers, get on the bank. You find the road on the embankment crowded with people, and understand that they are all going to attend the meeting of the *Mushi-hanachi-kai*. Looking to the opposite side of the river, the moonlight sky over the Asakusa Park is glowing with the illuminations of the shows, and the five-story tower of the Asakusa Temple and the dark wood of the Matsuchiyama Hill are distinctly, seen, like a relief against the sky, high above the rows of roofs. The long embankment of Mukōjima is about ten yards wide, its western side being washed by the water of the River Sumida, and the plain land to the



## AUTUMN NIGHT

east, far below the bank, spread with the streets of Terashima and Komme, here and there scattered with rice-fields. The road upon the embankment makes a very long avenue of cherry-trees, as far as it is extended in length of more than seven miles; thus Mukōjima is one of the noted places in the capital for cherry blossoms in every spring.

It is about one mile distant from the landing-place of the ferry to the flower-garden. On the way to the garden there is a famous shop of the *kototoi-dango* at a turn of the bank; the *dango* is a kind of cake similar to dumpling, and the title *kototoi* (enquiring) is derived from a phrase of the old celebrated song sung by Narihira Ariwara, a peer in ancient times. The whole song runs as follows:—

“ *Nanishi owaba*  
    *Iza koto-towan*  
        *Miyako-dori,*  
    *Waga Omōhito wa*  
        *Ariya nashiya to.*”

[“Your name is the Bird of City (oyster-catcher);  
I enquire you whether my sweetheart in the  
city is still living or not.”]

It is said the song was sung by the handsome young peer when he came to the bank on his way back from a long journey and saw the oyster-birds on the river.

Though there are many kinds of the *dango* cake in Tokyo, the *kototoi-dango* is most popular among citizens for its excellent taste, and on Sundays and holidays all the rooms of the shop are always crowded with guests. As it is night now, the shop is shut up, and the light of lamps can be seen through the doors. Stepping on some twenty yards farther you come to the front of a large bath-restaurant called the *Taiyō kaku* (the Sun Hall). The hall is built with wood in the European style and its entrance brilliantly illumined with electric lights. You can see the

## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

visitors coming in and out of the entrance, and the sound of *samisen* and the noise of laughter can be heard from the rooms of a large two-story building standing connected to the right side of the entrance. The hall is noted for its spacious bathroom, and the bath-box in the room is so wide that it can easily hold more than two hundred persons all at once.

On the road you often meet groups of three or five girls of the lower class, and they are spinners of the Kanegafuchi Cotton Factory, situated at the north end of the embankment of Mukōjima. Along the right side of the narrow road, below the dike, you can see a row of small two-story houses, in which the singing-girls belonging to the circle of the so-called *Mukōjima Geisha* are living. When you arrive at the gate of the Hyakka-yen Garden, it is now eight o'clock. On one side of the road, in front of the gate, stalls of insect sellers make a row to meet the demand of the visitors to this night's meeting, and the singing voices of various insects can be heard from the bamboo cages on the stalls. Those who do not bring the insects from home buy one or two bags of insects at these stalls, and you too take a bag by paying a silver coin of twenty *sen*. As you are not a member of the meeting, you have to purchase a ticket for admission and then pass into the gate.

The Hyakka-yen, which means "The Garden of Hundred Flowers," is a very old flower-garden, since the time of the Tokugawa Shogunate, and very famous for its cultivation of flowers and plants through all seasons. If anybody visits the garden, and sees abundant kinds of beautiful flowers at any time throughout the year, he would understand that Japan is well called "The Land of Flowers." Now, as it is autumn, the whole garden is decorated with fine flowers of the fall season, these flowering plants being well known by the popular name of the *Aki no Nana-kusa* (Seven flowering Plants of Autumn).



## AUTUMN NIGHT

In the spaces among these plantations, tables, chairs, and benches are properly arranged, and the round or square coloured paper lanterns are lighted above the tables, under the arbours of evening glory, and in the summer-houses. In the flower-beds more than three hundred larger lanterns, covered with square or hexagonal paper mantles beautifully painted in red, blue, and green, are shining high above the poles. Besides these large and small paper lanterns, bonfires are burnt at several parts of the garden. About the centre of the garden there is a large oblong pond, in which there are growing several kinds of aquatic plants—such as lotus, reed, rush, *kohoně*, etc., and along the circumference of the pond long tunnels of bush-clovers (or lespedeza) are constructed, their in and out sides being covered with the red and white pretty flowerets of the plant. Near the beds of flowers or bushes of plants, and just under the large paper lanterns, you find groups of people standing or crouching here and there, and they are listening songs of insects which they have let go on the leaves of the plants. You note a number of young girls all crouching before a thick bush of cockscombs and other plants and whispering each other: “I let go six *suzumushi* (insects singing with sound like a golden bell),” says the youngest girl, of some eleven years of age. “Do you think they have begun to sing?” “I put in four *matsumushi* and six *suzumushi* a short time ago,” replies another girl of fifteen or sixteen, “and they seem to be singing now, together with your *suzumushi*.” The latter raises high up a small round red paper lantern, which she carries in her hand, and all girls are earnestly peeping into the bush.

High up on a pillar, near the entrance to the house of the master of the garden, there hangs a special square paper lantern, and the notice, “Please take a cup of tea, and, if you please, pickled prunes



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can be served," is written upon the white paper of the lantern. A part of the house fronting to the garden is opened in the form of a shop, where the earthen wares baked in the furnace of the garden and well known as the Sumida-wares are sold by the gardeners. The shop is crowded with customers, who purchase cups, bottles, bowls, or plates, all of a refined and characteristic style. Wherever the visitors take their seats, in summer-houses or by the tables in the garden, young maid-servants bring the tea-service and a plate of cakes. On a pretty high land along the north side of the garden there are three buildings, each of which contains two or three rooms, and these rooms are appointed for the resting-place of the regular members of the *Mushi-hanachi-kai*. The buildings being of the pure Japanese style, the candles are used instead of the electric or gas lights. Now almost all the rooms are occupied by the male and female members, and most of them taking refreshments — men smoke or drink *sakē*, and ladies take tea and cake. You are convinced how noble and elegant amusement it is to listen songs of insects under the silvery moonlight of quiet autumn. The insects which are esteemed by the members as singers in autumn are *suzumushi* (homesgryllus japonicus), *matumushi*, *kōrogi* (crickets), *kutsurwa-mushi*, and *kanetataakai*, and besides them, *kajika* (singing-frogs), which live in the water, are favourites for the lovers of singing-insects too.

The later grows it in the night, the more strained is the music of insects at every part of the garden; men-servants of the garden are taking care to burn the bonfire brighter, and the maid-servants running about to serve tea to all the tables crowded with visitors. Old poets among the visitors are pleased to compose Japanese poems and write them down on *tanzaku* (Japanese poem paper) and ladies compare and criticise the notes of singing of insects here

## AUTUMN NIGHT

and there, most of the guests in the garden staying till about midnight. When you are about to leave the garden a small round paper lantern is presented by the master of the garden as a souvenir of the meeting in this night, and on the white paper of the lantern the sign "Mushi-hanachi-kai" can be read.

People in Tokyo, as well as in all local provinces, admire the fine views under the clear light of the full moon in the evening of the 15th August (Lunar Calendar), and the celebration for the moon in this night seems to have been derived in ancient times from the habit of China. It is our custom that to the full moon of the night we offer a square wooden stand called the *sambō*, on which leaves of the *susuki* plant, *dango* cake, beans in pods on branches, persimons, chestnuts, and grapes are heaped up in good arrangement, and, gathering around the stand, the whole family of the house open the dinner and admire the fine views under moonlight. Those who wish to enjoy the pleasure of this night in the open air go to Atago Hill, bluff of Kudan, tablelands of the shrines Yushima Tenjin and Kanda Myōjin, Ueno Park, or sea-shores of Shinagawa, Shibaura, Takanawa, and Susaki—all these places being best suited for looking over the moonlight views; while some go in boats to the River Sumida or the Bay of Tokyo, taking the pleasure of angling or netting at the same time.

As to the places in Tokyo noted for singing-insects in autumn nights, we can point out the following:—

The grounds of the Mimeguri Shrine at Mukōjima is situated on the opposite side over the dike to the landing-place of the ferry of Takeya, and, the shrine being surrounded with the thick woods and bushes, insects are abundant every autumn here.

The Dōkanyama Hill is a very famous place for insects from ancient times. The foot of the hill

## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

being bordered with a clear stream, insects live here in abundance, and if you leave the Uyenō train at the Tabata Station and come up to the hill, you can indulge yourself in the pleasure of listening the sweet music of the pretty insects.

Ikegami and Ohmori.—Twenty minutes from the Shimbashi Station you can arrive at the pine avenue of Ohmori, and the vicinity of the old place of execution called Suzugamori under the Tokugawa Government is very popular among the visitors for singing-insects in this quarter. About one mile west to Ohmori there is Ikegami, which is noted for the site of the Hommonji, the Head Temple of the Nichiren Sect, and a large building on a hill next to the temple is the famous bath-hotel called the Akebono-rō. In autumn, if you pass a night in a quiet room of the hotel, you can fully understand the taste of pleasure for the so-called *aki-no-mushi-no-ne* (insect-singing in autumn night).

With regard to the singing-frogs (*kajika*), there are good places special for them, and the vicinity of the River Tamagawa is said to be the best quarter in Tokyo. Fujikawa, in Suruga Province, and Kamogawa, in Kyōto, are the two rivers where the best kind of the singing-frogs is produced.



## CHAPTER XII

### MARKETS NEAR THE END OF A YEAR

APPROACHING the end of a year, the markets called "Toshi-no-ichi"—the year's end markets—are annually opened at the certain quarters of the city, each at an appointed date, and the citizens go to them to make preparations for the coming New Year. Most of these markets are situated on and around the compound of great and famous shrines or temples. The *Torinomachi* is a market for the festival of the god Great Eagle, whose shrine stands just behind the nightless quarter of Yoshiwara, and opened twice or thrice in November, according to the circumstances ; those markets at the shrine of God Hachiman at Fukagawa, the Asakusa Temple, the shrine of God Myōjin at Kanda, the Atago Shrine at Shiba, the Hirakawa Tenjin Shrine at Kōjimachi, the shrine of Yushima Tenjin at Hongō, the Fudo Temple at Ryōgoku, the West Street of Kyōbashi, and the Oyokochō Street at Kōjimachi are all held in December.

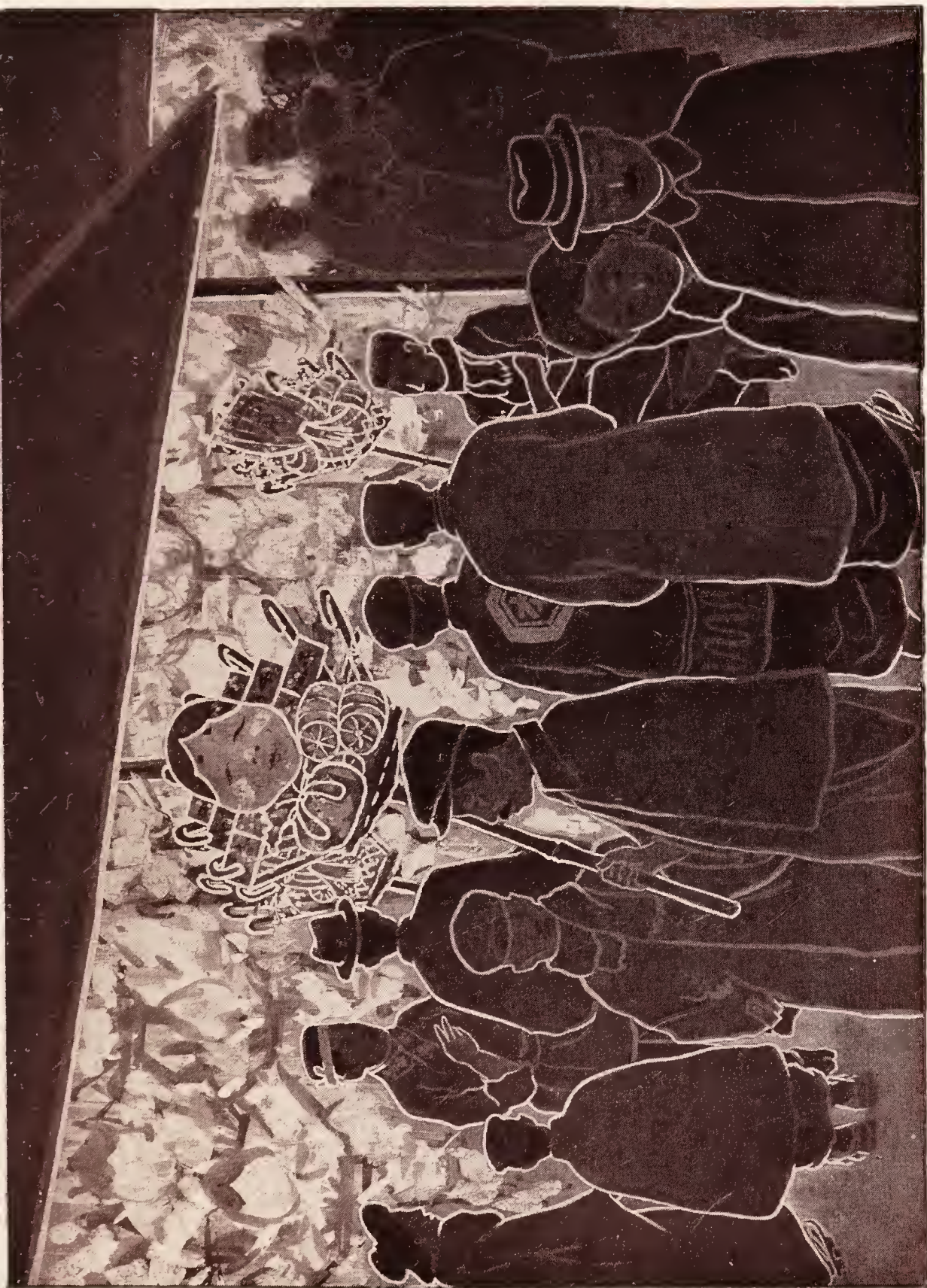
The *Torinomachi*, or the Festival Market for God of Great Eagle, is held on the days of *Tori* (cock) in November. In Japan the horary characters are applied to each day of a year, and those twelve signs are the Rat, the Bull, the Tiger, the Rabbit, the Dragon, the Serpent, the Horse, the Goat, the Monkey, the Cock, the Dog, and the Boar. Thus, in November of a year sometimes there are two

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cock days or three, according to the case, and all these cock days in this month are taken for the festival days of the god Great Eagle. The god Eagle is respected to be a god of luck, and, if a person worships the god devotedly, he is said to be blessed with great riches; consequently citizens of Tokyo—merchants among the others—visit the shrine on the festival day every year, and pray to get the bliss of the god for the next year. In November of this year (1913) the 12th and the 24th correspond to the Cock Day, and the festival market of the *Torinomachi* is to be held on these two days. The gate of the shrine of God Eagle is to be opened at the moment when the drum is beaten at the midnight of the 11th, and at the same time the market on the first Festival Day (the 12th) begun flourishingly on a large scale. The shrine is situated about one hundred yards west to Yoshiwara; and as all seven side gates of the Nightless City are temporarily opened on the market day, while the Front Gate (*Ō-mon*) is the only one passage to the quarter in ordinary days, and all brothels and prostitutes make full decorations to charm guests, people pour in crowds to all the streets by the way of visiting the shrine and market.

At eleven in the night of the 11th you take a tram which runs the street of Sakamoto under the hill of Uyeno Park, and arrive at the quarter named the Senzoku-machi in which the Great Eagle Shrine stands; all the streets and side streets leading to the shrine are already full of streams of visitors, so that you cannot go on freely as you please, and are compelled to march towards the shrine following the waves of people. The visitors consist of men, women, boys, and girls, but more than one-half of them are those belonging to the commercial circle. Approaching gradually to the shrine, the crowds become denser, and you find on the both sides of





STALLS OF KUMADĒ AT TORINOMACHI (GOD EAGLE'S FESTIVAL).





## MARKETS NEAR END OF YEAR

the streets the rows of shops and stalls which are prepared to sell *kumade* (bamboo rakes), *imo* (taro), and *goshiki-mochi* (rice-cake in five colours), these three things being necessary appendages for the festival of the god Eagle. The *kumade*, or bamboo rakes, are the rakes made of bamboo pieces and attached with a long bamboo shaft, and on the front side of the rake the symbols of various articles, all of which represent luck and fortune, are tied up: on a large rake a *takarabune* made of painted pieces of paper is attached. The *takarabune* is a treasure boat on which the so-called Seven Gods of Luck are embarked, and by the side of these gods a heap of old gold coins, large branches of coral, dresses woven of gold and silver thread, and many other precious articles, are loaded in. On another there is attached a large mask of *Okamē* (a face of a happy, smiling maiden), which is said a symbol of riches and happiness; or a large dice, bales of rice, daybooks, and *koban* (ancient oval gold coins) are swinging from one side of a rake—of course all of these articles being the imitation of *papier-maché*. These bamboo rakes themselves are valued as the symbols of implements for collecting riches, and the visitors to the shrine buy them, hoping to scrape together the treasures and riches with them for the next year.

When you could come near the gate of the shrine, now it is ten minutes to twelve, and the doors are still shut fast; but as they are to be opened after a few minutes, the grand mass of visitors crammed up before the gate, as well as in the streets leading to it, are pressed up so densely that nobody could move himself even an inch with his own will, only the mass itself shaking like waves in the ocean. Women and children are almost to be suffocated, some of them crying and yelling for help. The stalls near by the gate are in danger to be crushed down by pressure of the crowds, and the merchants are in a

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state of craziness, making efforts to defend their own shops against the attack of human breakers. In the meantime *dong-dong* (successive sounds of beating) of the drum reports the midnight, or the first moment of the 12th November, and the gate doors are at once wide opened to the right and left. At the instant the waves of human beings stream into the inside of the gate, and the wide front yard of the shrine is immediately crammed up with men, those left outside of the gate pressing upon to enter the gate as before.

The great front shrine of the god Eagle is brilliant with thousands of candle lights, and, in the innermost room of the main building, the god Eagle is honoured with holy offerings and decorations. People throw copper, nickel, or silver coins into a large square alms-chest fixed at the front of the shrine, and are earnestly praying for their fortune; these moneys of offertory pour like rain into the chest, and people clap their hands or ring bells (*suzu*) before they worship. There hang at the eaves of the shrine a number of the *suzu*, or large ball-shaped brass bells, which are rung by pulling long cords made of white, red, and yellow twisted pieces of cloth and attached to each of the bells.

To the right side of the shrine there is a large building, whose front is entirely opened, decorated with large purple crape curtains and large paper lanterns, and a dozen of men are sitting down by large desks. It is the amulet office, and the amulets of the god Eagle are issued here. Those superstitious citizens believe that one who could get the first or No. 1 Amulet on this morning is the most fortunate fellow for the next year, and those who have finished the prayers to the god first come to the office, pushing and struggling to receive the amulets as quickly as possible. Amulets prepared for this night are told to have amounted to thirty thousand pieces, and, besides, eight thousand *fuku-*



## MARKETS NEAR END OF YEAR

*bukuro* (bags of luck), and three thousand *tori-koban* (imitation of ancient gold coins with the sign of God Eagle), are said to have been sold out at the office.

After worshipping the shrine, you hardly come out of the gate and push forward among the pressing crowd for the back side of the Yoshiwara city. Both sides of the narrow street leading from the shrine to the back gate of the compound of the Nightless City are also full of rows of the *kumade-ya* (rake stalls), and your ears are almost deafened by the cries of merchants inviting guests, mixed with yells and noises of pressing visitors to the shrine. At a turning of the road, where three policemen guard against the great bustle, raising the police lanterns high over the heads of the crowd, a great whirlpool of the human waves takes place, and all men and women approaching the spot are swallowed up into it; and even the policemen themselves could not act at their own will, and are fallen into danger almost to be swept away together with the rapid. The female in agony of pressure scream for help, and those small shops of oranges and rakes near by the turning are at the peril of being crushed down. You hardly cross over the whirlpool and could reach the back gate of Yoshiwara. You find two women there too, one pretty old and the other young, and the panting younger speaks to the other: "Indeed, I could hardly escape from the great pressure, otherwise I would have been crushed to death." "I lost my purse," complains the other, "and am much troubled how to buy a *kumade* this morning." "A loss of little money is nothing for us," rejoins the young maid, "we were about to lose our life!" Then they go into the iron gate and disappear into throngs in the brothel street. Following them, you come to the background of the Yoshiwara Hospital. At one corner of the space you find a show of

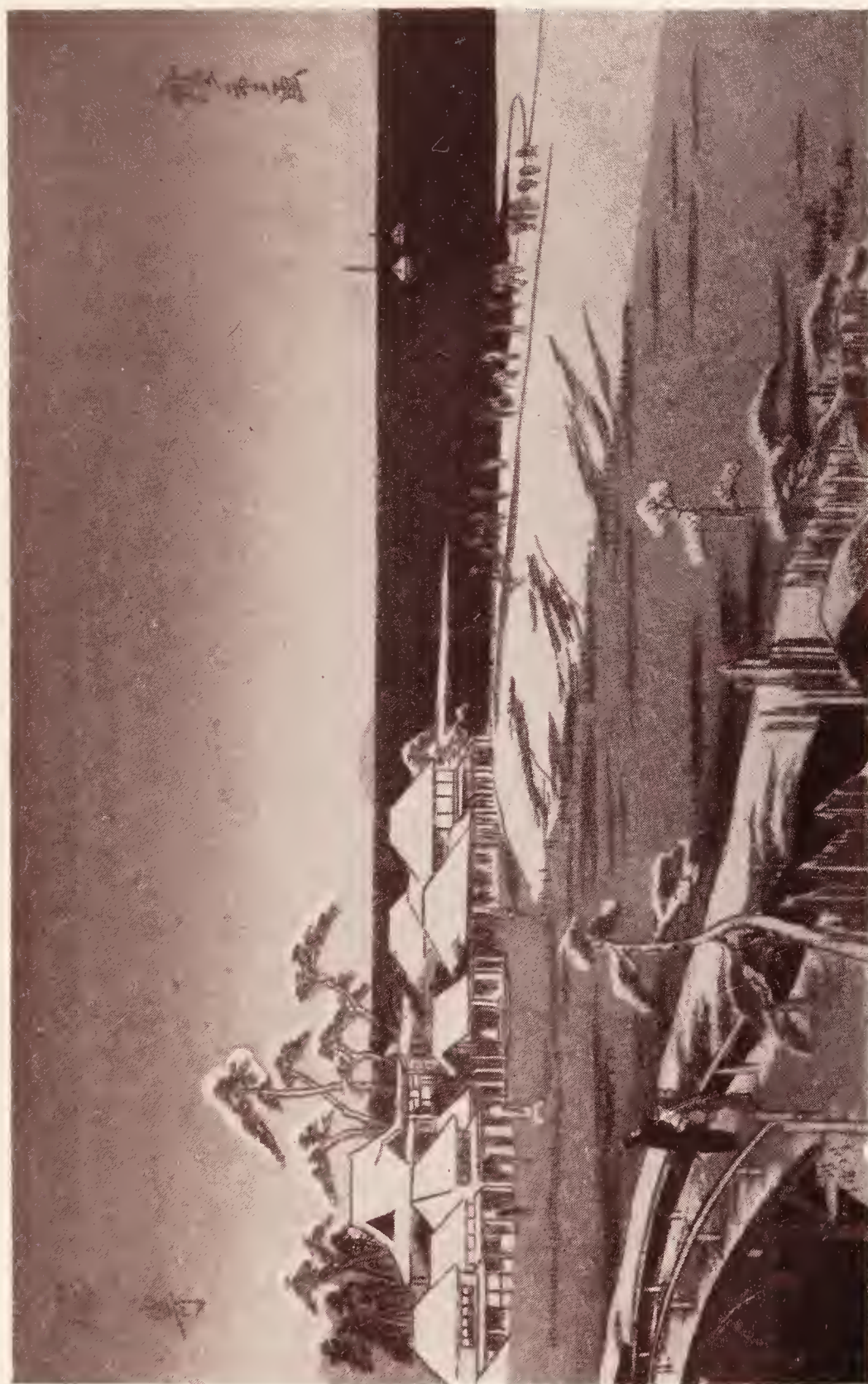
## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

chrysanthemum flowers in a temporary enclosure built of boards and bamboos, and its front entrance is full of people on the way to and back from the Eagle shrine.

The Yoshiwara Hospital is specially built for the girls in the quarter, and they have to receive the doctor's examination once a week. If any of them is found to be sick, she is at once taken to the hospital and detained there until she is recovered. We are told that twenty or thirty patients are always found in the hospital at any season of a year. It is a square two-story building in the European style, painted in white. In contrast to the bustling scenes throughout the quarter and its vicinity, the hospital is dark and shut up; while the girls outside are gay and busy in this night of the Eagle Festival, the poor wretches in the hospital are disappointed and grumbling in their dark rooms.

Coming out of the ground you come to the cross of the Kyōmachi Street, which is full of wanderers, most of them carrying large and small *kumade* on their shoulders. Near the front entrance of the largest house, Kadoebirō, people are crowded to see the exhibition of *tsumiyagu*, which is a suit of new beddings arranged and heaped high up in the front room. It is an old custom in the circle that the most prosperous girls are proud to have a new suit of their own beddings made by their customers, and show it publicly in an open room of the house in the night of the *Torinomachi*. These costly beddings are generally made of satin, damask, crape, and velvet, all of red colour, wadded with snow-white cotton, and the surface of the thick over-bedclothes is ornamented with figures embroidered with gold thread. These *tsumiyagu* could be found at those other larger houses—Shinagawarō, Daimonjirō, and Inamoto-rō too. Passing through the throngs of the Nakanochō





THE COAST OF SUSAKI IN THE AGE OF YEDO.





## MARKETS NEAR END OF YEAR

(Guide House Street or Central Street), you get out of the inside of the quarter and come to a street of the Senzoku-machi, occupied with the stalls of *kumade* (rakes) here too.

At one stall there stands a gentleman clad in the Japanese cloak called the *nijū-mawashi*. He enquires the price of a *kumade*, and the lively young stall-keeper comes out to the side of the gentleman. "This *kumade* costs five *yen*," the young man says, "and is a very excellent make among others, sir." "What, five *yen*?" says the gentleman, wondering; "it is rather a small and simple one. I cannot understand why so much price is requested for such a small rake!" "Sir, *kumade* is a thing of luck. It is the beginning of the first *Torinomachi* Festival this morning, and, if you get a new rake the earlier, the better would be your fortune in the next year. Five *yen* is not dear for the fresh one, and don't hesitate to grasp your luck, please." "You are very wise, but I cannot pay more than one *yen* for this *kumade*." "What, only one *yen*? you say nonsense! Better go to other stalls!" When the gentleman was leaving the stall the keeper again calls after him and tries to consult about the bargain. "You set a too low price for the *kumade*," says the young fellow, "I will come down to three *yen*, as I wish to carry on my business quickly and smoothly on the morning of the first festival day of God Eagle." "No," the gentleman insists, shaking his head; "I'm sure one *yen* is quite enough, and I don't want it unless you reduce to my price." He is going away from the stall again. After a long discussion further, the *kumade*, which was offered by the merchant to cost five *yen*, is at last bought by the gentleman at the reduced price of only one and a half *yen*, less than one-third of that of the first announcement!

Besides a great number of the *kumade* stalls, there are shops and stalls of hairpins, boiled yam, persimon, cake called the *kirisanshō* and *mochi* (rice-

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cake) in five colours and cut in rhombic shape ; all these keepers of shops and stalls are crying out like lunatics to call the purchasers.

It is now near dawn, and you get farther on along the street. At the front entrance of a beef-shop you find many large and small *kumade*, regularly arranged against the windows and wall, all these being of the guests who are now taking breakfast in this shop. This morning you would find such shows of bamboo rakes at the front of every eating-house near the shrine of God Eagle, the Yoshiwara, and Park Asakusa ; for small restaurants and shops of beef, fry, beancurd, or oyster and clam, are visited by people on their way back from the *Torinomachi*, and the *kumade* which have been carried by these guests are all put in charge of the shop and arranged in front of the entrance. Each shop competes for the abundance of guests, and is proud if the greater number of rakes are ostentatiously shown in its front.

You cross Park Asakusa, where all noisy shows and chattering courtesans are still in sleep, and when you come out to the broad street along the Kaminari-mon (the Gate of Thunder), the entrance to the park, you find that most of men and women who take tramcars or go by *rikisha* are carrying *kumade* on their shoulder, and seem to be satisfied for having raked up wealth and happiness for the coming new year.

Though the festival market of the god Great Eagle near Yoshiwara is most noted and flourishing among the others, the similar festivals are also celebrated on the same day, for God Eagle at the Hachiman Shrine of Fukagawa, at the Ebara Shrine of Shinagawa, at the Suga Shrine of Yotsuya, and at the Hanazono Shrine of Shinjuku. In all these quarters markets of *kumade*, boiled yam, etc., are opened equal to that at Asakusa.

. . . . .



## MARKETS NEAR END OF YEAR

In the evening of the 14th December you get down from the tramcar near the gate of the shrine Hachiman of Fukagawa Ward, for the purpose of witnessing the state of the year's end market, to be held in this evening. These markets, held at several shrines during December, are for preparations of the citizens for the coming new year, so that all furniture and articles necessary for the new year are sold in the shops and stalls opened in the streets of the market-place.

This evening the sky is entirely covered with dense and dark clouds, and the cold north wind, which have been blowing since this morning, having now ceased, it is expected to snow before midnight. On the two large round pillars of the front gate of the shrine large oval paper lanterns are lighted high, and the three large Chinese characters, "Hachiman-gū," are distinctly written on these lanterns. Within the gate there is a long stone pavement leading to the shrine, and on the both sides of the pavement stalls of battle-doors and shuttle-cocks are arranged in regular rows; these stalls are generally called the *hagoita-ya* (*hagoita* means battle-door, and *ya* shop), which are crowded with spectators, most of whom are young girls. Material of the battle-door is limited to the light wood of *kiri* (*Paulownia imperialis*), though that of the lowest class consists of other heavier and cheaper kind of wood, and the size is popularly from one to three feet in length. The surface of a battle-door is decorated with a picture in relief made of stuffed pieces of cloth called the *oshië*, the figure of the picture being generally selected out of the portraits of the most popular actors and actresses. Girls standing before the stalls criticise on the skill of imitation of these *oshië* to the countenance of actors, and desire to buy one for use in the New Year's Days. A young man approaches to a stall and asks the stall-keeper the value of a middle-size *hagoita* which is decorated

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with a cloth portrait of Uzaemon, a popular and first-class young actor, personated in a young lord of the feudal age. Spectators at once envelop him and listen the bargain between the two. The merchant requires *yen* 3.50 for the battle-door, but the purchaser insists on reducing the price to *yen* 1.50. After some half an hour of a complicated negotiation, the arrangement of the bargain was at last indicated by clapping hands by the seller, and the *hagoita* was taken into the young man's hand by payment of *yen* 2.00, the bottom price agreed between the two. Thus all dealers in battle-doors in the market of at the year's end ask the fictitious price, and citizens are used to buy one by reducing it to a proper rate. If, however, a lady or girl tries to buy a battle-door herself in a stall of the market, she is almost always deceived by the cunning merchant and compelled to bear a heavy burden for a battle-door of rather bad quality.

Another large store of battle-doors is surrounded with a great crowd, and, approaching to it through the people, you find an old gentleman in negotiation with the store-keeper. The gentleman is followed by two young singing- and one little dancing-girls. Of course he has to buy battle-doors for these girls who have accompanied their customer here to have the new toys of the New Year purchased by him. The merchant knows well that the old man must anyhow buy at whatever price he is requested, as he is in company with *geisha*, and is very obstinate never to consent for his proposal to reduce the price. At last the girls' patron is compelled to pay twelve *yen* for the two larger and one smaller battle-doors, which are at once handed to the girls. They seem to be very much gratified, while bystanders are secretly ridiculing the extravagance of the old fool.

Passing out of the street of battle-doors, you come into the next street, where various shops and



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stalls of those articles necessary for decorations in the New Year's Days are sold—they are *shimekazari*, *matsu-kazari*, *kusamono*, *omiya*, *kazari-ebi*, potted plants and miscellaneous articles. Stores of *shimekazari*, *matsu-kazari*, and *kusamono* are open cottages roughly built of logs and straw mats, and their inside is full of branches of pine-trees and bamboos (*matsu-kazari*), holy ornaments in the form of ropes and rings made of new straw (*shimekazari*), small branches and leaves of green plants known as *uraziro* (*Gleichenia glauca*), *yuzuriha* (*Daphniphyllum*), small rooted pine-trees, *hondawara* (miniature straw bales of rice), and *dai-dai* (bitter oranges); *omiya* shops sell small shrines made of plain wood, and people buy them to dedicate to their deified ancestors in the New Year. *Kazari-ebi*, or red-boiled lobsters, are sold for the New Year's decoration too, in their special stalls, or together with straw ornaments. Potted plants of *fukujusō* (*Adonis davurica*) with pretty golden flowers, winding little pine-trees, small plum-trees full of lovely flower-buds, *suisen* (*Narcissus tazetta*) with the white and yellow flowers on the top of their green stems, and half-ripe oranges, are all nicely arranged on the stalls of gardeners, just as the plant shows in the *ennichi* evening of a temple, and people buy a pot or two to adorn their reception-rooms in the New Year.

Then you come to the porch of the shrine of God Hachiman. Here a great number of men and women, both young and old, are offering prayers, clapping hands, and throwing copper, nickel, or silver coins into the alms-box. At the interior of the shrine candles are burning around the altar, and gongs beaten by priests ceaselessly resounding. Coming round to the back of the shrine, there is a large space enclosed with a round row of cherry-trees. Near the centre of the space you find a dense crowd of people forming a large circle, at the centre of which there are three men standing



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near a table, and one of them is delivering a speech. They are the street dentists, well known by the popular name "Matsui Gensui"; they fluently explain their own art as dentist, and boast that they can cure toothache at an instant. They sell toothpowder made by themselves, and are proud of its best quality and lowest price. Their explanation on the powder is very eloquent and skilful, so that the audience are tempted to buy a bag or two. In order to attract the people, they spin tops or make strange performances with a very long sword of more than six feet. They treat tops, large and small, like birds—some fly up into the air, fall down upon one's shoulder, and are taken on his hand, still spinning and spinning actively. It seems to be impossible for anybody to unsheathe such a long sword of over six feet, but one of the street dentists, who wears the sword by his waistbelt and is standing on a tall stand, is well trained to draw out the sword at a moment as quickly as a flash of lightning. When the sword is drawn the spectators applaud his skill, and again buy the toothpowder in paper bags as the reward.

You leave the dentists and come out to another street of stall-rows brilliantly lighted with lamps of oil or acetylene gas. These stalls sell toys and cakes which most attract children. At the end of the street there is another large space, where the curious exhibitions of several kinds are attracting guests by their noisy music. The show that you meet first is a *Saru-shibai*, or Monkey Theatricals. The temporary theatre is constructed of boards, mattings, and cotton curtains, and a number of actor-monkeys can be seen playing and eating through the front windows. A large oil lamp is shining high at the front of the theatre, and several square picture boards showing the scenes of the drama are hung down from the roof. Sound from the orchestra can be heard, and on a high square platform near the entrance a man is crying to

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induce spectators : “ Come in, boys and girls ! This is the interesting performance done by monkeys. It is just the time to open the first scene. Come in, come in ! ” After paying ten *sen* for admission, you come into the enclosure and find the multitude of spectators standing or sitting on benches, more than one-half of them being children. Accompanied by the sound of wood-clappers, a blue curtain of cotton cloth is slowly rolled up, and there appear on the stage two monkeys, one made up as a young general in the feudal age, clad in armour and carrying a spear, and the other as a young lady dressed in gaudy costume, her head fully decorated with flowery hairpins of gold and silver. They act and dance just as actors do, with accompaniment of the concert of drums and *samisen*, and spectators laugh and applaud when their performance comes to the height of skill. It is funny that the monkey-actors often forget their duty on the stage, and that they jump on each other crying and squealing. On this occasion a leader of the actors gives them two or three pieces of their feed, and after they have devoured it up in a few moments they again take their theatrical actions. After the three scenes of comedy and tragedy are finished, among laughter and applause of the people, they are replaced by new spectators, and the same performances repeated by the monkeys under direction of the leader.

Next to the monkey theatricals there is a show of the baby animal said to have been born between a horse and a cow, and it is pronounced by the show-keeper that the monster with both the mane and horns on its head is living in good health. The third exhibition is a young girl whose two arms are cut off at the shoulder, and she can do anything with her feet just as one does with hands—she can write well on paper or sew clothes, treating a pen or a needle with her toes. Besides these, several strange or funny exhibitions are making their efforts to attract people, and all of them filled up with spectators who

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have been driven into the gate of the shows by their curiosity.

Having made a round through the market streets of this night, you come out again to the main street in front of the shrine's gate, and discover that the whole street is much more crowded with visitors to the market. You note a number of drunkards wandering in zigzags, and also a long line of *rikisha*, more than a dozen, running spiritedly towards the east. No doubt those on *rikisha* are going to the quarter of Susaki, situated about one mile to the shrine. At this moment the bell-tower of the Shrine Hachiman tolls eleven.



## CHAPTER XIII

### CONFLAGRATION

IN the feudal age of the Tokugawa Shōgunate, when Tokyo was called Yedo, the fire was gallantly looked on as the "Flower of Yedo" by the citizens ; so often the fires broke out in the capital, specially in the winter night, and still you are frequently surprised from sound sleep and driven out of the bed by the outbreak of the disaster even in the present time. As you know the houses in Tokyo are generally built of wood, only those in the special parts of the city being constructed of brick and stone. It is natural that these wooden buildings are easy to catch fire, and that, if once a fire breaks out, whether by accident or incendiarism, it is instantly extended to the surrounding houses. Moreover, as the strong north wind blows in Tokyo almost every night and day during the winter, it is very difficult to put out the fire quickly unless it is discovered and extinguished before it blazes up above the roof of the house.

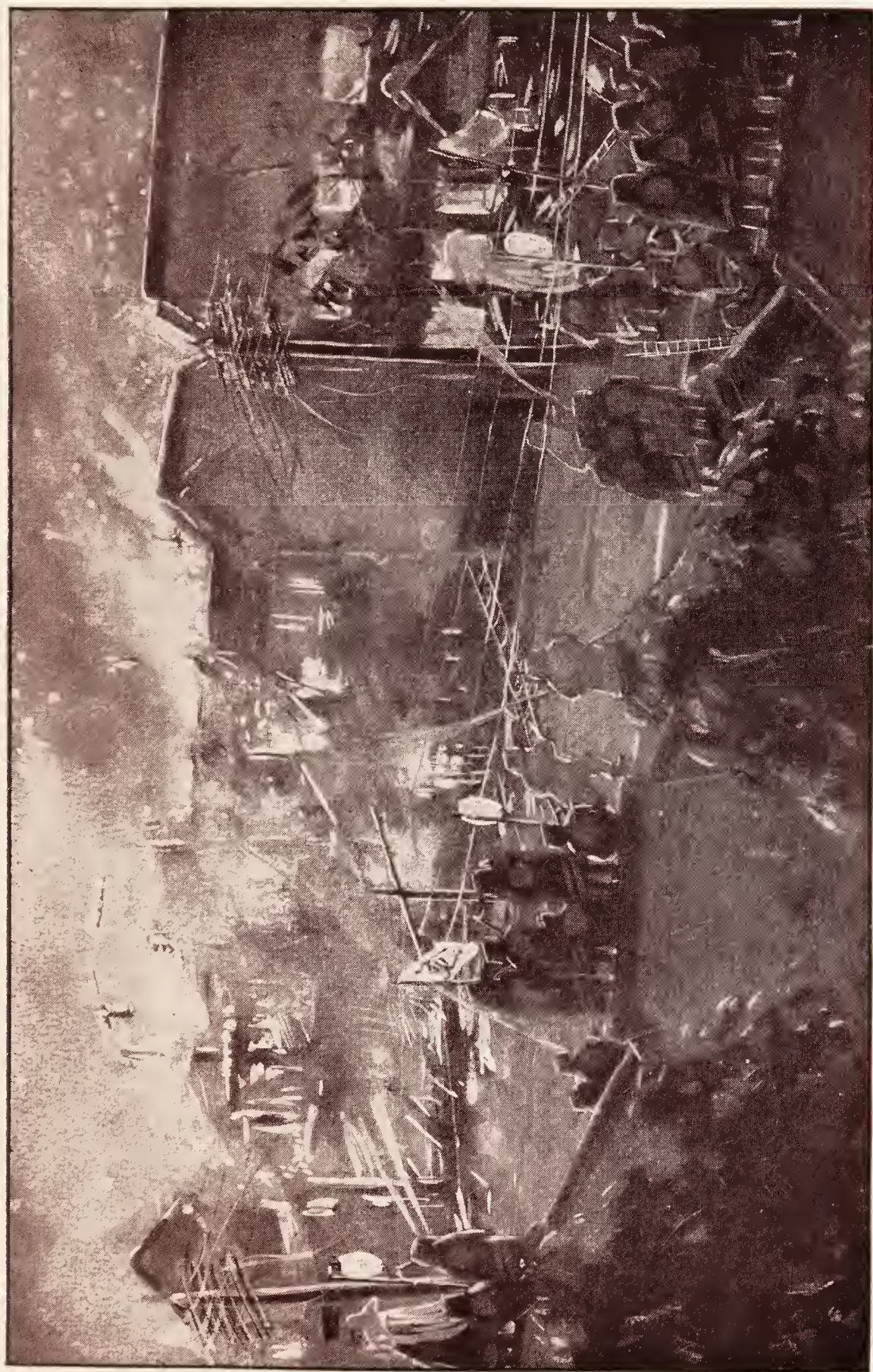
In the age of Yedo the duty to put down the fire was taken by the firemen, popularly called the *hikeshi* or *shigotoshi*, which were associated into more than forty fire-brigades throughout the city, under the titles attached with each of the Japanese alphabet and commanded by the *samurai* of the Government. Those young firemen were very powerful among citizens, and you will find a great deal of stories in the Japanese novels and histories regarding the violent

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and bloody fightings between them and other ranks of people. When they were to go to their field of the fire they carried a sign pole called the *matoi* at the head of a brigade—it was a kind of the regimental colours for the brigade—and at the head of the pole a large alphabetical sign of the brigade's title was shown, and below the sign the white long fringe hang down. As for the instruments to put down the fire, they used hand-pumps, fire-hooks, ladders, and others; and for their own body, they put on a kind of jacket called the *sashiko banten*, made of thick cotton cloth sewn up with the strong cotton thread all over the surface, the hood and drawers being made of the similar strong cloth. When they had to rescue a person suffocating in the smoke, they first poured the water over the head, and after fully wetting the clothes, they bravely jumped into the fire. At present the metropolitan fire-brigades are put under control of the fire department and commanded by the chief commissioner of the metropolitan police. At the beginning of January every year the ceremony of the parade of firemen is held at Park Hibiya, where citizens crowd to see the active movement of these brave young men. The instruments to extinguish the fire have made a great improvement—the steam fire-engines are adopted in all fire-brigade stations, the fire-hydrants fitted to the aqueduct, and the fire-annihilators prepared in almost every house. Firemen put on the uniform made of black woollen cloth, and their head is protected with the brass cap.

The organisation of fire-brigades and the measures of preventing the fire having been improved and gradually approached to completion, you may presume that the fires in Tokyo have decreased in their number and intensity; but if you refer to the statistical figures given in the official reports, you will be sorry to find that the rage of the red-tongued demon is not greatly weakened. The following are the extracts from the official reports issued by the Metropolitan





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Police Office, showing the number and causes of the fire :—

“ During the three months, October to December 1909, the total number of the fires were 139 ; average per month 46.3, and per day 1.54. The causes were 6 incendiarisms, 3 thunder, 15 chimneys, 38 lamps, 6 *kotatsu* (quilt warmers), 12 *hibachi* (charcoal fire-boxes), 9 embers in ashes, 8 candles, 11 burning fires for warming, 3 rushlights, 4 fire-places, 2 matches, 2 explosives, 6 cigar-ends, 7 cinders of charcoal, 1 fire-extinguishing pot, 2 portable cooking-stoves, 2 fire-works, 1 gas-light and 1 wire of electric light.

“ Next, January to September 1910, the total were 315 ; average per month 35, and per day 1.16. The causes were 46 lamps, 25 chimneys, 24 cigar-ends, 17 bath-furnaces, 16 quilt warmers, 15 charcoal fire-boxes, 15 candles, 17 cooking-ranges, 10 burning fires for warming, 7 cooking-stoves, 7 embers in ashes, 60 fire-extinguishing pots and the like, 28 incendiarisms, and 28 unknown. The total during the all twelve months, October 1909 to September 1910, amounted to 454, and the average per day was 1.24.”

Among these causes of the fire above mentioned, you can easily understand that the gas light, the wire of electric light, the chimney, the explosive, the petroleum oil, and the match, could not be seen in the old times. Another great cause of not lessening the fires in the present time is to be ascribed to the way of building the house. In ancient times the houses in the city were constructed in the flat one-story on the wide ground, but lately they are built higher and higher, to three, four, or five stories, on a limited land. If such a high building catches fire, its intensity of burning is stronger than a flat one. Abundance of various works and factories, where petroleum and other oils are much used, in and around the city, can be counted as another cause of the increase of calamities.

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It was in the night of the 19th February 1913, and the strong north-west wind raging furiously since the daytime. Towards the evening of the day the wind became violent more and more. When it was about 2 A.M. on the morning of the 20th, suddenly a fire broke out at Misakichō Street of Kanda district—one of the most flourishing streets, and specially the district of Kanda is noted for being the gathering centre of students. The origin of the fire was the Settlement Hall established by the Salvation Army. The devilish wind, which was so strong that nobody could face to it, was glad to find its victim, and blew against the fire with its full might. At an instant the fire blazed up and extended to the buildings on four sides. All the houses and shops in streets to the south-east were entirely covered with the rain of sparks, while the fire was spreading with its horrible speed towards the same direction, burning down everything on the way. People in the neighbourhood, who were surprised from their dream by ringing of the fire-bells, ran out of their houses, and, being dismayed on looking the force of the ferocious fire, burst out into unanimous cries, and there followed a great confusion, all men and women trying to escape from danger and to save the furnitures as much as possible. The fire-brigades belonging to the police-stations, as well as policemen, ran up to the spot of the conflagration and made efforts desperately to put it down. The violence of the mad fire, however, became stronger and stronger, and in half an hour this quarter of Kanda was entirely changed to the sea of fire. When the force of the fire proceeded to the streets of Sarugakuchō and Jimbōchō, those larger buildings, such as schools, halls, hotels, and big merchant stores, were successively burnt down, and all famous shops in the streets of Ogawamachi and Nishikichō also reduced to ashes. Several hundred soldiers were despatched from the First Division of the Imperial Guards in order to help the fire-brigades



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and policemen, and, under fierce co-operation of these three bodies, the monstrous fire was hardly quenched down at last when it was forty minutes past seven on the morning of the 20th. The extent of the land converted to the burning hell was more than one mile long from north to south and about half a mile wide from west to east; the total number of houses destroyed amounted to over one thousand and five hundred and the poor citizens driven out homeless were estimated to be more than ten thousands.

It was a policeman that first discovered the outbreak of the fire; he was on duty at a police-box near the building of the Salvation Army, and no sooner he gave the warning to neighbouring houses than a large fire-flake blown off by the raging wind fell upon a roof more than half a furlong distant to the south-east, and began to blaze up instantly. This fire spreading to the north-east, the three-storied Baptist Church and thirty houses were burnt down at a moment. About the same time the newly-built primary school, and the French, English, and Japanese Higher Female School at the Omote-Sarugakuchō Street, began to burn owing to fire-flakes too. Thus, three or four fires having flamed up at once at different directions under the sky over the Kanda district, people in the vicinity could hardly find the way how to escape from the danger.

As the Imperial Palace was to leeward, the Horse Bureau and a part of the citadel within the Hirakawa Gate were entirely covered with the rain of fire-flakes. All palace guards off duty having been convoked up promptly, the total number amounting to more than 250, including over 40 standing palace firemen, were distributed on the stone walls and all principal parts inside the castle; fire-hydrants open; two steam fire-engines and many hand-pumps perfectly arranged; so that everything was prepared to meet any crisis at any time. Besides these, two mixed troops despatched from

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the Second Regiment of the Imperial Guards, one consisting of 360 and the other more than 80 footsoldiers, ran up to the castle and took charge to strictly guard the in and out sides of the Hirakawa Gate; and, moreover, having been anxious if there would have happen any peril, the other troops of infantry were sent to the Palace from the Third and Fourth Regiments of the Imperial Guards at Akasaka. Fortunately, as the fire was put down safely for this direction, all guardings were withdrawn at 10 A.M. In addition to those above mentioned, at the moment when the fire broke out troops were sent out to help firemen and policemen from the First and Second Regiments of the Imperial Guards to the spot of the conflagration, and the ten rounding parties, each consisting of ten soldiers commanded by one officer, were despatched from the First Division to rescue the refugees and guard the furnitures brought out from their houses.

The large and prominent buildings consumed by the conflagration were as follows:—

### *Schools—*

The French, English, and Japanese Higher Female School, Junten Middle School, Tokyo Middle School, Kinka Primary School, Taisei Middle School, Foreign Language School, and its branch, Kinjō Commercial School, Tokyo Engineering School, Kensu Gakkan (School on Mathematics), Tōyō Gakuin, Tokyo Denki Gakkō (School on Electric Machineries), Senshū Gakkan.

### *Individual Houses—*

Lawyer Kishimoto, Doctor Sato, Author Ito, Lawyer Kasawara, Lawyer Uehara, etc.

### *Book Stores—*

Tokyōdō, Fuzambō, Dōbunkan, Yūhikaku, etc.

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## *Churches—*

Settlement Department of the Salvation Army,  
Roman Catholic Church, Central Baptist  
Church, and Meiji Kaikan.

## *Miscellaneous—*

Kinkikan Hall, Tokyo Department Store,  
Kanda branch of the Tenshodo watch  
and jewel store, Kawatakettei the variety  
hall, the University Graduates' Club, the  
Japan Silk Thread Association, etc.

Damages sustained by the home and foreign  
insurance companies owing to the great fire were  
as follows:—

<i>Yen</i>	120,000	Meiji Fire Insurance Company	
	380,000	Tokyo	”
	240,000	Yokohama	”
	200,000	Nippon	”
	370,000	Kyōdō	”
	150,000	Kobe	”
	60,000	Tōhō	”
	120,000	Imperial	”
	300,000	Toyokuni	”
	180,000	Osaka	”
	150,000	Naniwa	”
	120,000	Tōyō (Oriental) Fire Insurance Company	
	100,000	Tō-a (East Asiatic)	”
	80,000	Fukuju	”
	40,000	Nisshin (Japan and China) Fire Insurance Company	
	100,000	Teikoku Kaijo (Imperial Marine) Fire Insurance Company	
	50,000	Nippon Kaijo (Japan Marine) Fire Insurance Company	
	50,000	Commercial Fire Insurance Company	
	50,000	Norwich	”
	10,000	Phoenix	”
	20,000	Liverpool	”
	2,000	South British	”
	25,000	Newzealand	”
	7,500	Sun	”
	8,000	Scottish	”
	10,000	Union	”
<u>Total, Yen 2,942,500</u>			



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As to the measures of relief and protection for sufferers, as soon as the fire became intense, the Kanda Ward Office, in co-operation with physicians of the Red Cross Society, made arrangements of a refuge for sufferers and a relief place for the wounded in the office yard, and, at about six on the morning, they established temporary branch offices of the Red Cross Society in the Nishikichō Police Station, the Hitotsubashi Primary School, the Tokyo Female Commercial School, and the theatre Misakiza, and business in these branches were earnestly taken by the great number of the ward officials and policemen. Besides, the *Saimin Kyōkai* (Imperial Relief Association) voluntarily opened their temporary branches in the Young Men's Christian Association's Hall, Nishi-Ogawa Primary School, and the Taishō Nurses' Association Hall at Sarugakuchō; and the Kanda Branch Association of the Military Men at Home also disposed their branch office to supply provision to the sufferers in the Tenri Doctrine Hall at Nishikichō.

The most serious event during this conflagration was the death of a young Chinese who was lodging in a boarding-house at Misakicho, very near to the origin of the fire. There were twelve Chinese students (including two females) lodging in this house on this occasion, and at the moment when the fire broke out all boarders escaped out of the house; a Chinese boy named Shah-Yaw Kan, only sixteen years old, who was sleeping in No. 11 Room upstairs, and roused by his comrades, ran out of the building together with them, but he went again into the house with the hope to take out his books and baggages. At this time the four sides of the boarding-house was already enveloped in the blaze and smoke, and, as there was no means to rescue him out, nothing was known of his fate till six on the morning. When

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the fire was put down and the burnt ruins of the building was dug over, the corpse of the poor boy, almost charred, was discovered under the heap of burnt mats and fittings, and his silver watch and chain, gold spectacles, and pocket looking-glass were found near its side too. How sad was the scene of the mummy-like corpse lying on its face upon the smoking land, the head almost falling from the neck! Spectators, who swarmed around it from sympathy or curiosity, were driven away by two or three policemen, who were, however, troubled by another crowd coming upon again at the next moment.

How was the sight of the Kanda quarter after the great conflagration in the next night?

On the day after the dreadful fire the wind was very cold and the sky covered with dim clouds. Towards the evening the tramcars, which had been intercepted since the last night, began now to run again through the streets destroyed, and by and by the whole sphere of miserably burnt ruins was wrapped into the darkness of night. Turning to the left at the approach of the Bridge Kanda-bashi, and arriving at one corner where the tram is turning to the right for the Surugadai bluff, you stood at a spot along the so-called Nishikichō river-bank, and, looking to the west, would recognise black and white smokes still curling up from the remains of burnt-down buildings, some unpleasant smells coming up from the parched land strongly attacking your nose at the same time.

Along the river-bank flames were still rising vigorously, so that one would have taken it for another fire broken out newly again in this night; but they were continuance of blazing of wood and charcoal which had been stored up in the shops of wholesale merchants of fuel. When you looked at them from a distance they might be taken for torches



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of the army in the night attack or will-o'-the-wisp shining upon the hell. When you went on from Nishikichō to under the bluff of Surugadai you would find a great number of lanterns carried by labourers of the electric company and policemen on guard of the streets, and these lanterns, which were running to and fro like meteors in the sky, gave light for visitors in condolence for the sufferers or spectators of the desolate scene after the fire.

Ogawamachi and Jimbochō being the streets of book stores, you could not help to feel a great sorrow when you saw black smokes rising up from the remains of those largest stores, such as the Fuzambō, the Dobunkan, the Sanseidō, and the Tokyodo, where valuable books of knowledge and interest had been sold night and day till the last evening. Each of the compounds of these burnt houses was already fenced with new boards, and the long and large paper lanterns called *takahari*, on which the name of each shop was distinctly marked, were shining above the fence, while the refuge of the men of the store was noticed on a large board nailed against the board fence. When you were looking at the notice-board you found a young man standing by your side. His face was pale, indicating his great fatigue and disappointment, and his eyes were full of tears, talking the grief in his mind. You instantly understood that he must have been one of the clerks of the book store. When you approached the ruin of the Kinkikan, the great variety hall in the Kanda Ward, you found a great number of boys and girls wandering about round it; when you came near that of the Kinjō Commercial School you met several groups of students in academics sadly standing all in silence.

As you approached gradually to the origin of the fire the rising smokes became less and less, but the bad smell of scorching strongly attacked your nose. Here the tramcars for Kudan and Aoyama were quickly running, while those for Sugamo and Mita



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slowly marching in order to evade from danger for throngs of sufferers and spectators. Policemen standing each with a distance of about twenty yards were constantly giving notice to the passers to take the left side of the road. Having come to the remains of the French, English, and Japanese Female School, you thought that the broken walls of red bricks were just like the walls of an old castle destroyed by the brave bombardment of enemy. At the remains of the Settlement Hall of the Salvation Army, the origin of the great conflagration, no light was seen, and on the heap of black pieces of wood burnt down a group of men and women, amounting to some forty or fifty, standing amidst the dark, were loudly blaming the originator of the crime. Visitors on condolence—fathers to their married daughters, sons to their parents, students to their teachers, mothers to the employers of their sons, or artisans to their masters—were troubled to find out the refuges of these sufferers, and, though they made application to the policemen standing on the roadside, it was not easy to learn the addresses from them. Boarding-houses for students having been almost all burnt down, they were compelled to remove their lodging to those in Ushigome, Hongo, or Koishikawa district. One young fellow, who appeared to be a student of a law college, was standing near the ruin of the fire's origin and talking to another youth, perhaps his classmate: "I had no time to take out all my articles; the *haori*" (Japanese coat) "sent by my merciful mother in the country was burnt, the watch given by my kind father was lost too—but only *her* photograph always in my pocket . . .," and then he was laughing loudly.

When the night was getting later the sky above the west Kanda was entirely covered with white fumes. Newsboys crying the evening press, "One *sen*, one *sen*, together with the extra!" sold very well, and merchants of celluloid spectacles, who were

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loudly calling, "Best spectacles to protect eyes from dust—three *sen*, only three *sen*!" were crowded with purchasers. By the side of the board fence enclosing a burnt compound small red square paper lanterns could be seen emitting their lonely rays; they were *odenya* stalls, which supplied hot potatoes, taroes, *Konnyaku*, and fish-flesh to the visitors of the fire field, and *saké* of three *sen* per glass sold by the same stall-keepers were the best refreshment for them in the cold night. When you went on round the burnt quarter you often saw a number of wandering outcasts driven away by policemen; they stole into the enclosure of ruins and attempted to pick out pieces of metallic articles burnt and buried under piles of the remains. Now it was past twelve, and the visitors, spectators, and wanderers having dispersed for their home, men to be seen on the parched land were policemen and labourers only.

The strong north wind in this winter (1913) continued to blow almost every night till the end of March, and the fires broke out successively in the city. Though the metropolitan police made efforts to prevent from the calamities, yet the terrible events happened during the two month were so numerous that we cannot mention each of them. Among the others the most tragical accident was at the fire happened at the quarter of Senju. It was on the 11th March. At 1.40 A.M. the fire broke out from the kitchen of a greengrocer living at the Senju, the north-eastern corner of the city. The master of the house was out this night, and his family, consisting of the old mother, wife, two sons and two daughters, having been surprised by crackling of the fire, they were awakened from their sound sleep, and, finding the house already filled with flames, hardly escaped out of it, all at once crying and shrieking. The younger daughter, eight years old, however, was not among them, and when the elder daughter of nineteen



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was running about the house to seek her sister, she was greatly startled by hearing her cries of agony in the flames, now burnt up above the building. At the moment when she was about to jump into the burning house to rescue her little sister her mother, forty-two years old, stopped her, and at an instant went into the whirling flames herself, aiming at the suffering shrieks, having forgotten her own danger for the love of her younger daughter. The old grandmother, seventy-two years of age, having seen the danger of her daughter and grand-daughter, it was nothing for her to run a risk herself too, and ran into the fire, following her daughter. After a few minutes cries of the little girl were not audible, but the two women did not appear out of the burning house.

In the meantime the fire spread to the next bath-house, and having been fanned by the north-west wind and gradually extended to the market-place of vegetables, cleared away more than twenty largest vegetable stores of wholesale merchants. It was half-past three when the fire was hardly put down, and the total number of the houses burnt down was sixty-eight, besides two half-burnt. The burnt corpses of the three females were discovered under the heaps of the ruins of their house. What a tragical scene it was when they were given up to the survivors of their family after the coroner's inquest was finished!

To give examples of other smaller fires:—

On the 11th March, at 1.55 A.M., a fire broke out in an unoccupied house at Nedzu, of Hongo district, and after destroying seventeen whole and seven half-burnt houses, was put down at 3.10 A.M. The cause of the fire is suspected to be incendiarism.

At about half-past five on the same morning another fire took place at a spot between two houses at Nishimaru, of Koishikawa district, and, unfortunately, the fire-brigade of the No. 5th Fire



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Department having been sent out for the fire at Nedzu, thirteen whole and three half-burnt houses were the loss. The cause was unknown.

At half-past eleven same day an accidental fire blazed up at the bathroom of the Brain Disease Hospital at Aoyama, but happily it was extinguished at once by the strenuous efforts of the officers in the hospital, the damage having been limited to only the bathroom's roof blown up. There was a great confusion when over fifty in-patients were temporarily removed to take refuge to the neighbouring plain.

At three in the afternoon of the same day there was an arson at an empty house at Hashiba, of Asakusa, but immediately it was put out by the neighbours.

At half-past seven on the same evening another fire was caused by the lighting of an old mat in the avatory of a dry goods shop at Saegichō, Kanda, but, fortunately, having been discovered by one of the clerks, it was instantly quenched out. People in Kanda district having been in a deep horror after the conflagration in the previous month, there produced a great to-do among them in the neighbourhood for a time. We are told that at the moment when the incendiary fire was discovered somebody ascertained a strange woman wandering about near the house; but in spite of strict searches by the Nishi-Kanda police, she could not be arrested up to the midnight.

## CHAPTER XIV

### WINTER NIGHT

#### *A.—Kammairi, or Temple Visitors in the Coldest Season*

CITIZENS who went out to pay a round of New Year's calls have already come back to home and finished supper ; distributers of the evening press are now on their way back after completing their duty ; it is now eight o'clock in one winter evening of the coldest season, which is generally called the *Kanchū* (midst of the cold). At this time you hear ringing of small bells carried by one, two, or three men, who run away near your gate. Who are they, and what are they running for? They are the so-called *kammairi* who are on the way to visit a certain temple. In the ancient time, when the regulation for manners was liberal, they were called by the popular name of *hadkammairi* (naked worshippers), and are said to have been going naked on the public road in the cold night ; but at present, according to the wishes of the authorities, they put on white uniform and carry a long paper lantern marked with their own names or signs. Females do not bind the hair, but hang it down over the shoulder, and they, as well as males, tie the head with the twisted white handkerchief.

Temples and shrines visited by these *kammairi* are the Fudo of Funkagawa, the Kotohira of Toranomom, the Sanja of Asakusa, the Fudo of

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Ryōgoku, the Toyokawa-Inari of Akasaka, the Entsūji of Hitotsugi, the Marishiten of Ueno, the Yakushi of Honjo, the Tamiya-Inari of Kyōbashi, the Daijingū of Shiba, the Tsukudo Hachiman of Ushigomé, the Yushima Tenjin of Hongo, and the Soshi of Nihonbashi, and among the others the Fudo of Fukagawa and the Kotohira of Shiba are most popular, citizens believing these two to be most efficacious from their blind superstition. As the Yoshiwara is the most flourishing place in Tokyo for the festival of the god Eagle, and as the prostitute quarter, so is the Fudo in Fukagawa the most popular temple for the *kammairi* in the city. During the coldest season of every winter there come fifteen hundred visitors to the temple every night; among them those who take the *Mizu-gori* (purification by immersion in water) amount to over one thousand, and the rest only worship bowing in front of the temple hall. You cannot help to wonder if you see that thirty or forty females are taking the water purification among these visitors. Whence come such a great number of the *kammairi* to the Fudo Temple? They assemble from all directions of the city and its suburbs—from Sunamura to the east, from Takanawa of Shiba to the south, from Mikawadai of Azabu and Aoyama of Akasaka to the west, and from Koishikawa, Hongo, Shitaya, Asakusa, and Minami Sengu to the north; and those from Kanda, Nihonbashi, and Kyōbashi, as well as inhabitants in Fukagawa, the district of the site of the temple itself, and in Honjo, its neighbouring district, are most numerous above all.

Citizens, both male and female, who are used to visit temples and shrines and make greedy prayers for their health and happiness, are generally limited to the gay circle, but most of the *kammairi* in the cold night—clad in the white clothes, the head tied up with the white handkerchief, the feet put on white *tabi* (socks), but with no shoes nor clogs, and running





THE KAMMAIRI.





## WINTER NIGHT

the street very lively—belong to the class of artisans all busy in day-time ; that is to say, they are young and high-spirited employees of carpenters, plasterers, cabinet-makers, mat-makers, masons, roofers, bricklayers, sawyers, and hoopers. It is not uncommon that there are the temple visitors who come half in fun among these devotees of the coldest night ; you often find little boys of nine or ten years at the temple, and their true object of the visit seems not to be prayer to the temple, but they are ambitious to taste the sweet *amazake* (hot beverage made of fermented yeast), which the temple entertains to the visitors. In the night of rain, snow, or strong wind, therefore, the *kammairi* are decreased to half the number of the ordinary night, and, on the contrary, they are temporarily increased in the warm night. The pious devotees who come to the temple throughout the whole thirty days of the coldest season are said to be less than five hundred out of fifteen hundred, and you can easily understand the two-thirds of the total number of the *kammairi* are amateurs coming out of half in joke.

The devout worshippers, however, have some serious matters for themselves—to cure the father of disease quickly or to rescue the master from the brink of death. Though their conduct is the manifestation of superstition and appears to be ridiculous, yet their loyal and filial intention is worthy to be admired. You are told by the men of the temple that the female worshippers are very pious, and never fail to appear every night through the whole season. In the last winter a *geisha* (singing-girl) of Susaki submitted herself to the *kammairi* service to pray for recovery of her sick old mother. When the brothels and guide-houses of Susaki heard her filial piety, all were sympathising with her, and as soon as she came back from the prayer to the temple every night they engaged her to attend upon guests in their houses. Thus, her calling having been very flourishing, she



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could get much money, with which she called a good physician for the old mother, who was happy to have completely recovered in a short time. Piety produces good efficiency if it is combined with sympathy. Employees of artisans, who gaily run about the public road crying loudly, are obstructors of the street, and, though they wish to make improvement on their work by praying to the temple, they are hopeless unless they are faithful to their business in their master's shop. In every winter the females who take purification of water for the whole thirty days are less than ten, and there are twenty males who pour the cold water over their white clothes, and run back by the wet dress as it is, this way of watering being called the severest purification.

The hall of water purification is situated to the left of the main building of the temple, a small building at its entrance being a detached hall dedicated to the Fudō. At the centre of the hall there is a large artesian well for use of the purgers, and the arrangement is done so as the two persons can purify themselves at once, each standing on the opposite side. Under the ceiling electric lamps are shining. While taking purification their clothes are given in charge of the Fudō hall at the entrance, but as more than one hundred persons are crammed up every half-an-hour, policemen are despatched from the Eitaibashi police-station to guard against a rare possibility of robbery. It is seldom to hear of the loss of clothes or quarrels among worshippers every year, and the door of the hall is shut up at ten every night; consequently those who come later than the time, and cannot take water purge, are compelled to go home after merely praying at the front of the main temple.

*Amazake* and charcoal fire, which are supplied every night to entertain the *kammairi*, consist of the contribution by religious guilds of devotees to the Fudō. *Amazake* entertainment (hot beverage made of fermented yeast) is given in Ōnarita, the tea-house

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in front of the temple. It is boiled in two large iron pots every evening after sunset, and in fine weather twenty-five gallons are consumed per night. Three large bales of charcoal are used up in one night as the warming fire in a cottage near the tea-house. The roll for the *kammairi* is provided in the tea-house too, and their names, addresses, and attendance are perfectly entered.

### *B.—Otakara-uri, or Sellers of Treasure-Boat Sheets.*

*Otakara-uri* is an old custom since the time when Tokyo was called Yedo under the Tokugawa Government. *Otakara* is a small sheet of paper printed with a picture of a treasure-boat, in which seven gods of luck are embarked, and invaluable treasures, such as gold and silver coins, branches of coral, fabrics woven of gold thread, etc., loaded, and above the picture of the boat a peculiar poem is printed as follows :—

“ Na ka ki yo no,  
    To o no ne fu ri no,  
    Mi na me sa me,  
    Na mi no ri fu ne no,  
    O to no yo ki ka na.”

If you read the poem *vice versa* from the end to the beginning, it will be pronounced in equal order of sound. The meaning of the poem is :—

“ All people awake from their sleep in the long night  
And pleasantly listen to sound of the boat rowing on the waves.”

In the Yedo age it was generally believed that, if a person went to sleep with the picture-sheet under his pillow in the night of the second of January, and had any good dream, he would be very happy and fortunate during the year. Those who went round the streets of the city selling the pictures were called the *otakari-uri*.



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At present, the old custom still remains among a part of the citizens of Tokyo, but most of the sellers of the sheets are little boys, while up to ten years ago all of them were young men. Towards the evening of the second day of January there appear a number of *otakara-uri* in all principal streets of the city; among these there are mingled young masters of rich merchants and clever clerks of large shops, disguised to be the picture-sellers, and on the other side spirited young artisans come out as temporary treasure-sheets vendors. All these young fellows put on tasteful Japanese dresses, and cover their face with handkerchief in the style called the *Yoshiwara-kaburi* (an elegant way of covering a part of the face with the Japanese long handkerchief); artisans wear new *momohiki* (dark blue cotton drawers), and are clad in two or three *hanten* (dark blue cotton jackets, the common uniform for workmen), over which they have on a *haori* (a kind of coat), the face being concealed in the *Yoshiwara-kaburi* too. First, having taken a few cups of *saké* (wine), and being good-humoured now, they go round the streets in the second evening of the New Year crying, "*Otakara, otakara!*"

It is common for amateur vendors of the pictures to come into their acquainted houses and sell the *otakara*, but some jump into unacquainted shops and ask to buy the pictures, explaining, "Good evening. We have brought very lucky *otakara* for you!" Then the master or mistress of the shop is very glad, and says, "What a spirited picture vendor you are! Give me two or three sheets." The purchaser does not enquire of the price of the picture, but gives them a certain sum of money wrapped up in paper. A master of another shop is so greatly satisfied by the visit of vendors of "Sheets of Luck," that he invites them into the drawing-room and entertains them with *saké* and dishes of the New Year.

In one of the most flourishing streets of Nihonbashi, the central district of the capital, there is a large



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wholesale dry goods store. The No. 2 clerk of the store, who drank the New Year's wine together with a fireman in regular employ of the shop in the evening of the second day, disguised himself out of curiosity to be the *otakara-uri*, and visited Yoshiwara accompanied by the fireman. When the two came near the show-room of a house, one nice girl called the picture vendor, and, after taking five sheets from him, paid one *yen* without any enquiry for the price. Being much moved by the liberal disposition of the girl, the clerk at once went into the house to be a guest of the girl, and since then having frequented her so often the two fell in true love at last. The result of dissipation on the side of the clerk was his absconding from the master's shop, and the girl, who had fallen into the depth of heavy debts, was compelled to remove from Yoshiwara to a lower quarter at Shinagawa. In consequence of a picture-sheet in the night of the 2nd January, what a long and bad dream they had!

Another interesting anecdote regarding a temporary vendor of treasure-boat pictures will be given. A young master of a wealthy house, who intended to be a voluntary *otakara-uri*, went out to the streets in secret from all his family, and when he visited an unacquainted *geisha*-house at Yanagibashi, he was welcomed by all girls and maid-servants there, because he was a handsome young man. "What a luck for us to have a visit of the *Otakarayasan* (Mr *Otakara-uri*) like you in this evening of the New Year! Please come in and take time to have your drinks," said the elder girl to the disguised young fellow. In the meanwhile a young beautiful *geisha*, the daughter of the house, came back from her engagement at a restaurant. She saw the refined young man, talked with him to buy the picture-sheets, and while she was entertaining him with *saké* and dishes, she fell in love with him at last. Having refused all engagements to restaurants this evening, she cherished him

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heartily ; he went home late in this night. After the unexpected meeting between the two, both fell in blind love and continued to meet each other. In spite of advice and remonstrance of his parents and relatives against his profligate conduct, he could not give up his girl, and was finally disinherited by his father. The kind and sincere young *geisha* took her lover to her house and was sustaining him for several months. Being greatly moved by kindness and constancy of the girl, the parents of the young man called back their son to home, and at the same time agreed to take her to be his wife.

You understand now how the disguised voluntary vendors of the treasure-boat pictures are, but then how are the true professional *otakara-uri*? It is funny that, in this singular business of selling the picture-sheets of the New Year, the temporary sellers are always much more successful than the professionals. Men who sell the *otakara* as profession are generally poor and clad in miserable clothes, carrying a large bundle of the pictures wrapped in a big cloth tied up round the neck ; their style is ugly indeed. On the contrary, voluntary vendors put on a suit of new dresses and the pictures are in their hand with no wrapper to cover them. It is natural that citizens prefer to get the sheet of luck from the hand of nicely dressed *otakara-uri* rather than to buy it taken out of the dirty old cloth wrapper on the shoulder of filthy men.

Temporary *otakara-uri* purchase the pictures of treasure-boat from the professional sellers or from picture-shops called the *ezōshiya* in neighbourhood. Each seller generally buys one or two hundred sheets and the wholesale price is ten *sen* or less per hundred. Before he runs out to the streets it is necessary for him to take some cups of *sakē* for the purpose of enlivening himself, and it is funny indeed that the cost of wine is much more than the capital for merchandise. If he is fortunate enough to sell well



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at the price of one or two *sen* per sheet, he is very glad in anticipation that he will be lucky in this year, and, on pretence of congratulation in advance for the future happiness, he visits his acquainted restaurant and exhausts all the pocket money, including the proceeds of *otakara* just earned in this night.

### C.—Sobaya, or Buckwheat Shops.

In Japan—with no exception of every town or village—there is an old curious custom with regard to buckwheat dishes. The Japanese have a habit to eat *soba* in the evening of the last day of every month and year. From what time the custom was originated and by what reason they have to eat it, are unknown. It is, however, certain that the strange habit was prevalent in the Age of Yedo, and some people explain the reason as follows:—

*Soba* is long and slender substance like threads made of flour of buckwheat. If you eat it at the end of every month and year, your health and happiness will continue long in future, just as the *soba* is long. Consequently all the Japanese like to eat buckwheat dishes in expectation of their constant welfare.

We don't know whether the interpretation for the custom is correct or not, but at anyrate you will wonder that there are no people who are so fond of *soba* as the citizens of Tokyo at present; the habit of *soba*-eating seems to have gradually grown up to the nature of the Tokyomans. It is true that the buckwheat shops are most flourishing at any season among all other eating-houses in the city. There are over eight hundred *sobaya* throughout the city at present, and in the shops most popular and celebrated they are said to count the proceeds of over one hundred *yen* per day, average price per bowl being from three to twelve *sen*. While all restaurants and eating-houses shut up their shops at



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twelve at night, only the buckwheat merchants open their shops generally till 2 A.M. Certainly the hot *soba* in winter night is the favourite dishes of citizens, giving agreeable warmth to their body.

There may be the Tokyo citizens who omit to take *soba* at the end of the month, but it is very rare that they neglect to eat the dishes even in the New Year's Eve. Consequently, in this one night, all *sobaya* at least sell the double quantity of *soba* sold at the end of other months. According to a statistical report, cost of buckwheat consumed by all Tokyo citizens in one night of the New Year's Eve is said to amount to *yen* 56,160 or £5,616!

Besides the shops of buckwheat above explained, there are another kind of buckwheat merchants, which is called the *yonaki-soba*, or *yosobauri*. They are peddlers of *soba* in night only, carrying their stall on the shoulder or driving it on wheels. Peculiarity of the buckwheat stall in night is that a small bell is attached to its one side, and when the peddlers march on streets calling out, "*Soba-wōō-i, soba-wōō-i!*" tinkling of the bell follows always. The best customers for the *yonaki-soba* are the street ramblers late at night, and, especially in the night of cold winter, the hot buckwheat dishes sold by these stalls are the best refreshment for them.

### *D.—Amma, or Shampooers.*

In the night streets of Tokyo through all seasons, specially in cold winter, you hear whistles and cries of "*Amma amma!*" These are blind shampooers, male and female, who are wandering in streets expecting people to engage them. In Japan the shampoo work is generally taken by blind people, though there is a class of persons with ordinary sight living on the calling of shampooing too. Old and experienced shampooers take their business at home, and, when sent for go to their customers, but

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young *masseur* and *masseuse* are in the habit of going out to the streets in night, and, being called into some houses, sit at work on the body of those who are in demand for massage.

A small bamboo whistle and a long wood staff are the two instruments indispensable for the street shampooers—whistles tell coming of them, and the wood staff helps the blind to avoid dangers on the road. Being aided and protected by these two implements, they have to go out every night whether the weather be fine or rainy, even in the windy, cold winter, wandering on the streets from six to after midnight. Then, what sum of money can these poor blind earn by such a hard night task? If you are told that a young inexperienced shampooer can get only five to ten *yen* in winter and eight to fifteen in summer as his monthly income, while the latter is said to be the busiest season among his circle, you will feel what a pity it is for him to live such a miserable life in his permanent dark world. Further than this, sometimes he is so unfortunate that, although he has been wandering on the streets till past midnight, whistling and loudly crying: "*Amma, kami-shimo!*" (*kamishimo* means to shampoo the whole body from the head down to the feet), he is utterly engaged by nobody, and on such an unlucky night it happens often that he falls into a ditch or shoks against a telegraph pole by the roadside. Such a night is called an infelicitous epoch by his circle, and as soon as he comes home very late with his empty purse he offers earnest prayers for his devoted shrine or temple to bless him in the following nights.

Young apprentices of an old shampooer have to give up to their master all the money they have earned every night, and receive its five, ten, or fifteen per cent. from him, while they are lodging in his house, and supplied with food and clothes by him too. It is natural that these young blind endeavour



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to earn as much as they can, because the more they pay to the master, the more they can get their pocket money.

There are two thousand and five hundred blind *masseur* and *masseuse* in Tokyo, and, the male and the female being almost equal in their number, there is no inconvenience among them to marry each other when they arrive at maturity—a strange phenomenon in the world of blind people but a happy combination between the pitiful two sexes.

It is a question how the blind and inexperienced shampooers can come home without fail after having gone round to a far distance every night. They tell that they go and come back by the ear and the nose—they remember the smells of *tempura-ya* (shops of fried fish), *yakiimo-ya* (shops of roast sweet potatoes), and *kabayaki-ya* (shops of broiled eels), or they can discern stream of water-drains or sound of flowing in ditches, and when they happen to arrive at crossroads or come to near the by-street where their house is situated, they can distinguish the direction by the flow of air. Their sensation is very keen, but in the night of the coldest winter, they miss to catch their aim, and are often bewildered in the chilling wind till two or three on the morning.

As previously explained, though the shampooers in Tokyo are generally not higher in their social rank, yet there are exceptions of course. Some attend to the Bureau of Court Physicians in the Imperial Household Department and give the massage treatment to court ladies and others; some have heaped up millions by their single hand, and occupy the honourable positions. If you compare them to those who are going in the streets with the whistle and cries of "*Amma . . .*," what a great bay lays between the two!

To be an accomplished shampooer he must be trained as apprentice under a skilful master, and the period of apprenticeship is generally five to seven



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years, though there may be differences according to the age of the beginners. During apprenticeship, he is supplied by the master with sustenance, livery, and pocket money, as already explained. After one year and a half, he is allowed to take simple work for the customers of his master, and the wages got by him are all taken into the master's hand. If he completed the long apprenticeship of five or seven years, he cannot yet open his independent business instantly; first he must apply for the examination to the Metropolitan Police, and, if he passed it, next he has to get the sanction of the President of the Tokyo Massage Association. In spite of great troubles before he can open his business he is very humble and obedient, or you may say that he is in good development for morality. After he opened his business, he never trespasses on the scope of business of his master, and never settles his home near his, too. Such kind of the *amma* does not go out to the street in night, but takes his business at home any time in night and day, though some are compelled to go crying out of doors, most of the street goers being those within the term of apprenticeship.

Wages of a shampooer at home-work is twenty to fifty *sen* for the treatment of one hour, and his general income per month is twenty to thirty *yen*. It is said to be very hard for him to earn fifty or sixty *yen* monthly.

## CHAPTER XV

### WINTER NIGHT (*continued*)

#### *E.—Nabeyaki-udon, or Hawkers of Macaroni Cooked and Served in Pots*

IF the mere name of the *Nabeyaki-udon* is spoken of, at an instant you recollect something poetical in your mind and feel some warmth in your body at a very cold night. The cold north wind is now raging through the desolated streets near the dead of a severe winter night, and citizens are all dreaming in their snug bed, when suddenly the loneliness is broken by cries of a *nabeyaki-udon*, whose voice echoes horribly and sadly as if pains and distresses of life are groaned out. What kind of people will welcome this night hawker at such a very late hour?

At one side of his old rough portable stall there hangs a dimly lighted, long, square paper lantern, and an old man clad in shabby padded clothes, his legs protected with the almost discoloured dark-blue cotton drawers, is crouching in front of a small furnace, on which two or three little pots of macaroni are put, and kindling the charcoal fire by fanning with an old round-fan in order to cook them quickly. Around the dealer three men stand waiting for preparation of dishes, in spite of coldness of the cutting norther. Who are the three? Judging by their dresses, two of them seem to be clerks of a





THE TEMPLE OF FIVE HUNDRED BUDDHA'S DISCIPLES, IN THE AGE OF YEDO.





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certain shop and the other a young artisan. You may be quite correct if you judge them all to be on their way home from a certain gaiety-quarter after they have spent a merry evening. All of them are cold and hungry, and devour up each three or four pots in a few minutes. Their body gets warm and their stomach is full, and then, paying the price, they run away under the strong wind; the old hawker still stops at the same spot and is calling out, "*Na-a-be-ya-a-ki-udo-o-n!*" expecting the next customers to come.

If you are told that the number of the hot macaroni hawkers in the city are increased every winter, you can understand how popularly the dishes are welcomed among the citizens of Tokyo. Utensils necessary for the business are earthen pots and bowls; most of the customers are fond to eat the *udon* directly out of the pot itself which was heated on the fire, hence the name of the *nabeyaki-udon*, but others prefer to taste it after it was taken from the pot into a fine earthen bowl. So the merchant must be very careful to discriminate the kind of guests whether they like pots or bowls. Besides a quantity of macaroni in the pot, a piece of fish-flesh, vegetable, and laver are added in its hot broth, and the dish costs two *sen* and a half or three *sen* per pot or bowl. The total number of the *nabeyaki-udon* dealers in the city are about three thousand, and most of them live in the narrow lanes of Honjō and Hatchōbori districts.

The best customers for them are the *machiai* (waiting houses), in various quarters inhabited by the *geisha*, and next, the classes of people who are fond of the dish and eat it standing on the way-side, are labourers, students, and salarymen of lower rank. It is strange that the *rikisha*-men are haughty enough to avoid eating the hot *udon* by standing before the *nabeyaki* stall. A macaroni hawker sells one hundred and fifty pots per night. Towards the

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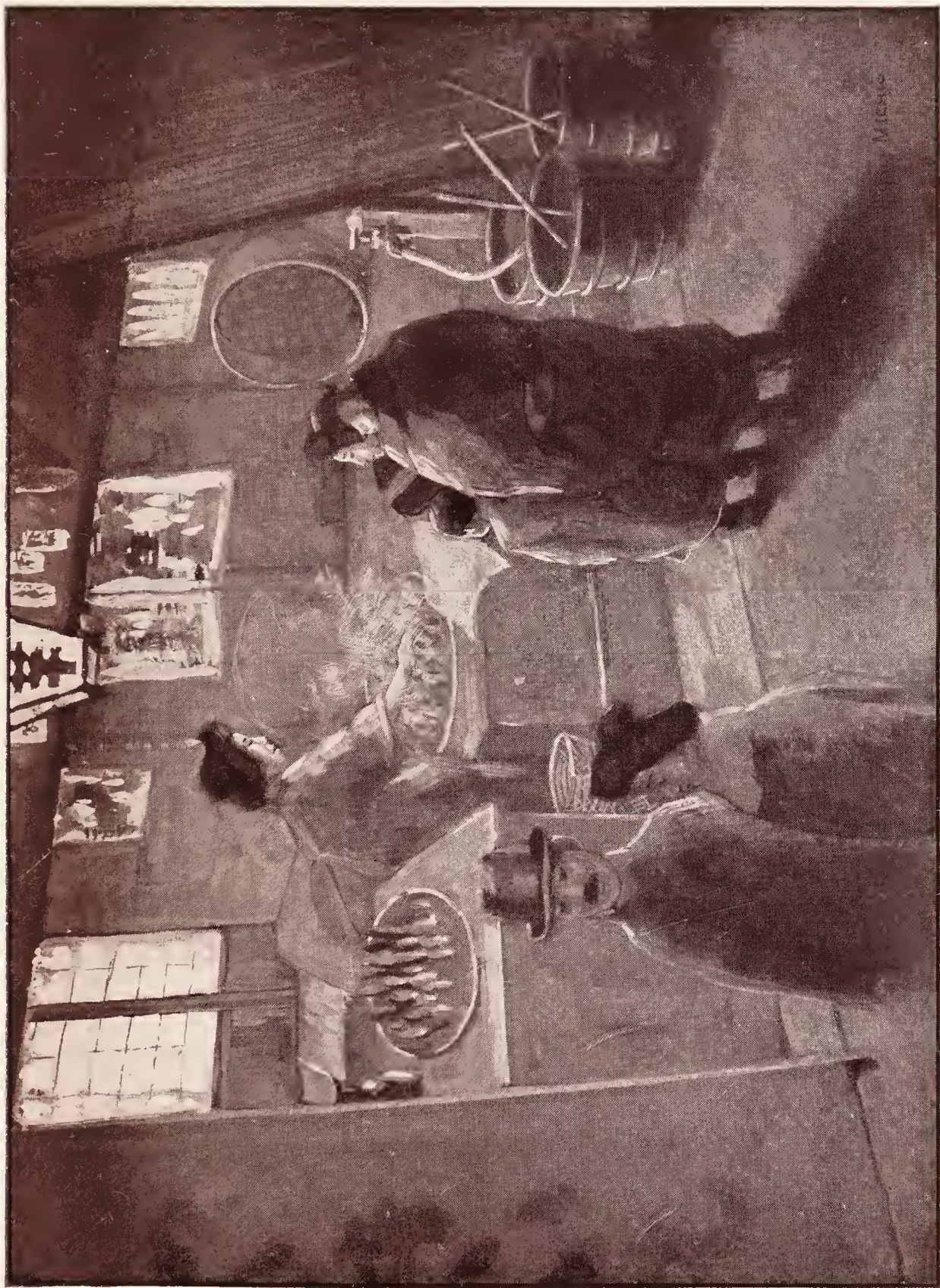
evening, when the electric or gas lamps begin to be lighted, they come out of their nasty den carrying the stall on the shoulder. The high tide of their business is after midnight, when people on the way home from the variety hall or gay quarter want to eat the hot *udon*, or the guests in a waiting house out of half a joke call and take the curious night dishes; their trade is continued till 2 or 3 A.M. The greater part of the *nabeyaki* pedlars pass the night on the street, and it is after dawn when they come back to home.

December is the most flourishing month for the macaroni business throughout the year, and those nights from the 27th to the New Year's Eve they sell best. Then what is their profit in one night? Deducting all expenses, they can easily get the net profit of one and a half or two *yen* in a usual night, thus the total amount of the profits per month in the cold season being rather a big sum of fifty or sixty *yen* for the merchants of such a lowest class. In spite of the daily income regular and tolerable, however, they are always poor, living in the smallest cottage or in a dirty room of the lowest inn. They are bachelors generally, and very idle in their bad habits; if it rains, most of them do not like to go out for business. The period of their business is limited to the winter, from November to February, and they must change their calling for the rest of the year.

### *F.—Yakiimoya, or Shops of Roast Sweet Potato*

In one cold moonlight night of winter you meet a little girl at a corner of a busy small street and recognise something in a cloth wrapper carried by her hand; out of the cloth wrapper steam is vaporizing up into the cold air. At an instant you understand that she is on the way back from a *yakiimoya*, after having purchased some roast sweet potatoes.





THE YAKIMOYA, OR SHOP OF ROAST SWEET POTATOES.





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Now what is the so-called *yaki-imo*, or roast sweet potato? Well, it will be explained here.

The *yaki-imo* is sweet potato roasted in a special furnace, and smaller ones of the potato are baked at their own original round form, but larger ones put in the furnace after each is cut into three or four small pieces. When it is baked, salt is sprinkled on its outside in order to give it a little salt taste to season its original sweet savour. It is the most favourite food for the females and children. When it approaches autumn, most of the ice-water shops during summer change into the *yakiimoya*, and the food being always very hot, boys and girls are very glad to taste the sweet potato in winter night as the repast during their idle gossiping. If you go through by-streets in every district of Tokyo, you will find the long and square paper lanterns on which the terms *yaki-imo* (roast potato) are marked, and in front of these shops, maid-servants and girls of lower class are gathering to buy the hot sweets. Poor students from the country cannot taste the sweet cakes of good confectioneries, and, in place of them, are satisfied by eating the *yaki-imo* in their room of the lowest boarding-house. The poorest inhabitants in the Honjo and Asakusa Wards, hardly living<sup>g</sup> in a dirty tenement house or the lowest inn called the *kichinyado*, cannot often get money enough to buy the rice, the usual meal of the Japanese, and then they are compelled to appease their appetite by taking the roast potato until they get sufficient means for provision. Yet, the children of these needy folks are sometimes rather glad to have the *yaki-imo* than to be supplied by their parents with tasteless food consisting of half-rotten rice and little pieces of old fish-flesh mixed into dried-up vegetable. Anyhow, the *yaki-imo* is not the food of noble class, but is rather of common or democratic.

By the way, the origin or history of the *yaki-imo* will be explained.



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Sweet potato was first imported from the South China into Japan, and, having been cultivated in Loochoo and Koshiki Islands since old times, the inhabitants in these islands adopted it as their daily food in place of rice, wheat, or beans. Its first importation into the inland is attributed to the present from the King of the Loochoo to Shimadzu the Feudal Lord of Satsuma Province in Kyūshū. Having experienced its good taste, the men of Shimadzu procured its seeds by sending order to Loochoo and cultivated it in the fief of their lord. Afterwards, the sweet potato was gradually spread so far to Yedo, and it was less than two hundred years ago when the food became very popular among the citizens of the capital under the name of the Loochoo potato.

At the time when the sweet potato was first introduced into Yedo there was a famous scholar called Bunzō Aoki. He made efforts to recommend the food for the citizens, so that he himself adopted his pseudonym as "Kansho-Sensei," which means "Father of Sweet Potato." He earnestly persuaded to the Governor of Yedo the cultivation of the plant, and urged the reasons of its utility both by tongue and pen, explaining that it is the best provision against the time of famine and that it supplies the cheap food for the poor. Adopting the proposal of the scholar, the Governor Oka stated it to the Shogunal Government, and cultivated the plant for trial at the garden of Fukiage in the Castle of Yedo and the medical plantation of Koishikawa. The tomb of "The Father of Sweet Potato" is in the ground of the Temple Fudo at Meguro, the southwestern suburb of Tokyo, and on the anniversary of his death a prosperous festival is held every year by the Guild of the wholesale merchants of sweet potato in the city.

The potato, which was first planted in trial at a garden corner of the Yedo Castle and a part of the

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medical garden, is now cultivated in the fields all round the city, just as rice and wheat, and taken as the favourite food for females and children. There is a big difference of its taste, according to the degree of fertility of the soil, and, in the vicinity of the city, those produced at Kawagaye are famous for their best relish. Besides supplying the sweet food for females and children, spirits and alcohol are taken from the sweet potato. Since ancient times the natives of the islands Hachijō and Ogasawara have been very fond of a kind of wine called *Imo-zake* (Potato Wine) and the islanders of Loochoo make the nice spirit named *Awamori* from the potato, too.

### *G.—In the Age of Yedo*

In the age when Tokyo was called Yedo and the whole country of Japan governed by the Shogun of Tokugawa, all feudal lords living in the capital had to attend the Castle of the Shogun on the New Year's Day before dawn. They put on different ceremonial dresses according to their ranks: the *noshimē* (silk robe), *shijira noshimē* (crape robe), *kamishimo*, *hoi*, *daimon* (long robe with a number of large crests) and *suō* (flowing garment) were kinds of court dresses on the ceremonious occasions. Before the dawn and still in the dark of the first and second days of January, the retinue of the lord all put on the *kamishimo* and, girding high up the *hakama* (a kind of pantaloons) and exposing their naked shins to the cutting wind, followed him. The retinue was divided into the two parts, the front and the rear, and the palanquin of the *daimyo*, or lord, carried at the midst of the retinue; the train of the lord of Kaga province, the greatest *daimyō*, is said to have been as long as it continued for almost two furlongs. Until the lord came out of the castle,

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these retainers had to await him sitting down on the mats spread over the board floorings established near the castle gates of Wadagura, Shirakawaguchi, or Nijūbashi, of course their naked shins being exposed to the cold wind of early morning just as on their way to the castle. When the retinue of a *daimyō* was on its march, two or three forerunners first came ahead, crying: "*Shitani-orō, Shita-ni-orō!*" (Be down!) and farmers or merchants who happened to meet the retinue were to squat down on the ground until the whole of it passed away.

Merchants went round for their New Year's visit, putting on the *kamishimo* dress and carrying a small sword at the waist, generally followed by a servant or boy. They called on their customers and gave them the New Year's gift, called the *Toshidama*, which commonly consisted of fans contained in a long white wooden box, paper, handkerchiefs, or cakes. When the master of a large store went to pay the New Year's visit, he was followed by a fireman of his regular employ and two or three boys; the fireman put on the leather coat given by the master and carried a lacquered box called the *hasamibako*, in which the New Year's presents are contained, and the boys distributed the presents to each customer. Physicians went round to offer the congratulations of the New Year, putting on a special coat called the *jittoku*, and followed by a servant after the seventh day, and priests had to visit after the eleventh day of January. *Samurai* distributed name-cards to their acquainted houses, and if they came to those of their intimate friends, they expressed congratulations by seeing somebody of the house.

In the night of the sixth of January citizens had to prepare the peculiar food called the *nanakusa-no-kayu* to be eaten on the morning of the seventh day. The *Yanakusa-no-kayu* means "A medley rice gruel mixed with seven kinds of greens."



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Before the greens are cut into little pieces, they are beaten on the chopping-block, called the *manaita*, by turns with the seven kinds of the kitchen utensils in the night of the sixth; the seven tools are *saibashi* (chopsticks used for helping fish or vegetables), *fuki-dakē* (bamboo blow-pipe), *surikogi* (wooden pestle), *hibashi* (tongs), *otama-shakushi* (wooden ladle for serving soup), *meshi-jakushi* (wooden spoon for serving out rice) and *hōchō* (knife.) While they are beaten, a peculiar and interesting song is sung by the beater accompanying the beating time. The song runs as follows :—

“Seven kinds of greens,  
Including shepherd’s purse ;  
Before the birds of China  
Fly over to the land of Japan.”

The custom of preparing the rice gruel of seven greens in the night of the 6th has been generally prevailing among the citizens of Tokyo, and at present those are very few who eat the *congee* on the morning of the 7th of January.

By the way, we shall describe the special visitors in the streets of the capital at the beginning of January, though their frequentations were not limited to the night only. They were *manzai*, *torioi*, *haseuri*, *harai-ōgibako*, and *otakara-uri*, which has been already explained.

The origin of the *manzai* was the farmers of the Mikawa and Owari provinces, who first came up to Yedo to celebrate the prosperity of Iyeyasu, the first Shogun of the Tokugawa family and once the lord of the Mikawa province. They danced, singing : “My lord, long live and prosper forever!” They were permitted to come up every year and called the *manzai*, which means “long live.” Afterwards, however, poor people in the city disguised themselves to be the strolling comic musicians and dancers at the beginning of every year, and went round from

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house to house in all streets. The *manzai* put on the head a kind of cap called the *Kazaori-eboshi* and was dressed in a long robe of *daimon*, always accompanied by his comrade called the *Saizo*. He wore a cap named the *natto-eboshi* and was dressed in the same way as *manzai*, following him beating a *tsuzumi* (a drum shaped like an hour-glass). Singing and dancing, they went round the city, and got money, rice or *mochi* (pieces of rice bread) from the citizens.

*Torioi* were wives and daughters of the people of the lowest class living in Yedo and went about begging from house to house at the beginning of the year, playing on the *samisen* and singing a peculiar song. They put on the braided hat named *amigasa* and made of rush. It covered the entire head, the face and all, and was tied with red ribbons under the chin. They wore on newly made silk dresses. When they stood near a shop of merchant or the gate of a house and began to sing with their lifted-up tone of voice, accompanied by the skilful *samisen*, their feature was very lovely and charming.

Soon after the midnight of the New Year's Eve. there appeared the so-called *hazě-uri*, who sold the parched rice called *hazě*. They went round the streets, crying: "*Hazě-yah, hazě-yah!*" In another meaning, the word *hazě* means "completed" or "ended," and these *hazě-uri* gave a warning to citizens that, "The New Year's Eve has ended," or "The New Year's Day begins to dawn."

After the twelfth of January there came merchants called the *Harai-ogibako* in the streets, and their business was to buy from all houses the fans in box given by the New Year's visitors as presents.

### *H.—Mochi-Tsuki*

The peculiar custom throughout Japan for congratulation of the New Year is to eat the *zōni-mochi* every morning for the first three days of January.



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The *zōni-mochi* is a kind of medley soup made by boiling rice cakes (*mochi*) fish and various vegetables together, and in order to make the New Year's feast, every house must prepare the *mochi* before the end of the year.

One night after the twentieth of December you stroll about in a street near the bridge Nihonbashi and hear a bustling sound somewhere near a large restaurant. Stepping into the back gate and coming to the rear yard of the house, you find a number of men and women who are now in the midst of the *mochi*-making. At the centre of the yard there stands a large wooden mortar in which the *mochi* is beaten, and on one side of it, about three yards off, the fire is vigorously burning under a big earthen furnace; on the furnace a pile of steaming vessels, called the *seirō*, is regularly arranged, and in each of the vessels *mochigome*, or glutinous rice, is put in to be steamed. When the rice is steamed up well a man takes down the vessel and empties the rice out of it into the mortar. At same moment three or four men, each holding a wooden pestle and standing around the mortar, begin to pound the steamed rice. In the intervals of pounding two women, standing between the men, have to knead the beaten rice with their hands wet by immersing into the clean water prepared in the buckets near themselves. Thus pounding and kneading are repeated for some ten or twenty minutes, beating time by shouts of both the men and women.

When the rice in the mortar is completely beaten up into the *mochi* or rice-bread, it is taken out of the mortar on a large square table arranged on the other side of the mortar, just opposite to the furnace. Around the table three or four men and women are waiting for the mass of new *mochi*, strewing the wheaten flour all over the surface of the table. As soon as the mass of rice cake is taken on the flour, it is rolled by them into flat pieces, called the



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*nashimochi*, or made into small round bits. The glutinous rice in the steaming vessels is thus one after another changed into the *mochi*. The flat *nashimochi* is afterwards cut into small pieces of some three inches square, which are boiled in the *zōni* soup, to be served for the New Year's feast, and the small round pieces, which are sometimes taken for the *zōni-mochi* in the same way, are generally adopted as the New Year's offering to the temple or shrine devoted by the master of the house. The *mochi-tsuki*, or rice-bread making, being performed at almost every house in the city, the nights near the end of the year are noisy and stirring with sound of pounding and laughter of women.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE *KARUTA-KAI* (MEETING FOR CARD-PLAYING IN A JANUARY NIGHT)

BOYS and girls—nay, even young ladies and gentlemen—of the families above the middle class living in the city are pleased by playing the game of cards in January nights. When a house is to hold a meeting for the game, the friends, male and female, of the sons and daughters of the house are previously invited to join the meeting. On the appointed time, a great number of champions of the game assemble from all directions to the house, and the game is opened soon. It is repeatedly carried on till midnight or later, and sometimes enthusiastic fighters are entirely absorbed in the game, so that it is often continued till after the dawn on the next morning.

The cards generally used by them are utterly different from those used by the Europeans, and are the ones characteristic to the Japanese only. They are called the *Utagaruta*, or Poem Cards, one pack of which consists of one hundred pieces, and upon each of them a Japanese short poem is written, the hundred poems in all being those composed by very famous poets, poetesses, nobles, and court ladies in ancient times. To play the cards, first the whole body of players is divided by lot into two, three, or more parties, and one hundred pieces of the cards are equally distributed among them. Besides the

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players there is a person called the *yomite*, or reader ; he keeps another pack of the same cards in his own hand, and recites each poem one after another with loud voice. When a poem is read up by the *yomite*, the piece of the card with the corresponding poem in the hand of one of the players is to be excepted out of the game seat. On the side of the players, a certain number of cards equally distributed to each party are all to be openly arranged before members of the party, in such a good order that all members in the other parties, as well as yours, can easily see and read the poem on each card. While the members of your party have the duty to find out and take away the cards read up by the reciter, they must, at the same time, guard against the enemies who come from the other parties to plunder the cards found in your party, and also endeavour to deprive the enemies of the cards possessed by them *vice versa*. If a card in your party is taken away by the enemy, your party is given from his party with two or three cards as punishment out of the cards, not yet read up, possessed by his party ; thus the cards in charge of your party is increased with two or three new pieces, while the enemy is glad to have their burden lightened. In the game of card-playing, the first party which has cleared up all the cards in its charge is taken as the conquerors, and the one that has been left to the last still keeping a number of cards unable to clear away is sentenced as the defeated.

One night at the beginning of January you are invited to the card-playing to be held at the house of one of your friends. After supper, you leave your house for the battle-field at seven on the evening, and, when you enter the gate of the house of your friend and approach the entrance, you find the lattice door firmly locked up, though the lamplight can be seen shining within the inner paper sliding doors of the porch. Knocking the outer door two or three times, footsteps are heard, and the shadow of a





PLAYING OF THE POEM CARDS.





## THE *KARUTA-KAI*

woman appears on the paper door. The door being opened, there comes out the old mother of your friend; recognising your presence outside, she unlocks the lattice door hurriedly and very hospitably welcome you, apologising for the impoliteness of having locked up the door in order to prevent the intrusion of thieves to steal shoes and clogs of the card players already assembled in the house. When you step into the earthen floor within the lattice door you are surprised to find the immense number of shoes, boots, and Japanese clogs, which entirely cover the whole space of the court of 6 feet square.

Being introduced into the large hall appointed for the battlefield of this night, you find that the hall is brilliantly lighted with more than ten electric lamps, and that over fifty young ladies and men, divided into four parties, are now in the midst of the fierce fighting. The heat emitted from the charcoal fire in fire-boxes and the warmth given out of human bodies are mixed up in the calm air and make a kind of hotness in the hall, smokes of tobacco curling up in the hot air through the hall. Faces of all persons absorbed in the game are reddened; face-powder of some girls is come off, hair of some ladies is frayed, or dresses of others have got out of order; a young man in the European clothes has taken off his frock, and the white shirt is torn at a part under the elbow, another, who has thrown away his *haori* (coat of the Japanese clothes), does not know his belt loosened and hanging down on the mat, or a gentleman is wounded on his fingers as the result of a severe struggle, and has them wrapped up with white paper. All of the players are in madness for the game, with no care against the hot air and choking smoke in the room; they are pleasantly playing amidst the continued noises of cries, laughs, grappling, trampling, and the shouts of triumph. Isolated from the throngs of fighters, there are three men surrounding a large fire-box at one corner



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of the hall ; they keep a number of cards in their hands, and are reciting a poem on each card by turns. They are the *yomite*, or readers of the cards.

One game having finished, another game is to be opened now. The old parties are dissolved, and, the new ones being recomposed by lot, you join among them as one of the players. The whole players are divided into five parties. The four antagonistic parties against yours occupy their positions in front and on the both sides of your camp. All members of the parties are so quick to put their own cards in regular rows on the mats occupied as the positions of each party, that all of them are arranged at once in a few minutes. Ten young students and two girls forming one party on the right side of your position call themselves to be the socialists ; their principles are to destroy the peace of the battlefield by rioting, and defeat the enemies with their physical force. Another party just in front of yours defend its own position by three stout young ladies, while nine strong young gentlemen and boys are to attack the other parties with all their strength. Then what are the constituents of your party ? An unlucky lot has fallen upon you—your party is organised with two men, one little boy, and seven young ladies ! You are disappointed to think that your party appears to be weaker than all the other four, though there may be some experts on the art to pick out the cards as soon as they are read up by the reciter.

The encampment of all armies having now finished, a notice for the outbreak of war is given to the reader, who begins to recite the poems at an instant. In less than five minutes after the first poem was read the order of all parties is thrown into confusion, and the severe fighting follows. At first the army of socialists seems very powerful ; but, lacking their unity in the plan of movements, they are often repulsed by the others. Out of expectation, the seven ladies in your party are very good fighters, in spite of their beautiful





THE DRUM BRIDGE AND WISTARIA TRELLISES AT KAMEIDO.



LAKE SHINOBAZU, THE LOTUS POND BELOW THE HILL OF UYENO.





## THE KARUTA-KAI

face and delicate frame. They do not only pick out all cards under their charge, but also they frequently attack the positions of enemies and plunder the cards protected by them. After the sharp contest for thirty minutes the game is settled, and, in consequence of the extraordinary achievements of the seven heroines, all members of your party get the honour of the first triumphers.

It is now half-past eight, and, an *entr'acte* for ten minutes being proclaimed, all players assemble around the fire-boxes to take a rest. Tea, cakes, and oranges are served to all by the hostess and her maid-servants. While men are smoking, ladies taking tea, and boys and girls eating cakes, interesting criticisms are exchanged one another upon the merits and failures done by the warriors and the heroines of each party, laughters bursting here and there.

The time of repose passes soon, and another game is begun. Thus the battles are repeated one after another, the organisation of parties being renewed at every game, and the players divided into four in some case or into two or three larger parties in the other; a short *entr'acte* is given after every one hour as before. If it becomes late and the hostess thinks that the players are hungry now in consequence of their hard movements, it is the habit in the meeting of card-playing to provide them with the *sushi* (boiled rice relished with salt and vinegar, and mixed with cooked fish, eggs and vegetables, all chopped fine) and the *shiruko* (food made of rice-bread boiled in a thick solution of sugared beans). When the meeting finish and all players go home, the clock on the wall strike two.

The meetings of card-playing are held in turn at the houses of friends during January. Taking advantage of these meetings, it is not rare that young men and girls can often catch the opportunities to find out their appropriate companions for life, and you are often told of the happy couples who have got married

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after the attendance to card-playings in January nights, of course by the consent of both their parents.

There are various other ways of playing the poem cards and also we have another kind of the cards called the *Hana-awasē* (Cards of Flowers). The latter consist of forty-eight pieces in all, no words being written, but only the pictures of Flowers in four seasons being drawn upon them. The European cards commonly called the "Trump" by the Japanese are in vogue too at present. The cards, however, to be popularly played in the January nights are generally limited to the ones above explained.

## CHAPTER XVII

### KAMEIDO NOTED FOR PLUM AND WISTARIA FLOWERS

THE Japanese have the habit of admiring flowers through all seasons, and those specially praised by them above all others are plum, cherry, azalea, wistaria, peony, iris, and chrysanthemum. The plum is the first flower that can be admired by the citizens after the New Year, and Kameido is the oldest and most celebrated site for it, as well as for wistaria in May.

In Kameido, which is situated to the north-east of the city, there is a popular shrine of God Tenjin, whose festival day is the twenty-fifth every month, and the worshippers gather there to pray their happiness. The plum gardens and wistaria trellises are set up around the shrine, the latter over the pond within its precinct.

Near the evening of the *ennichi* (festival day) in February you try to visit Kameido. After visiting the shrine first, you come to one of the most famous plum gardens. It is enclosed with bamboo fences, and its gate-door constructed with bamboo net-work. Entering the gate, you find in the broad yard abundance of old plum-trees, whose branches are all embossed with neat white blossoms, and under these trees a number of tables and chairs are furnished for the repose of visitors. You take a chair, and a little girl brings a cup of tea. The fragrance of the flowers,



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which waves through the atmosphere in the garden, comes to attack your nose at times, and you feel that your brain is cleared up. All the trees in the garden being very old, they are bent in various strange forms, and one of the oldest and largest trees is winding in such a singular shape that its dark and mossy big stem is creeping on the ground like a dragon, hence the tree is entitled the *Garyō-bai*, or the Plum of Sleeping Dragon.

Visitors to the plum garden are all refined ladies and gentlemen, and the whole scene in the garden is noble and quiet, in contrary to the bustle and confusion at the place of cherry blossoms. When it becomes dark, towards evening, the proprietor of the garden lights a number of round paper lanterns, which are prepared below the plum-trees, and the white flowers, reflected with the rays of these lanterns, appear much nicer than in daytime. Among the plum-trees there is a small cottage of the thatched roof in the style of a summer-house; it is lighted also with several painted paper lanterns hanging under the roof. A group of visitors is sitting around a large table: a bald old gentleman with the long white beard and dressed in the Japanese coat called the *hifu* is writing down his newly-made poem regarding plum flowers upon a poem-paper (*tanzaku*). On the opposite side of the table to him a young daughter and three boys are talking peacefully, fingering small branches of a plum-tree; they may, perhaps, be the grandsons and granddaughter of the old man. On the table you see a gourd and a small flat cup, the former being used by him as a bottle filled with the Japanese wine. He pours *sakē* into the cup, empties it, smacking the lips, and then meditates on a new verse for the flower, thus being absorbed in the pleasure of repeating the drinks and verse-making by turns. The daughter, some seventeen years old, clothed in the pure Japanese dresses, and with

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the hair dressed in a form called the *shimada-mage*, takes tea and cakes together with her brothers, from eight to fifteen of age, all clad in the school uniforms of the European style. When the evening breeze blows petals of white flowers fall upon the table, flying down like snowflakes from the trees near the cottage. The lovely maiden picks up a piece of the petals and smells it at her nose; the boys scrape together all petals on the table into their hands and make them up into large round masses. While the old gentleman is tasting cups of *saké* from the gourd-bottle, he looks at the innocent conducts of the young fellows, and is smiling cheerfully.

Other visitors in the yard come all in companies too, each consisting of two or three at least. Benches furnished under the trees are all occupied by them; a young couple together with two children, an old lady accompanied by her son and daughters, a group of young students in the college's uniforms, and various bodies of plum flower admirers, are taking tea, cakes, and pickled prunes at their respective resting-positions. There are a great number of guests who are wandering about on the mossy lanes under the trees; a young gentleman points his stick to the "Sleeping Dragon," and is explaining for his friends; a beautiful young lady stops under a large tree in full blossom, and appears to be enamoured with the pure fragrance of the fresh flowers. Some are pleased by reading the poems on many *tanzaku* (poem-papers) tied to the branches of the plum-trees, these small oblong papers being hung by the verse-makers everywhere under the trees. People in the plum garden do not stay till too late, but they all leave it before nine or ten generally.

Kameido is also famous for the wistaria flowers which open in May. Large trellises for the trees

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are built over a large pond which is situated by one side of the shrine. Visitors for wistaria flowers come generally in daytime, but those who appear under the trellises after the dark are not few. One evening in the middle of May, accompanied by the two friends, you come to experience the night scenery of the drooping purple flowers. Entering the large front gate of the Tenjin Shrine, and turning to the left, you arrive near the pond, which is quite large in size and oblong in form. Over and around the pond the trellises of wistaria are erected, and large bunches of the lilac flowers from 2 to 5 feet in length are hanging down from every part of the trellises, all their beautiful shadows being inversely reflected upon the surface of the water in the pond. Along the edge of the water and all round the pond a number of tea-houses open their shops to receive the visitors. The floors of these shops are built so as a part of them are projected over the surface of the water. When it approaches the night paper lanterns are lighted in all rooms of these tea-houses, under the eaves of their roofs near the pond and among the hanging flowers below the trellises; thus the whole scenes on and around the pond become much more beautiful than in daytime.

You select one of these tea-houses and take a seat on the floor nearest the pond. Leaning against the bamboo handrail, you look into the pond, and are much pleased to find the brilliant surface of the water, which reflects the rays of the lanterns together with the bright shadows of the flowers. The rooms of the tea-houses all along the pond are occupied by the night visitors; in one of the tea-houses on the opposite bank children, accompanied by their parents, are very clamorous to throw baits for red carps and see them struggling one another to eat them, the fish, as well as various kinds of freshwater fish, living abundantly in the



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pond. In your next room, six young men in the style of workmen, perhaps from some factory in the adjacent suburb, are drinking *sakē* and very noisily talking and laughing with banters to waitresses of the tea-house. In the tea-house to the right of yours playing sound of the *samisen* can be heard, and when you wonder whence the *geisha* come to such a distant quarter, you are told by your friend that a circle of singing-girls has been lately established in the quarter of Kameido, and that there are several new streets for these professional girls in neighbourhood of the ground of the shrine.

After paying the tea-money and the price for cups of beer, you leave the shop to go to the gay streets for exploration. There is an arched bridge over the narrow part of the pond; it is popularly called the *Taiko-bashi* (Drum Bridge), its surface being formed in semi-circular shape. If you climb up to the top of the bridge and look down over the tea-houses and the wistaria trellises, all brilliant with electric lamps and paper lanterns, you can be pleased to have an indescribable fine view in the night of early summer. It is a general habit that people who visit the shrine at any season, and children in particular, are glad to try to ascend the bridge. Coming out of the front gate and advancing to the south, you arrive at a quarter named the *Ume-Kōji* (Plum Lane), and then coming round to the north of the rear gate of the shrine, the quarter is called the *Sakura-Kōji* (Cherry Lane). The oldest restaurant, proud of its good lineage, is the Namadzu-chō in the Ume-koji, situated on one side of the shrine of Myōgi. The house is said to be continuing for two hundred years since the time of the first foundation of the Tokugawa family in Yedo, and very famous for its special and excellent cooking of catfish and carp. On the next ground to the Namadzu-chō a new large building is lately constructed for the restaurant Funarin, and another new great restaurant in the quarter of the Cherry Lane is

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called the Kamekawa, which is noted for its refined building. There are twenty-eight restaurants in all at the district of Kameido, and those new enterprising houses among them are Ikuine, Yoshino, Yoshidaya, Hōryū, Naniwatei, Kitagawa, Masukawa, Kinoene, and Kamesei, including those above mentioned. Yet, the old restaurant Hashimoto at Yanagishima, well known among the citizens of Tokyo, stands aloof from the circle of these houses, occupying a position on the bank of the River Tenjin, and maintaining the noble capacity of the shop since ancient times.

As to the *geisha*, there are more than twenty abodes of them at present in the so-called Kameido Circle, and the prominent houses among them are the Katsunoya, Hayashiya, Takaraya, Suzumoto, Komatsuya, Kamenoya, Chitoseya, Hananoya, and Kikyōya. The *geisha* of Kameido are nicknamed the *Kuzumochi Bijin* (Belle of Arrowroot Cake) by some facetious fellows—a special kind of cake which is made of flour of the arrowroot (*kuzu*), being the noted product at the quarter of Kameido. The total number of “Beauties of Arrowroot” are said to be over one hundred in this newly-established kingdom. The fee of a *geisha* is twenty-five *sen* per hour, and, in addition to it, the gratuity of one *yen* should be given to her on every occasion. Most of the girls here have come from the Circles at the centre of the capital, having removed from Asakusa, Ushigome, and Akasaka; but here you cannot yet find those superfine belles that you often meet at the Shimbashi or Yanagibashi Circles. In this quarter it is strange that you can find no waiting-houses (*machiai*), which are always concomitant to the *geisha* at any place. When you make enquiry to a *geisha* about the reasons of non-existence of them, her simple answer is that the police does not permit to carry on the business of *machiai*. The *habitués* for the restaurants and girls in this quarter are young men of many companies existing in vicinity of Kameido.



## KAMEIDO

About twenty years ago, when the railroad was laid across the moors of Musashi and Shimōsa provinces, the elevated railway was laid in the Honjo Ward, and a station established at Kinshibori, near Kameido. Since then the last half of the Honjo Ward and the suburban district connected to it made a wonderful development, the large factories of various industrial companies having been successively established in Taiheicho, Yokogawacho, and the neighbouring plains. At a distance from the front gate of the shrine Tenjin you can see a large tall chimney of the Japan and China Cotton Spinning Co.; the dense black smokes always curling up into the sky to the rear of the shrine are from the Oriental Muslin Manufacturing Co. at Ukechimura. Beyond the River Tenjin you can find a great number of chimneys standing close like the masts of many vessels anchoring in a harbour: they are those of the Tokyo Hat Manufacturing Co., the Yamamoto Iron Works, the Kameido Coke Co., the Japan and China Dyeing Co., the Japan Acetic Acid Manufacturing Co., etc. If the men employed in these various companies are made captives in the restaurants of Kameido, you can easily understand how busy and prosperous are the so-called arrowroot girls every night.

Besides the new gay quarter lately established, more than ten acres of rice-field near the rear ground of the shrine were contributed to the shrine by chief inhabitants in the district of Kameido. Their object was to establish a new public pleasure-ground on the space of land, just like Asakusa Park, and its reclamation work having already finished, large and small buildings for shows and various shops are constructed.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### CHERRY BLOSSOMS AT PARK UYENO

“IF you are asked what is the true spirit of the Japanese, you would answer, ‘Please look at the wild cherries blooming under the morning sun.’” So intimate is the connection between the soul of Japan and the characteristics of cherries. When it comes to spring, cherry blossoms open in one night, and if there blows a vernal breeze, they fall off at once. This manful and resolute characters of the flowers resemble the quality of the Japanese. It is not unreasonable that the Japanese admire the cherries best among various kinds of flowers throughout all seasons; if you simply say *hana* (flower), everybody understands it means the cherry only, and nobody questions what flower you mean. Indeed, the cherry is the national flower of Japan, just as the rose is that of England.

The places in Tokyo noted for the cherry blossoms are Mukojima, Arakawa, Uyeno, Asuka Hill, Edogawa Bank, Park Kudan, Park Hikawa, and Park Shiba. Among these Park Uyeno is the largest and most popular recreation ground for the Tokyo citizens in spring season. During a fortnight at the beginning of April the whole space on the Uyeno Hill is crowded with visitors for cherry blossoms from dawn until late at night. At the front approach of the park there are large stone steps, and, ascending them up, you come on a broad plain, where the branches of cherries in full bloom, tangling like a network, cover the sky.



CHERRY BLOSSOMS AT UYENO PARK ; THE IMAGE OF BUDDHA AND THE BELL TOWER.





## CHERRY BLOSSOMS AT UYENO

At the centre of the plain, there stands a large bronze statue of General Saigō, the great hero on the Restoration of Meiji. It is erected on a high stand of marble stone; it is in the standing posture in a simple Japanese clothes, accompanied by his pet dog at the right side, and carrying a short sword at his left waist. By the incandescent light, which stands on the pole near the statue and shines high above its head, you can clearly recognise its face, which represents his strong character. Around the iron fence for the monument there is arranged a row of benches, on which people take their seats and are admiring the flowers. Just behind the monument, and about twenty yards distant, there is a large restaurant named the Kagetsu Kadan. The weather being warm this night, all the doors of the rooms in the restaurant both up and down stairs, are left open, and you can see the guests, male and female, in every room, some at drinks and some at dinner. On the opposite side to the restaurant, and very near to the top of the stone steps, you see a tea-house where ice-water and ice-cream are already sold. Chairs inside are fully occupied by the water-takers; at the outside there are prepared a number of large square benches covered with red rugs, and here the groups of visitors take waters or tea and cakes too. If you go to the east corner of the tableland and look down, standing by the fence along the brink, you can have a good night view over the eastern half of the city. All the streets and houses are brilliant with large and small lights of electric and gas lamps, and in the street, just below the hill, tramcars run, ringing their bells. Far distant to the left high and low roofs of the houses in the "Nightless City," or Yoshiwara, can be seen within the brilliance of the quarter, and far in front the gigantic roof of the Asakusa temple and the five-story pagoda by its side stand eminently above the sea of lights in

## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

Park Asakusa. The spot is always crowded with onlookers night and day, as it is the best position for having prospects over the city.

Now you leave the spot and advance farther to the north under the sky of flowers everywhere lighted with electric lights. To the left there is a red painted temple called the *Kiyomizudo*, near which an old big cherry-tree, famous by the name of the *Shūshiki-zakura*, is in full bloom. Descending down a little slope at the north end of the tableland, and turning to the left, you come to a broad road in the park. The roadway is busy with carriages, motor-cars and *rikishas*, and the pavement is full of night visitors for flowers. Here and there on the pavement benches are prepared, and all occupied by men and women who are enjoying pastime in the calm spring night.

Far below the pavement you can see a large pond, Shinabazu, which is two miles in circumference. In summer citizens gather round the pond to see the lotus flowers, which are abundant in it. At the centre of the pond there is a small detached land which is connected with a stone bridge from the mainland, and on this island the shrine of Benten, Goddess of Beauty, stands. Females, specially *geisha* and waitresses of restaurants, are used to visit the shrine to make prayers for prosperity of their business. At the left side of the entrance gate to the shrine there is a restaurant, the rooms of which are constructed stretching over the water of the pond. The lights in the restaurant rooms being reflected on the surface of water, the views of the pond and the island are seen much nicer than in daytime. Along the south bank of the pond many stylish buildings of *machias*, or waiting-houses, are standing in a long row, and the *geisha* who are engaged to these houses, as well as to the restaurants in vicinity, are the girls belonging to the so-called Shitaya circle. The season of cherry blossoms



## CHERRY BLOSSOMS AT UYENO

is said to be busiest for them throughout the year.

If you go on the pavement a little farther to the north, you come into the avenue of cherry-trees. Near the avenue, and high above the flowers, you find a large bronze image of Buddha settled on a small hill, and on its front side a bell-tower stands face to face, the bell being rung every hour night and day; behind the image and surrounded by cherry-trees, there is the Seiyōken, one of the largest European restaurants and hotels in Tokyo. You enter the bar of the hotel and find it full of the European and the Japanese gentlemen, all of them holding two or three cherry flowers at the button-hole of the coat; they might be the remnants of the garden party held in the yard of the restaurant in this afternoon. In the billiard-room, next to the bar, clashes of balls can be heard.

You leave the bar and come again to the avenue. Admirers of night flowers are wandering here in throngs. Under a large tree a company of men, women, and children takes the seat on a large carpet, and is glad to admire the bunches of flowers clustering on the branches of all trees. If you look the far end of the avenue, clusters on the trees appear like heaps of snow or pieces of white clouds. Here and there various bodies of visitor are strolling about hand in hand, the men being intoxicated with *sakē*. Girls and young wives in company with them are very noisy with chattering and laughing, satisfied with the picnic in the warm spring night. When you are standing under a tree there come two young fellows tottering by the effect of drinks; one of them carries a large branch of cheery-tree in full bloom on his shoulder, and the other has a glass bottle of *sakē* at his right hand and a cup at the left. Perhaps they have come to the park on their way back from the flower picnic at the Asuka Hill. They come near you, the one offers his cup to you and



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asks you in his indistinct pronunciation to taste a cup of his wine. You know that if you refuse the offer the drunkards would become angry at once; so you gladly receive the cup from him without hesitation, and, the *saké* being poured into it from his glass bottle, drain it at an instant. The two are very much satisfied by your clever treatment for them, and begin to dance in funny figures, brandishing the cherry branch and scattering about the flowers on it. You applaud their queer dances, and depart here, leaving them behind.

Now you come to another part of the park where another wood of cherry-trees covers the whole space of ground. Among the trees in abundance there are two large old ones, whose branches are all drooping down; these are very famous by the name of *Shidare-zakura* (Drooping Cherries). At one side of the flower ground, and beyond a broad road passing along the wood, there is the zoological garden. Its gate is shut up, and the lamps on the stone pillars of the gate are shining over the flowers on the opposite side of the road. A large building next to the zoological garden is the Tokyo Fine Arts School, and the tall white three-story house to the north of the school is the Imperial Library, the largest and most perfectly arranged one among all libraries in the town. Turning to the east the corner of the library, you see a very large and magnificent red-brick building, and its large black wooden gate in front of the building shows the souvenir for the entrance gate of the ancient feudal lord's mansion. It is the Imperial Museum, established under the auspices of the Imperial Household Department. The doors of all these buildings—the school, the library, and the museum—are shut up now, and only their gate lamps radiating their dreary lights over the ground. In daytime this part of the park is most crowded with visitors—boys and girls play the prisoner's base on the lawn under the flowers, and people who come out of

## CHERRY BLOSSOMS AT UYENO

the zoological garden and the museum all assemble once by the shade of the cherries here. As it is late in night now, however, wandering folks are not so numerous and hustling as in day ; yet you find several groups of men and women strolling here and there, or standing under the drooping trees. All these fellows seem to be utterly absorbed in the beauty of flowers, and to have forgotten to go home.

Now again you leave the spot of flowers and march for the south through the dark, narrow foot-path opened among the grove of cedar-trees. You arrive at a long, straight stone pavement which leads to the front gate of the shrine, Toshōgu, dedicated to Iyeyasu, the first Shōgun of the Tokugawa family. Among the cedar grove to the right of the pavement, and near the front gate, there stands a high five-story pagoda, similar in form to the one by the side of the Asakusa Temple. It is a striking spectacle that two long rows of *ishidōrō* (stone lamp-pillars) are arranged along the both sides of the pavement. All these stone lamps were dedicated by the feudal lords in the age of the Tokugawa Government, and remain as they were up to the present and forever. In and around the fence of the shrine, there are a great number of cherry-trees, too, all in full bloom ; and at a distance from the shrine a large tea-house opens its shop to receive the visitors in this quarter. The rooms in the house are full of the guests ; the men are already satiated with drinks, and the women tired out by rambling about the flower places. They take refreshment here and repose for a while before they start for home, taking pleasure at the same time to have a night view over the Shinobazu pond from their rooms of the house.

Along one side of the tea-house you find another stone steps, smaller than those at the front entrance of the park, and get down the hill to the north bank of the pond, just opposite to the bank side busy with the prosperity of the waiting-houses. This side of the

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pond is lonely, but the cheery-trees along the bank are most numerous on this part. Here some ice-water stalls are visited by guests thirsty after drinks, or by those tired and hot after the flower excursion for the whole long spring day. Going on to the south under flowers along the bank, you meet groups of night haunters for flowers too, and at last come back near the front entrance of the park, having made a round through all the parts noted for the best views of cherry blossoms.

The night scene of cherry flowers is rather quiet in contrast to noises and bustles in daytime. The funny and amusing features of the citizens taking holidays cannot be seen unless you come to the flower picnic on a fine day of the warm spring.



## CHAPTER XIX

### THE *RIKISHA*-MAN

ON your way home from Park Uyenô after you experienced the night views of the cherry blossoms, you hire a *rikisha*. The *rikisha*-man is a young and strong fellow, and runs very fast. Observing his physical constitution from his back, and judging by his talk, he is not the pure labourer of the lowest class; his face and the skin on the limbs are not sunburnt so quite brown as you always find in common *rikisha*-men. His way of speaking is not so base and rude as they are generally. When you pass over the main street and come into a lonely side road, you address him.

"I say, you are not a professional *riskisha*-man, I think," you ask him, "but you are compelled to take this calling temporarily by a certain reason. Can you tell me why you carry on such a work?" "Thank you very much, sir," answers the young *rikisha*-man. "To tell the truth, I am a student, but so unfortunate to have to take such a hard work in night." "A student?" you say again. "I have guessed so. Will you tell me your career after you have taken this task? There you see a buckwheat shop; let us go there. If you are kind enough to satisfy my curiosity by telling your *rikisha*-man's life, I shall gladly pay you the sum of money quite enough to cover your fares expected to earn in this night."

The young man consents to your proposal, and the two enter the buckwheat shop—a small, dirty

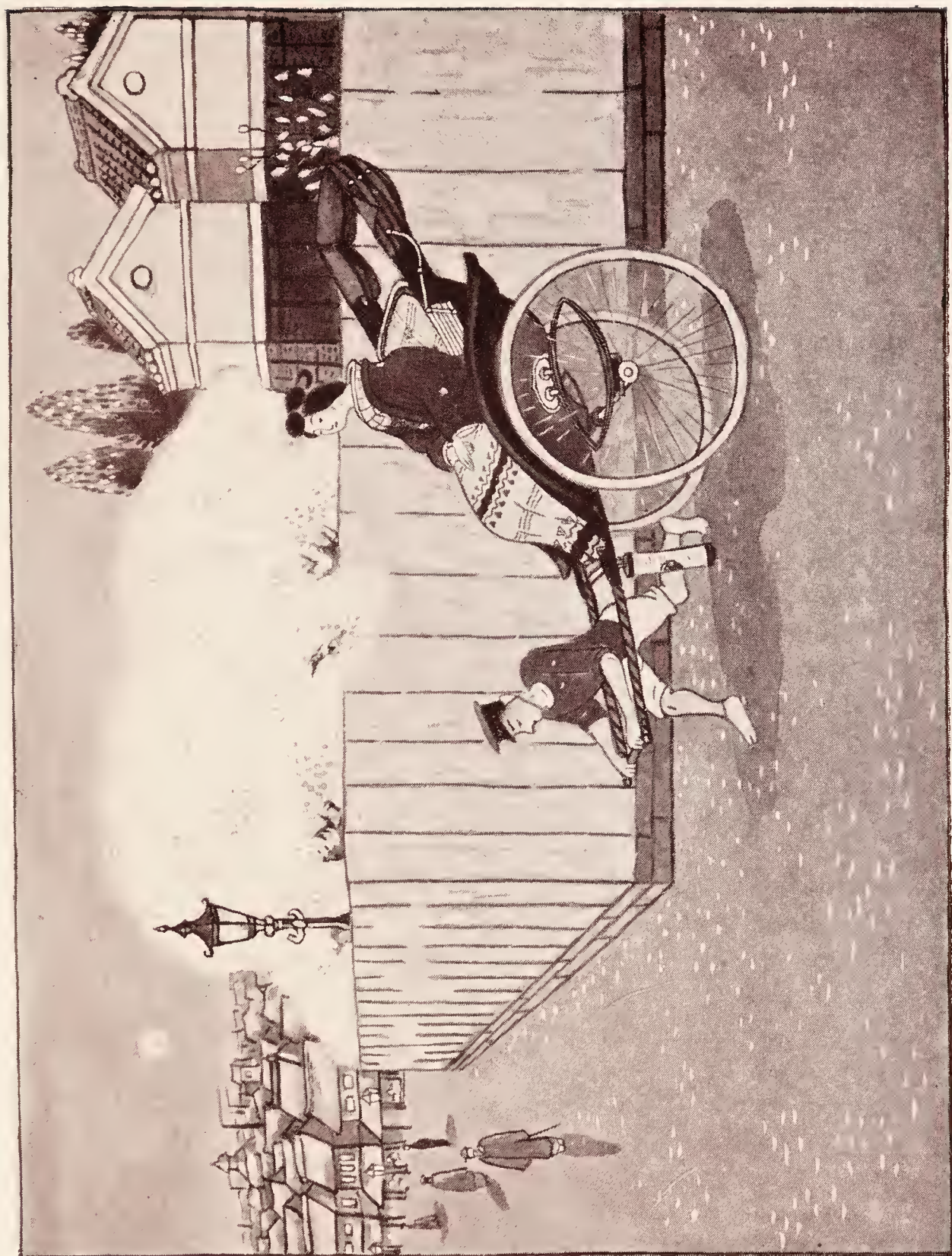
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house, but very suitable for the guest in company with a *rikisha*-man. You order a bottle of *saké* and bowls of buckwheat. It is eleven now, and the amateur *rikisha*-man begins to narrate his experiences:—

“Though the men of our profession are simply called by a general name of *rikisha*-men, they can be classified into several ranks according to the ways and degrees of their living. There is an old *rikisha*-man who has to sustain his wife and children. How hard it is for him to run through the streets drawing his heavy cart night and day, with no care for the storms in the cold winter and the strong heat in the hot summer! In spite of such a painful and restless labour, still he cannot earn money sufficient for maintaining his family every day. Another one is a strong young man; he is a bachelor, and lives in an inn of the lowest class. When he gets money he drinks and gambles; if he is beaten, and everything he has, even his clothes, is taken, he has the face to shut up himself in a dirty room of his lodging. On the contrary a private *rikisha*-man—that is, the one in regular employ by a gentleman—is fortunate; he lives in a house appointed by his master, and receives a fixed salary. There is no troubles for him to support his family.

“I came to Tokyo at the beginning of the last summer for the purpose of study, but my house being poor, I had to earn myself the money necessary for my expenses. At first I worked as a distributor of newspapers, but my income was very scanty. About the end of last year a brother and a sister of mine came to Tokyo too, and we had to live together in a house. We rented a small room in a tenement house at a back street of Yokoami Street of the Honjo district. After we removed there we found that we were rather happy comparing to neighbours, because the families living in the other









## THE *RIKISHA* - MAN

rooms of the same tenement house consisted of more than five or six persons, while our room is occupied by only three.

“Now I must find any new calling by which I could get much more income. In the third room from ours there lives the family of a toy-maker, whose second son is taking business of *rikisha* - man in night and going to school in day. His name was Kin - san (Mr Kin), and I became acquainted with him a few days after my removal here. Being told by him on the details of the life of *rikisha*-men, I resolved to be his comrade. He told me that he could earn one *yen* per night, and I thought, if it is true, I can live and study without troubling my brother.

“One day in December I went to the house of a head *rikisha*-man, accompanied by Kinsan, my new friend ; and when I was introduced to the master and told him my wishes to become *rikisha*-man, he kindly taught me the process for entry into the *rikisha* - man circle. First, the uniform and articles necessary for the calling must be prepared, and they consisted of a cap, a livery, a shirt, a trousers, a lantern, and a blanket. If these articles should be newly bought, they would cost over ten *yen*, but as I had not such a big sum, I was troubled how to get them. Looking my face, the head *rikisha*-man smiled and whispered to me, ‘Never mind, my boy ; it is quite enough if you can show these articles on the occasion when you have to be inspected at the police. I shall lend you good ones when you go to the police, and afterwards you would better to buy some old ones at a shop of second-hand articles.’ I was much moved and relieved by the kindness of the master, but at the same time another anxiety arose in my mind. It was for the examination at the police. ‘What kind of examination,’ enquired I to the headman, ‘shall I have at the police?’ ‘You will be examined whether you are able to be

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a good guide in the city,' replied the old fellow. 'But I don't know the particulars of Tokyo yet.' 'Then you are better to commit memory the principal streets and places by the map of Tokyo.' As soon as I came home, I opened a map and made efforts to study it until late in the night.

"Next morning I went to the Honjo police-station and made application for the registration of *rikisha*-man-ship. Being summoned before a constable, I was first enquired of my age and caste. Then he made another enquiry about the reasons of becoming the *rikisha*-man; he advised me that a young man as I am would not be good to fall into the lowest class of labourers like *rikisha*-men, and added that it would be better for me to find any other business proper for a student. I thanked for his kind advice, but told him that I could not find any other work which can earn money necessary for me at present. At last he consented to register my name in the *rikisha*-man list of the Honjo circle, and then there followed the inspection on the uniform and articles. I could easily pass it, owing to the favour of the kind headman, and come home much satisfied with the result of this morning.

"This afternoon, after paying back the uniform to the head *rikisha*-man, I went to a shop of old sundry articles and could collect all things necessary for my new profession. Approaching the evening, I finished supper and first tried to put on the *rikisha*-man's uniform. I was a novice of the *rikisha*-men circle. How funny my appearance was in this evening; my head was half concealed in an old military cap, perhaps once worn by a brave soldier in the Russo-Japanese War, my body wrapped in a narrow pieced coat of school uniform over an old knit undershirt, the trousers being an old black military duck, and the feet were covered with the Japanese socks (*tabi*), over which I put on straw sandals. When my sister gave me her old



## THE *RIKISHA* - MAN

blanket, she said, "Are you going to be a *rikisha*-man since this evening at last?" and her eyes were full of tears. I put the blanket on my shoulder, and took a small, long, paper lantern in my right hand. Bidding farewell to her and my brother, I left my home for the house of the *rikisha* master.

"It was dark now. I called on Kinsan first, and he went together with me. On the way he taught me how to induce the guests to take *rikisha*, told that it was strictly prohibited to return on the same road unless I was hired by a guest, and that the lantern should be lighted in any case. He remarked that, if I violated these police regulations, I should be punished with a fine.

"Arriving at the master's house, Kinsan thanked him for his kind assistance on the registration of his friend at the police, and asked him to lend me a *rikisha* cart. The master showed me a pretty old cart, and said it would be most suitable for the newcomer, as it was comparatively lighter than others. By the kind leadership of Kinsan I oiled its axle, and, after paying ten *sen*, the hire of the cart for this night, I marched out for the battlefield first for my life! When we, Kinsan and I, came in a street just behind Asakusa Park, Kinsan tried to challenge two young fellows passing by us: 'Hallo! Will you take *rikisha*? Only ten *sen* to Yoshiwara!' One of the two turned back and said, 'Ten *sen*, too dear! Eight *sen* each will do.' 'All right,' echoed Kinsan. 'Please get on the cart;' and, turning to me, he said, 'Take one on yours.' By Kinsan's help I could capture the first guest for my new profession. As soon as the two debauchees got on the carts, we ran quickly to carry them into the 'Nightless City.'

"'I say, *rikisha*-man,' cried one on Kinsan's cart, 'make haste! If you pass other *rikishas* on the way, I shall increase the fare by two *sen* for

## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

every *rikisha*!’ ‘All right,’ replied my friend, who began to run in his full speed, and I followed him. The distance to Yoshiwara is short, and the road even and straight; yet, in spite of my training of feet during the labour as the newspaper distributor, it was very hard to run by drawing a cart, and the sweat flowing down over the face and body, even in the cold night of winter my shirt and coat got wet through, as if I met with a sudden shower. Before we arrived at the Great Gate (*O-mon*), we had passed six carts. Getting down from the carts at the gate, one of the two praised us with satisfaction upon his face: ‘Thanks for your troubles! As you are young, we could come very quick. Take this!’ and, giving two fifty-*sen* silvers to Kinsan, the two hastened away into the gate. Kinsan gave me one of the silvers, and said with a smile, ‘What a luck for us this night!’

“At this moment two students happened to come out of the gate, and Kinsan did not miss to catch the birds. ‘Gentlemen,’ called he out, ‘will you take the cart? We are going back; please get on to the tram.’ ‘How much to the main road?’ asked one of the students. ‘Only ten *sen* each,’ responded Kinsan. They did not hesitate to take the carts, and again I ran, following Kinsan’s cart. Soon we came to the halting-place of the tramcar near the entrance to the Asakusa Temple, and received ten *sen* each. While I was searching for another guest, mingled in many *rikisha*-men, Kinsan was quick to catch a new bird, and ran away for somewhere.

“Suddenly I was called by a lady: ‘Mr *Rikisha*-man, will you take me to the street Imado?’ ‘All right, thanks, madam,’ replied I, a little perplexed by the unexpected happy application. Much glad to have got a guest independently by myself, I ran with all my strength. ‘Don’t run so quick, *Kurumayasan* (Mr *Rikisha*-man)!’ cried the lady.



## THE *RIKISHA* - MAN

‘I don’t want to be in so great haste. It seems to me that you are not trained well in your work yet.’ Certainly I was a new *rikisha*-man, first appeared this night. It is sure that she judged me by my queer dress; and in addition to it, as she was lighter than a man, I often jumped up while running, and she had an insight into the rawness of my art on drawing cart. After quarter an hour I arrived at Imado, and was taught by her to turn into a narrow sidestreet. When she got down at the entrance of her house there appeared a young girl of some eighteen and received her. The lady gave me thirty *sen*, and very kindly told me to take a rest for a while. I thanked her, but soon left the house for further work.

“When I came near a large beef shop in the street, I found two empty *rikishas* and *rikisha*-men repeatedly bowing before a policeman. Afterwards I was told by them that they had been pressing upon passers-by to take *rikisha*, and being discovered by the policeman, punished with the fine of thirty *sen* each. A fine of thirty *sen*! A great part of the sum earned by their hard work in this night was thus forfeited. How foolish and poor fellows they were!

“Near a cross-road I was waiting for another guest, but could catch none till half-past ten. I felt extreme cold, and my hands and feet were gradually to be benumbed. I went into a *mochiya* (a lowest class shop of rice-bread and other eatables) to take something and warm my body. The shop was thronged with *rikisha*-men, the *habitué* of every night, and I did not expect to find Kinsan among them. When he saw me he came to me and asked: ‘My brother, how it was with you?’ ‘After I parted from you,’ answered I, ‘I got thirty *sen* only.’ ‘Same for me, either,’ said he, ‘but we are rather lucky this night. There is a man who got thirty *sen* only and was fined twice.’



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“Young and old *rikisha*-men sat around a dirty large square table, and were talking noisily while they ate *mochi* and drank tea. All their dresses were old and filthy, far worse than mine. Some twisted ragged blankets round their neck, and some carried half-broken paper lanterns by their side. An old man complained that, though he worked hard till very late every night, he could not come home with the money sufficient for supporting his family, for he must pay the hire for the cart, the price for candles of the lantern, and the cost of luncheons; and, moreover, sometimes fines were squeezed in consequence of his unintentional violation of the police regulations. Listening to these shabby orators, and much interested with various topics entirely strange to me, I took two trays of *mochi*, and after paying ten *sen*, I left the shop to expose my body again into the chill air of the midnight.

“I held up the frozen shaft of the cart, and at the moment about to turn a corner a gentleman in cloak appeared before me, and said: ‘*Kurumaya* (*rikisha*-man), take me to the bluff of Hongo. How much do you want?’ ‘What part of the bluff, sir?’ asked I. ‘Very near to the Imperial University,’ replied he. ‘It is very late now, sir,’ said I again. ‘I ask you to pay fifty *sen*.’ ‘Forty *sen* will do!’ commanded he. At last I agreed to go by forty *sen*, and ran with a heavy burden on the cart, encouraging my legs, already tired out by the unaccustomed hard work since the evening. It took a quarter to go up the ascent of Kiridōshi, and when I came near the front gate of the University I enquired the guest: ‘Here is the University, sir; where is your house?’ There was no answer from him—he fell into sleep on the cart. After a few moments, awakened by my voice, he cried, ‘Go straight on farther!’ I was compelled to run on again, and, coming at a corner about quarter a mile

## THE *RIKISHA* - MAN

distant from the University gate, he cried again, 'Turn the corner!' At last I could arrive at his house; he paid forty *sen* sharp, and disappeared into his house.

"The bell on the clock-tower of the First Higher Middle School struck one. I shivered by cold and hastened to go home. Sweat, which had been streaming over my whole body, began to freeze now, and I felt pains at every part of the body. I put on the blanket over the head and walked quickly, warming the hands by holding them over the light of lantern. The severe cold bit me more and more; stars were gazing upon me with their piercing eyes high above the sky, and the roofs of the houses on both sides of the street were covered with the glazed frost.

"It was a quarter past two when I threw my half-frozen body into my house. My sister was not yet in bed, but awaiting my return, and doing some work. She caught the sound of my footsteps, and soon brought me a tub of hot water to wash my feet. 'Why were you so late?' asked she. 'I expected you would come back by twelve.' There were tears in her eyes when she spoke and saw me. I said nothing, and, after washed the feet, I came into the room and changed the clothes. My legs were swollen up, so that I could not sit down on my knees, and was compelled to lie down upon the mat. My sister was anxious about my health, and enquired very kindly; my brother, who was sleeping in bed, woke, and feared whether I was ill. 'Never mind, my dear brother and sister,' said I; 'it was the first night for me, and I worked a little too hard this night, but after to-morrow I shall be more careful.' I gave her my purse, in which the money earned first by my new calling was contained.

"While I was lying in bed I thought how happy I was to have such a kind brother and a merciful sister at my home. Most of my fellows have no

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home, and spend up all their little money, which they could get by their hardest labour, in drinking and gambling.

“Next morning I got up at nine and felt so heavy pains all over my body and limbs that I could hardly move. After breakfast I went to the bath, and on the way back called on Kinsan.”



## CHAPTER XX

### KYŌTO

YOU are now in a first-class car of the express train in a night of spring to visit Kyōto, leaving the Shimbashi Station at 9 P.M. In your car there are twelve passengers—four ladies and eight gentlemen. About the time when the train passed out the seven tunnels of Mount Hakoně all of the passengers fall into sleep, some leaning against the benches and others lying down upon them, all covering their bodies with blankets. You do not feel sleepy yet, and, after ordering a train boy to bring a cup of coffee, begin to talk with him.

“Thank you, boy,” say you, when he has brought the cup of hot coffee and you give him a tip of two fifty-*sen* silvers; “it is now past midnight, and all passengers have fallen in sleep. It is a bad habit for me that I cannot sleep in a train at any occasion, and so I have to pass the night awaking always. If you have no special business at this dead of night, will you tell me some interesting news in relation to your life as the train boy?”

“Thank you very much, gentleman,” replies he, bowing for your affluent gift; “all passengers being in sleep now, I have no business at present till near dawn, and, if you like to hear something from me, I shall be glad to tell anything I know. I fear, however, my story cannot please you, but, anyhow,

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I shall try to kill time for you." He takes a vacant seat on your opposite side and begins to speak:—

"Please look at these," says the boy, taking two or three small toys out of his pocket; "I got these toys from a merchant in the train. Among the third-class passengers in a train there are several kinds of merchants, who enter the train as common passengers but sell their articles to the other passengers when the train left the station and began to run; indeed they are running a risk for carrying on their business in spite of the strict prohibition by order. The merchandises commonly sold by these train smugglers are toys, picture cards, magazines, and pamphlets, air-cushions, etc. To show you how skilful they are to tempt the passengers to purchase their goods, I shall try to mimic the explanation done by a merchant of picture cards.

"Suppose a train is now in the midst of its running, and in a third-class car crammed up with passengers a man suddenly stands up from his seat at one corner of the room, and, holding high up a set of picture cards between his right fingers, begins to deliver a speech: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I beg you to lend me your ears for a few minutes. These are excellent picture postcards showing the fine views of famous places along the highroad of Tokaidō from Tokyo to Kyōto. One set consists of fifty-three cards, corresponding to the fifty-three relay-stations on the highway in the feudal age, and all pictures are printed in colours. If you go to a shop in Tokyo and buy the picture cards equal to these I have here, you must pay fifty *sen* per set at least, but to-day I propose an extreme low price for mine, by which you would be certainly surprised. These pictures are the best things to please your sons and daughters, or most suitable for the presents to your neighbours as the souvenir of your visit to Tokyo. One set costs ten *sen*, only ten *sen*!'





THE OPEN FLOOR ON THE RIVER KAMO, KYŌTŌ.





## KYŌTO

"Among the passengers in the car there are country folks on their way back to their native provinces, and, deceived by the flatteries and the cheap price, many of them open the mouth of their purses and pour their ten-*sen* silvers into the hand of the smuggler. If you take these picture cards into your hand and look at them well, you will find that they are made of very bad paper and very rough print, yet the innocent rustics are glad to have unexpectedly got a very good gift for their family or friends by a small money of only ten *sen*. Other kinds of the train smugglers carry on their business in a similar way as done by the merchant of picture postcards.

"If the train approaches the next station, he stops his chattering and sits down silent on his seat, like a common passenger. When the train stops at the station he jumps out of his car and enters another car. The train begins its motion again ; then he renews his oration in the new room. Thus he pursues his business through all cars of the train. Sir, the train smugglers are so wise that their haunts are limited to the third-class cars only, and they never visit the first and second classes.

"Now I shall speak something about the train boys. Outsiders think that our life is simple and easy, but, on the contrary, we are in a weak and pitiful position with the passengers ; we are strictly ordered that, even if we are beaten by them, we must not strike back against them, and that, though they urge us any unreasonable matters, we must obey them with no complaints ; in a word, our business is not manly. Some passengers are displeased even if any of us happens to take a seat here for a few moments.

"Our salary is only ten *yen* one month, but we have such a self-confidence in our duty that we take the whole charge of the Imperial Japanese Railways. Don't laugh, sir ; please listen to my

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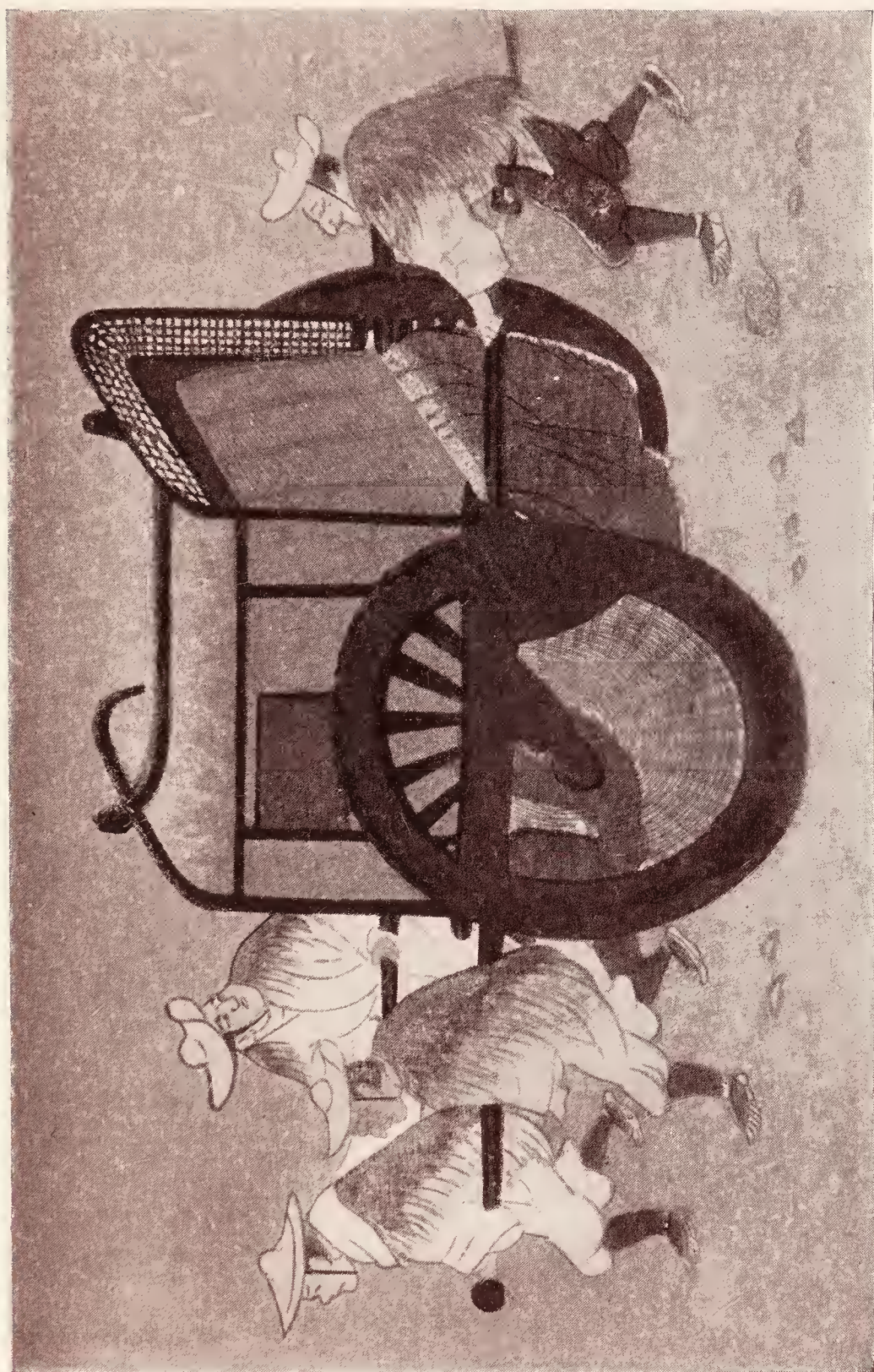
reason. The reputation of the railways solely depends upon the train boys, because if it becomes bad, the cause is always ascribed to the bad treatment of passengers by the boys, while there are no faults in the train itself. Our ages are limited from eighteen to twenty-one, and when we come beyond the limit we are appointed conductors. If we can speak English we are treated well, and have more chances to get good tips than those who cannot understand it. In the examinations for appointment of boys, we are inspected on our appearance, besides those on our attainments. Don't joke me, sir; I am not a handsome boy!

"The physical strength is an essential most important for the train boys. If there happens to appear a drunkard or a riotous fellow in a train, it is our duty to arrest him. If we were small and feeble, we should be thrown down by him. (At this moment he pricks up the ears.) Ha! Uptrain comes; wait a bit, please. (He goes out of the car, and, after waving his cap against the uptrain which passes by your train, comes again.) As you see, when up and down trains pass by each other on the way, the boys in the both trains are used to wave their caps or handkerchiefs for each other's health. The total number of the train boys for the Tokaidō line are one hundred and twenty, one half of which lives in Tokyo and the other in Kōbē.

"Danger for train boys? Yes, there are dangers for us, indeed. Lately, when a boy was to turn a switch of the electric lights at the outside of the room, the train happened to come upon a curve line, and he was suddenly thrown out of it. While he was lying dismayed on the railroad for some minutes, he heard the whistles of an uptrain. Being greatly surprised and flurried, he ran up into the uptrain's line itself by mistake, and was crushed to pieces.

"In night trains specially we often meet the train suicides, and above the rest the *shingū* (suicide of





THE COURT NOBLE'S VEHICLE IN ANCIENT TIMES.





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lovers together) is most cruel. The drenching rain is falling and the train running in its full speed through the darkness; passengers in all cars are in sound sleep just as in this night. Suddenly an alarm of successive whistles breaks the silence, and we cannot help to shudder at this moment. When the alarm has ceased and the train stopped, the two corpses of young man and woman who died the pitiful death are seen lying on the rail in some distance from each other. It is strange that the places of suicide are limited to certain points through the whole line, and hence some superstitious people believe that the spirit of the dead invites the others to die at the same place where he killed himself.

“As to the tips, formerly we were not permitted to receive anything from passengers, but nobody, who once proposed to give something to a person, likes to withdraw it if it is refused by him. Once there was such a quick-tempered passenger who, being refused by a boy to receive a tip, was very angry, and, at last, having thrown it away out of the window, gave a blow upon the boy's head. But lately we were ordered not to decline the favour of passengers. Men are generally liberal, but women taken by our comrades to be frugal. We often experience that when a gentleman tells his wife to give one *yen* to a boy, she protests, ‘No, my dear, fifty *sen* will do; that's quite enough,’ and the consequence is the boy's loss of half a *yen*.

“As we wait upon the passengers of all ranks every night and day, we can judge the character of each person at one glance. Some kind gentlemen sympathised with me, and, giving their addresses, advised me to call on them on holidays. They told me that, if I wish to take any other business, they will be kind enough to recommend me to some proper positions. I regret that, however, I have been accustomed to the bad habit of the train-boy's life; at present it is very difficult for me to take a regular work in the fixed hours, so irregular and wild is our life.”



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At this time the chief waiter comes near the door of the room and calls the boy who is talking with you. The two go away into another car and disappear.

Early on the next morning the train arrives at the Kyōto station, and, getting down from the car, you hire a *rikisha*, which runs for your hotel at Shijō Street. In this evening you are invited by your intimate friends at the city to Gion, the place famous for cherry-flowers and beautiful *geiko* (singing-girls, equal to *geisha* in Tokyo. Small dancing-girls, that are named the *Oshaku* in Tokyo, are called the *maiko*—literally, dancing-girls—in Kyōto). Thus you have got a chance to try a night view of cherry blossoms in the west capital. (Kyōto is sometimes called *Saikyo*, which means the West City, in contrast to Tokyo, the East City.)

In Tokyo you can find various places good for reviewing the cherry flowers; even the bluff quarters of the city are so abundant in the trees that you can sufficiently take the pleasure of admiring the flowers in the private gardens of nobles and gentlemen living in these localities. But in Kyōto, evergreen trees are common for the garden plants, cherry-trees being very rare to be found in the court-yards. Consequently, the citizens of Kyōto have to visit parks or outskirts in order to have the views of the spring flowers, and a queer habit of carrying the lacquered picnic-boxes, filled with sweets and dishes, together with them has become common among the Kyōto flower visitors.

In Tokyo, it is generally windy in the season of cherry flowers, but in the ever-peaceful city of Kyōto, it is very calm every day. Indeed Kyōto, the old capital of Japan, is the world of dreams; the blue transparent sky over the city is bright with rays of the spring sun, and a mild breeze disturbing the calm atmosphere a little is so weak that it cannot flutter even the light red skirt of a lovely damsel passing on

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the street. Sometimes the sky is covered with white clouds, but it is rare to have rainy days during the spring. In the flower season, citizens are busy for preparation of flower picnics every day, and go out of their gloomy houses shut with the lattice doors for the flower quarters in the suburbs to the east and the west.

The cherry flowers in Kyōto are generally of single petals and hang on the branches very calmly, like those of double petals blooming in the later spring at Tokyo. If you compare the flowers in Tokyo and Kyōto, you can distinguish the characters of the citizens in the two cities: those of Tokyo are gorgeous, spirited, and fall off quickly by the wind, but, on the contrary, those of Kyōto are thickly beautiful and weak in giving impression into your brain. By viewing the cherries of such a thick and dull colour, however, you would reflect upon the old age of Kyōto, when the court nobles and ladies used to visit the places of flowers in their vehicles drawn by servants or oxen. The sites of flowers noted in Kyōto are Arashiyama (Mount Arashi), Omuro and Hirano; and Gion is celebrated for its night scenery.

The honour of the night flowers of Gion is monopolised by only one large old cherry-tree, which stands aloft like the king of all cherry-trees, though there are a great number of smaller trees in the vicinity, and thousands of its drooping branches hang down heavily almost to the ground. At the time when it blooms, the girls' dance, noted by the name of the *Miyako-odori*, is opened in a hall specially established for the performance, and the streets of Gion around the King of Cherries are the den of *Geiko* and *Maiko* (singing- and dancing-girls). You are told that it is the big, drooping cherry that opens its flowers first of all among the trees in all parts of the city.

Towards the evening the shops in the streets of Sanjō and Shijō are already lighted and the weather



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is quite calm, so that even a spring breeze cannot be felt. Accompanied by your friends you pass over a long bridge, which is thrown across the River Kamo, and then coming into the quarter of Gion, ramble on towards the centre of flowers. All men and women who assemble to see the night flowers are slow in their steps, and the citizens of Kyōto being in the habit of going to bed early in night, the circumference of the large drooping cherry is already quite full of throngs of people at this hour of early evening.

The King of Cherries is now in its full bloom, whose innumerable white, small flowers hang on the thousands of long drooping branches, and a large bonfire burning on one side of the tree brightens the trunk of the tree, flowers on the branches, and the faces of visitors, all at once as in daytime, while a high gas-lamp, standing in a short distance from the bonfire, is emitting its pale light faintly over the smaller cherries at a corner of the ground. The ground, on which all cherry-trees as well as the shrine Gion are contained, is appointed a park of the city, and in this broad space you find rows of large benches covered with red carpets; among these benches there stand hundreds of beautiful paper lanterns painted in colours. On these benches a multitude of the flower-seers take their seats, some drinking and some singing, and the dishes and sweets filled in the picnic-boxes brought on their shoulders are opened on the benches here.

While you are looking at the old tree which monopolises the fame of the night flowers of Gion, you would recollect the vernal season in the old time when the *rōnin* or vagrant *samurai* concentrated from all local *daimiates* into Kyōto, the residence of the Emperor at the time of the Great Restoration (1867 A.D.); but at present in place of the long red-sheathed swords worn by the *samurai*, the songs and poems sung by them indignant at the



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corrupt condition of the country, or the wine bottles tumbled like the heads of enemies under the cherry-tree in that bloody period, there you see charming girls walking jauntily together with their patrons under the flowers shining with the burning fire.

Leaving the spot under the old tree, you come to a street called the Hanami-kōji, where the hall of the *Miyako-odori* dance is flourishing with its night performance. The front of the hall is fully decorated with beautiful red, round lanterns, and, entering the hall, you notice a broad stage in full decorations with artificial flowers of all seasons and with thousands of large and small electric lights. In a few minutes there appears on the stage a body of the so-called Kyōto-styled *belles* in full dress, amounting to thirty in their number, and they sing and dance in accompaniment of the pure Japanese music.

Next evening you get an opportunity to visit Mount Arashi which hold the world-wide fame for the views of cherry flowers. About seven miles to the west skirt of the city there is a village called Saga, a place famous for abundance of flowers, too, and beyond the River Ōi, which flows along the end of the village, you can look the round shapely top of Arashiyama. Across the blue, transparent stream of the river there is thrown a bridge, Togetsu-kyō, which is of a very elegant form, built of logs and boards in the pure Japanese style. If you stand on the bridge and look at the hill, you can command its whole view of white or light pink flowers mingled among pine-trees and greens covering the whole area of the mount. The River Ōi is broad, and the bridge Togetsu long; the footpaths along the vales are covered with tender moss. You pass over the bridge and when you step on the rocky lane along the bank towards the temple Daihikaku, petal flakes of the cherries fall fluttering over your head and shoulders.

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On the opposite bank to the mount, you see the twinkling lights in the rooms of three connected two-storied buildings; they are the restaurant hotels, and noted by the popular name of the *Sanganya*, which means "Three Houses." The buildings are of the pure Japanese style, in harmony with the rural scenery of Arashiyama and environs. The Europeans who come to Kyōto as sightseers in spring are fond of the views of the mount, and are used to stay two or three days in these hotels.

The upper waters of the River Ōi is the River Hodzu, famous for the adventurous sport of running down the rapids in a small boat by the skilful management of expert boatmen; if you visit the river at the beginning of summer, you would find the rocks in the water ornamented beautifully with the azaleas of blazing red.

Going up and down the hill, you ramble in the woods of cherries and evergreens for some hours under the moonlight of spring, and passing over the Togetsu Bridge back again to the opposite bank, enter one of the "Three Houses" to take a refreshment.

Your business at Kyōto has compelled you to stay for several months, and now the scene of spring has changed to that of summer. The peculiarity of the old capital in the summer evening is a custom of cool-taking on the beach of the Kamo River. In old times benches were arranged on the shallows, and citizens who came to cool themselves off took their seats on them, and, hanging down their legs to the stream so as to have their feet washed by the cold water, were to look round and enjoy the beautiful lights in the restaurants and tea-houses standing in rows on the banks. But, at present, the water of the river having increased, the beaches have been narrowed, and the open floors stretched out of the



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tea-houses on the both banks have taken the place of benches on the shallows; and the cool-takers on these floors drink the iced beer instead of tea or *sakē*. When it becomes late in night, the lights in the hotels and restaurants on the hillside of Higashiyama which protects the east side of Gion streets can be faintly seen in a far distance, and the shadows of willow-trees which are planted along the bank of the river become darker and darker when the lantern lights on the stretched-out floors are gradually lessened. Sound of drums and *samisen* which reaches the open floors drifting out of the rooms of tea-houses is now replaced by the noise of the running stream.

There are groups of people who are taking cool under the bridge of Shijō, and they are proud of occupying the position which is believed by them to be coolest among all spots along the river. The more you go to the upper stream of the Kamo River the cooler places you will find; at Sambongi, the river becomes narrow and the water is near, the low and wide banks covered with the green grasses, a small wooden bridge about to be stroked by the stream, the flowering weeds washed by the water, fireflies flying about after touching the surface of the river, and the sound of *koto* (a kind of harp) played by a lady under the Gifu paper lanterns on the balcony of a lofty house, are all the good elements to bestow the feeling of coolness. Going on farther, the houses are rarer, and the greens become denser near the wood Tadasu-no-mori; over the shallow on which short grasses are grown, small white flows are running across one another, forming a network.

Advancing farther to north and going up the road to Ohara, you arrive at the Upper Kamo, where the white sand is finer and the small stream is cleaner. If you approach the waterfall Kiyotaki under the hill Atago, you feel that the spot is coolest; here



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the valley is narrow, and the sun appears late and sets early. Ascending the hill along the bank, you come to the temple Tsukinowa on the peak, and descending along the water again, the path is cut off by a stream, which falls into the River Hodzu at the long run. If you stay in an inn near the river at about the middle of August, and lie down upon the bed, leaving all the windows of the room open, you would be pleased to see big fireflies around the mosquito-net driven in by a cool breeze. Near the midnight, you are awaked from sleep by the songs at the gate of the inn, and looking out of a window you see five or seven young men and women dancing in a ring by the side of dimly-lighted paper lanterns; you understand that they are in performance of a *Bon* festival dance. (The *Bon* is the festival of the dead, celebrated for three days in the midst of every summer).

One evening you go to try the pleasure on the open floor of a tea-house in the street Kiyamachi, along the west bank of the River Kamo.

When you come out of the bathroom, after washing away the sweat of the day and putting on a *yukata* (bathing gown) made of a checkered white cloth, a young, nice waitress is waiting for you near the door of the bathroom.

"Arrangements are done already, sir," says she, when she see you coming out; "please go to the floor directly."

"Thank you," say you, "and please bring a glass of iced beer."

"Yes, sir, I shall be soon to the floor with it," replies the girl.

Wiping your face with the wet towel in your hand, you come on the floor stretched out of the main building over the beach of the river. The setting sun, which was shining with its blazing red, have already sunk behind the west mountain, and the twilight of the summer evening governs all the space

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from the river up to the top of the hill Higashiyama far distant to the east. In the girls' quarter of the street Miyagawachō on the opposite bank, faint lights in restaurants and tea-houses are glistening like stars, and the figures of a number of girls in summer gowns can be seen near the railings of these houses. The heat which was hold in the gravel of the beach having gone out now, a cool, gentle breeze begins to stroke your face.

With the feeling of happiness and refreshment which stirs up your mind, you take the seat near the table placed at the centre of the floor, and your feet and legs are comfortably cooled, by sitting down on a large hemp cushion put on the mat spread over the floor. The two silk lanterns on the stands and the Gifu lanterns hanging down from the cross - pieces of the floor throws their beautiful rays upon the dishes of ear-shells, salad, and pickled fish ; the incense burning in the tobacco-tray gently floats its fragrance in the moist air of the night.

After a few minutes the waitress, dressed in the white summer clothes, comes into the floor, holding a bottle of beer in one hand and a glass pot full of ice pieces in the other.

"I am very sorry, sir," says she, sitting down on your opposite side of the table ; "I've kept you waiting so long." She gives you the glass, into which she pours the beer out of the bottle and then puts in pieces of ice. On the floors next to yours on the both sides, and the third, the fourth, the fifth and so on, all those stretched out of every tea-house or restaurant, the number of the paper or silk lanterns are gradually increased ; men and women in white summer dresses can be seen on the floors here and there through the neat reed-blinds. Noises of the currents become louder gradually, and the singing insects in the green bushes growing near the beach can be heard as if to welcome the cool night.

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"Gentleman, please buy the *tsujiura*!"<sup>1</sup> sounded an affecting voice of a little girl from under the floor, and at the same moment there appeared above the railing a bamboo pole, at the top of which a bundle of the *tshjiura* and a small money-bag are tied up.

"No need, here," replies the waitress, standing up and approaching the railing. "Don't come so often every evening." Looking over the railing unperceivedly, you find a little girl of some ten or eleven, standing in a ford, and holding up the long pole. "Be merciful to me and be kind enough to take one," beseeches the girl again. "But the gentleman doesn't want it," retorts the maid in her easy tone. "Wait a bit *nehsan* (waitress)," interpose you, "take some of her *tsujiura*, and let her have some money." The waitress takes a sum out of her purse and puts it into the money-bag on the pole; then taking three or four pieces of the luck papers, she comes back to the table. "This piece is for your luck," says she, giving you one of the *tsujiura* whose edges are nicely coloured with red or blue ink, "and the others I beg to be distributed among us."

Opening your piece, you read a clause informing that your luck is very good. "I envy you," says the waitress, laughing, "you must be very fortunate this evening, sir. Wouldn't you call *geiko-han* or *maiko-han*?" (singing- or dancing-girls; *han* is an honorific used by the Kyōto people). "Well," replies you undecidedly, "you may telephone for some girls." Reading assent on my face, she leaves the floor and retires into the main building.

In less than half an hour, there come in on the floor one young singing- and two small dancing-girls, and sitting down and bowing very politely near the entrance, they express their gratitude for your kind engagement simultaneously! "Thank you, gentlemen."

<sup>1</sup> *Tsujiura* is a small piece of paper with a clause or a poem printed on it, and people take it for pleasure to divine their luck by the clause or poem.



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Glittering of the stars scattered throughout the sky are now enfeebled by the silvery light of the full moon which has risen above the hill Higashiyama. The rows of the roofs on the opposite bank can be distinctly seen now by the pale light of the moon. On the two currents branched off on the beach of the river, the ripples shining like scales by the moonlight are rapidly running and the sound of music, and the voice of singing in a restaurant at a far distance faintly reach your ears, being sent by the night breeze.

"How cool it is here!" says one of the dancing-girls, clad in her gay gauze dress and leaning against the railing of the floor. "We were engaged to the Kametsuruhan (name of a tea-house) just now. It was very hot in that house, and when we did a dance, our backs were entirely wet with sweat."

"It was hot, certainly," says the other dancing-girl, who sits down by your side, and is fanning her breast with her small red and golden fan. "So we were very glad when we were told that we have been engaged to this house."

When you ask them whether they want any cold beverages, one of them replies: "Thank you, sir; please let me have a glass of iced *kintoki*" (boiled red beans mixed with sugar water, very popular among the girls in Kyōto and Osaka). "Then I prefer ice-cream," says the other.

At this moment the girl who was near the railing and looking down at the river suddenly cried out: "Look here, floated again by somebody!" You and the two girls look towards the direction pointed by her, and there find the two small lights drifting down on the water from the upper stream pursuing each other. Coming nearer, you see that the two small candles are lighted in the peels of water-melons which are hollowed out and made lanterns in the hemispherical form, perhaps by dancing-girls or waitresses in a tea-house. The melon-lanterns are

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often about to be overthrown by the rapids, and the young dancing-girls, who are anxious of the fate of the lights, cry out, clapping their hands: "O, dangerous, dangerous!"

The pretty melon lights floating down quickly on the stream, the two dancing-girls earnestly looking at them near the railing of the floor, cool night breezes coming from the river, and the full moon in the sky high above Mount Higashi throwing her silvery light upon everything—all these are the beauties characteristic to Kyōto in the summer night.

## CHAPTER XXI

### OSAKA

IN the age of the Tokugawa Shōgunate, Yedo (Tokyo), Kyōto and Osaka were called by a generalised name of "Sanga no Tsu," which means the "Three Cities,"—Yedo, the seat of the Shōgun; Kyōto, the residence of the Emperor, and Osaka (or Naniwa), the centre of commerce. So is Osaka at present the focus for trade and commerce of Japan, the large wholesale merchants of all kinds of merchandises being concentrated in the city.

About the middle of July, while you are staying in Kyōto, you get a chance to visit Osaka. In July there are held several summer festivals by the citizens of Osaka :—the Ikutama Shrine on 8th and 9th, the Namba Shrine on 12th and 13th, the Hachiman Shrine on 14th and 15th, the Goryō Shrine on 16th and 17th, the Kōdzu Shrine on 17th and 18th, the Inari Shrine on 20th and 21st, the Zama Shrine on 21st and 22nd, the Tenjin Shrine on 24th and 25th, and the last one for Sumiyoshi Shrine on 31st and 1st August. On the festival days of each tutelary god, all the shops of merchants are cleaned by sweeping and wiping, the curtains marked with the crest of each house are stretched in the front, the gold and silver screens are arranged along the walls of the front room, the fine carpets are spread on the matting floor, and the clerks and the



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boys are playing chess or checkers to enjoy the pleasant and peaceful temporary holidays.

Towards the evening long paper lanterns are lighted in front of each shop; they hang on the poles projected from the eaves, the poles being of the mother-of-pearl lacquer work and ornamented with the silver fittings; there is attached a tuft of snow-white feathers at the end of a pole and a bell at the bottom of a lantern. When it becomes dark, the little sons and daughters of the merchants in full dress go to the shrine for prayer, guided by the servants who carry the paper lanterns in their hands.

Among these festivals of several deities, that of the shrine Tenjin is most splendid. It is the festival of fire: hundreds of boats, in each of which a blazing bonfire is burnt, row down the course of the main rivers in the city, brilliantly shining the dark banks on the both sides, and at the middle of these fire-boats, a *Mikoshi* (a carriable shrine), a sacred vehicle, Shinto priests, witches, and musicians on board the larger boats march guarded by the other boats. By the dawn of the next morning the god is to arrive at the resting-place at Matsushima, passing through under a great number of the bridges which are thrown across the rivers. In this evening the both banks of the rivers, on which the fire-boats float down, are thronged with spectators who assemble from every part of the city to see the fire-boats as well as to worship the shrine in the boat.

Osaka is the city of water; the extraordinary number of rivers and canals crossing one another throughout the city make the veins of the city. The Yodo, the Neyo, the Dōjima, the Tosabori, and the Aji are the largest principal rivers, and the Kidzu, the Shirinashi, the Higashi-Yokobori, the Nishi-Yokobori, the Nagabori, and the Dotombori are the larger ones too. Across these and other smaller rivers and canals there are thrown two hundred and



DANCING GIRLS IN THE EVENING, OSAKA.





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forty-three bridges, of which the Namba, the Temma, and the Tenjin are called the three largest bridges. If you row down the courses of the waters by a boat, you would find new interests of pleasure, which can never be experienced in Tokyo, and it is a special refreshment to cool yourself off on the river in a summer night. Every evening in summer, at any parts of the banks along the canals, you can find some pleasure-boats waiting for the guests of cool-taking. One evening you hire a boat, and at once the boatmen begin to row for a large river. On the both banks of the canal you see the back sides of houses standing in rows; on the windows of some houses there hang the green summer grasses called *Shinobu-gusa* (*Davallia bullata*), twisted into a round ball or various other forms; on the balconies, stretched out over the water, a number of pot-plants are seen arranged on the shelves; the Gifu paper lanterns nicely painted can be seen hanging under the eaves of the second story; on a roof platform, built for drying clothes which are washed, there you find an old woman and a young girl who are leaning against the railing and looking down at your boat, which is just rowing down under them. In the streets you felt sultry this day, but when your boat comes out on the River Dōjima, you are relieved by the breeze which blows on the waters. Along the banks of the large river, you would find the restaurant boats, where fish are always kept and dishes served at any time; rowing your boat near one of them, you order to provide some dishes and wine for your boat. Meanwhile, the last rays of the setting sun go faint, and the whole surface of the river is covered with darkness. At this time you notice hundreds of the excursion boats around yours, the lights of their paper lanterns beginning now to glow in the dark like stars. On the upper waters at a far distance, the sound of fireworks can be heard, and the meteors are seen shooting through

## THE NIGHTSIDE OF JAPAN

the sky over your head. In a large boat near yours laughters and chatters of men and women are very noisy, and you find they are a company of merchants and singing-girls who are enjoying the cool refreshment, the girls perhaps having been engaged from the gay circle of the *Nanchi* (South Quarter). While the great number of the pleasure-boats are floating to and fro, people on board taking cool and making merry, there appear small boats of vendors rowing up near them; they sell *sakě* (wine), *sushi* (pickled rice covered with fish flesh), and fruits. On board some of them, there are singers of Japanese songs, and they sing according to the order of the guests in the pleasure-boats. These vendor-boats disappear into the dark soon, when they finished their business, and go to another quarter of the river to catch other customers.

Being much pleased with the boat excursion, you stay on the waters for a long time, as if you have forgotten to go home, and now, when you notice that it is very late, you find that the lights of the boats around you are very scarce; the weak tune of the *samisen* comes sleepily to your ears from the far lower waters, and the sky is full of dew, moistening the air in the late night.

Having experienced the boat excursion on the river, you try on another evening to visit the pier of the harbour Osaka, the best and famous place to take cool on land; the pier is the only resort in the city for the citizens in summer evenings. Getting down the tram at the terminus, you step on the long pier projected far into the offing, and, standing at its end, you can number the lights on the shores of Kobe and Kishiwada situated beyond the sea-waves to the right and the left respectively. You can take a glass of beer at one of the night-stalls, cooling yourself off by the sea-breeze, which comes sweeping the surface of the sea.



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You may wonder to see the night fishing on the pier; there are slight openings between the boards of the pier, and those who are fond of angling take their seats on it, stretching out their two legs, and let go the lines through the openings. Little bells are attached to the short fishing-rods in their hands; when the fish bite the bells ring, but, as it is impossible to hang them up through those narrow openings of the pier, they should be caught by somebodies under the pier. For the purpose of helping the anglers on the pier, there are men in small boats, which are moored under the pier. The anglers beckon them, when the fish are hooked, and they instantly haul in the lines and catch the fish; thus they being rewarded by the anglers with a fee for each catch.

Near the Imamiya station of the electric trams there is a large recreation ground called the *Shinsekai* (the New World), covering a vast area of over 30 acres. At the centre of the ground there stands a high iron tower of 250 feet called the *Tsū-ten-kaku* (Tower leading to Heaven); entering the tower, you find the two long flights of stairs, each consisting of 70 steps, and at the point of 50 feet above the ground there is a roof garden of 200 *tsubo* (1 *tsubo* is 6 feet square), whence you are taken to the top of the tower by the elevator. If you stand at the top of the tower in daytime, you can command the whole views of the mountains and the seas in and around the provinces of Settsu, Kawachi, Kii, and Awaji.

Next to the *Tsūten* Tower there comes the front gate of the lunapark, and by the side of the gate two tall Indians in their red uniforms and white turbans are standing as guards and attracting the curiosity of visitors. The interior of the lunapark is full of many large buildings for various shows, standing in two rows on the both sides, and the



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pond at the centre is called the *Masumi-no-ikē* (Pond of Transparent Water), along which there is the White Tower. A large artificial waterfall of *Ayaito* is flowing down from the second story of the tower, and in the ice-water shops just below the fall people are enjoying the cool and admiring the fine view of the great column of water, illuminated with the electric lights.

From the White Tower to the roof garden of the *Tsūten* Tower there run the two lines of iron cables, by which the small cars, able to contain only four persons each, are plying between the two towers. The skating hall, the circling wave, and the Egyptian hall are most popular among all other shows and performances, including the cinematographs, the cold storage, the beauty exploration hall, etc. In a word, the *Shinsekai* may be said the aggrandisement of the show quarter in Asakusa Park of Tokyo.

The recreation ground having been established lately, the trees are small and few yet, so that there can be found no shelters to avoid the sunshine in daytime. Consequently the visitors to the ground in summer days are very few, and the citizens throng there after sunset, the whole ground being lighted brilliantly with the illuminations on all buildings.

As to the summer resorts in the suburbs of Osaka, Sakai and Hamadera are the best places on the sea-shores, and Mino-o and Takarazuka on the hills. The former two are very prosperous for the sea-water bathing every summer. The *Kairo* of Sakai is very famous among the citizens of Osaka; it is a kind of the great pier projected from the beach into the sea, in imitation to the pier of the harbour Osaka, being constructed in four lines in the form just like the Roman figure IIII., and the full illuminations on each line are beautifully reflected upon the waves.

The waters along the sea-shore of Hamadera is

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much cleaner than that of Sakai, and so the bath-takers generally prefer the former. Towards the evening, after the burning sun is already set, if you come on the beach, along which a long-continued green pine forest stands, and look at the open Sea of China, breathing the fresh air of the sea breeze, what a happy refreshment you feel! Or you may have a game at the billiard in one of the restaurants near the beach, and, after washing off the sweat by taking a hot bath, come up near the railing of the second story, which fronts to the sea; what a delicious supper you can taste in the room, very cool by the night breeze!

Mino-o is twelve miles distant from the city of Osaka, and it takes only twenty minutes by trams. It is a place noted for the views of maple-tree leaves in autumn, but in summer the big torrent called the Mino-o Waterfall at the depth of the mount attracts the attention of cool-takers. To reach the torrent you have to march on the narrow path along the long, winding valley; there are no troubles to visit it even in the dark night, for all the ways are lighted with electric lamps shining under the green leaves of maple-trees. Upon the rocky banks on the both sides of the mountain stream you find a number of larger and smaller stylish buildings; they are restaurants arranged for the summer visitors, and the fried maple leaves are a strange and peculiar dish served in these houses. While you are taking dinner in one of these restaurants, it is a pleasure to hear the singing-frogs in the valley.

Not a long distance from the approach to the hill there is a red bridge thrown across the valley, and on passing it over you find a large, red gate, ornamented in colours and fully illuminated too. It is the entrance of the zoological garden established by the Mino-o Railway Company. The hill-sides, the plains, and the valley are skilfully adapted for the habitats of animals and birds; the garden



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is the favourite resort for children who come to Mino-o.

Takarazuka is the seat of mineral spring, situated on the hill along the same railway to Mino-o. Visitors generally take bath in a large public bath-tank, constructed of marble stone and protected with brass railings on four sides; the price of a bath is only five *sen*. If you wish to take bath in a private room, you are to rent a special bath which is called the *kazoku-buro* (family bath). The bathtub in this private room is large enough for two or three persons at once, and when you rent the room by paying one *yen* per hour, you can lock it up, so as nobody could come in it without your consent.

After you finished supper at your hotel you visit the recreation hall named the Paradise. People who stay several days at the summer resort become weary, and it is natural that the hall is always full of them specially in night. Several interesting performances are held in the hall, and there is a swimming place of a large scale at a part of the hall—being built of stone too, and 8 feet deep at its central part.

The streets of Takarazuka is the aggregation of hotels, restaurants, and eating-houses; there is a theatre which opens every night in summer, and a number of *geiko* spin their webs to catch their victims out of some profligate bath-takers.

It seems that there are superstitious persons in Osaka much more than in Tokyo. If you take a walk in the streets of Shimmachi or Sennichimaë in the evening, you would find a great number of night stalls along the both sides of the streets. In Tokyo the greater parts of the summer night stalls consist of those of green trees and grasses, but in Osaka they are few, while those of toys, cakes, and earthenwares are as numerous as they are in



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Tokyo. You wonder, however, that there you find many larger and smaller stalls, which sell small shrines, altars, and all other furniture necessary for religious ceremonies. In Tokyo these stalls are limited to be found in the nights of the *Torinomachi* (Grand Eagle's Festival) in November and in the *Toshino-ichi* (Markets at the End of a Year) in December only ; but as they can be found in ordinary night stalls in Osaka, you can conclude that these religious articles are sold well at any time of the year, and that the Osaka citizens are far more pious, or rather superstitious, than the Tokyo people.

The street Sennichimaë is an old recreation quarter for the Osaka people, full of shows, theatres, and other performance halls, and every night and day throughout all seasons the street is crowded with visitors. On your way of strolling in the street one evening you happen to come in front of the gate of the temple Jianji, dedicated to Bodhisattva Myōken, and your curiosity leads you to enter the gate to see the devotees, who, you are told, throng to the temple in summer evenings.

The large hall of the temple is full of the worshippers of all classes—including singing-girls, wives of labourers, old women, workmen, shop-boys, clerks, and merchants. The inner front of the hall is provided with the holy altar, over which a large transom hangs down from the ceiling. Some of the worshippers keep a bundle of small bamboo sticks in their hands, and every time they make a round of the temple, walking on the narrow corridor around its four sides, they throw one of the sticks into a box furnished in front of the altar and make a prayer, thus continuing their rounds until the sticks are all thrown away, one by one, after each round. During their rounds they are loudly repeating the motto, "*Namu myō hō ren gē kyō*," so entirely absorbed in the prayer that they appear to be almost in stupor, and unless you are very

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careful in crossing the corridor, you should be successively bumped with the circulating worshippers. There are others who keep a bundle of joss-sticks instead of bamboo sticks; after each round of the temple two or three pieces are stuck in the ashes in the large metallic fire-pot under the altar. The smokes rising out of thousands of burning joss-sticks in the fire-pot go curling round the altar and almost suffocate the people in the hall.

You slip out of the temple to escape from the heat and smoke, and to be relieved by the cool night breeze under the open sky; but the small temple grounds are further narrowed with the innumerable square paper lanterns dedicated to the temple. They hang on the stands erected on the ground, and various pictures and poems or songs are shown upon them, together with the names of the dedicators. Observing on the real life of the citizens, you may conclude that Osaka is an artificial Hell or Paradise!

One evening you try to make a round through the *geiko* quarters of the city.

In Osaka there are the pastime houses called the *ochaya*, which are the tea-houses literally, but entirely different from those in Tokyo. If you want to engage a *geiko*, first you have to go and give order to one of the *ochaya*, then the *ochaya* makes announcement to the *misē*, or the office of the *geiko* guild (equal to the *Kemban* in Tokyo), and the office despatches a man or maid-servant to the girl's house, which is called the *yakata*; it is the custom in Osaka that no girls can be hired unless they are called through the *ochaya*. There are no cooks in any *ochaya*, as the drinks and the dishes for the guests are taken from restaurants. If you go to a restaurant and wish to engage a girl, the process is rather troublesome, for first the restaurant gives the notice to an *ochaya*, which informs to the guild office, and then the girl is sent for by the office.



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There are another kind of the houses called the *sekigashi*, which cannot be found in Tokyo, too. *Sekigashi* means the room for hire. If you wish to come to the *sekigashi*, you must be introduced by an *ochaya*. Most of these houses are found near the gay quarters, but sometimes some of them can be discovered in a great distance from them — the Shukintei, the Kagetsu, the Kōsetsuken, the Tsurumura, the Ōnomatsu, and the Takeshiki, are famous among the others. The business of the *sekigashi* resembles in some points to that of the *machiai* (waiting-houses) of Tokyo, but there is a difference between the two, the former engages the girls through the *ochaya*, while the latter can directly hire them.

Among several quarters of the singing- and dancing-girls in Osaka, Nanchi of the South Quarter is said to be the best, the girls and the tea-houses in this quarter being very gay and lively; it is said they resemble to those in the Shimbashi Circle of Tokyo in various points. In this quarter the street Sōemonchō is most famous, and the celebrated belle Yachiyo is one of the beauties living in this street.

Kitano-shinchi, or the North Quarter, is proud of the noble character of girls, somewhat comparable to that of the Yanagibashi girls in Tokyo: everything is simple and plain, the girls here endeavouring to get the fame by their accomplishments rather than by their countenances only. Consequently, if you visit the quarter in daytime and ask to call the girls, those of the first class here do not appear until they have finished their regular lessons.

Shimmachi is the oldest one among the gay quarters in Osaka, but the *geiko* living in this quarter are rather inferior in their tone to those in the north and south quarters. They are conservative, and if they be more progressive, they may be much improved. Horiē is another quarter of the *geiko* circle, and celebrated for the multitude of the experts on the *Gidayū* songs specially.

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Travellers who come to Osaka could not omit to pay their visits to the following noted places:—

The old castle of Osaka is the relic of the showy and luxurious life of the Toyotomi family, having been first built by Hideyoshi in 1584 A.D. Among many huge stones used for the castle walls, you would be surprised to find those of such a monstrous size that they are 30 feet long and 20 feet wide. At present the castle is occupied by the Fourth Division of the Imperial Army.

Kita-no-midō, or the North Temple, and Minami-no-midō, or the South Temple, are the two largest Buddhistic temples noted for grandeur of their buildings. The ground of the shrine Goryō is made one of the parks, and in this precinct *Bunrakusa*, the theatre of the puppet shows, characteristic to Osaka, in accompaniment of the dramatic songs called *Jōruri*, is very popular through all seasons. If you visit the graveyards of the temples *Kōwsiji* and *Seigwanji*, you would find the old tombs of Monzaemon Chikamatsu and Saikaku Ihara respectively; the former is the greatest dramatist and the latter notable novelist, both in the age of the Tokugawa Shogunate.

Momoyama, or the Peach Hill, is famous for the flowers of peach-trees, and *Sakura-no-miya*, or the Cherry Shrine, is the site noted for the cherry blossoms. Park Nakanoshima is the largest among all parks in the city, and at its eastern corner the large shrine *Toyokuni-jinsha* is dedicated to Hideyoshi Toyotomi, the founder of Osaka. As the park is surrounded by the rivers on its four sides, the people gather to cool themselves off in summer evenings.

The street in front of the shrine *Yasaka* is the seat of the great market of *Namba*, and the people come in crowds early on every morning. The shrine *Imamiya* is dedicated to *Ebisu*, God of Luck, and, the 9th and the 10th January every year being the great

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festival days of the shrine, hundred thousands of pious citizens throng up to pray for their luck specially in night. If you visit the shrine on the festival days, you would happen to meet with a party of a beautifully ornamented open palanquin carried on the shoulders of strong young men neatly dressed. They carry it running in full speed. The palanquin is called the *Hoi-kago*, which is gorgeously wrapped with red and white crapes and decorated with artificial cherry flowers, on its four pillars and roof. A very renowned beautiful girl of the South Quarter circle takes her seat in it, in order to pay a visit to the God of Luck. The girl's palanquin is followed by the waitresses, the clerks, and servants of the restaurant or tea-house, all the expenses for the exaggerated way of the girl's visit being borne by her patron guest. The visits of the *Hoi-kago* are repeated from early morning till late in night during the festivals. The habit of the flower-palanquins for the *geiko* in the festival of God Ebisu is pursued annually, and the oftener she is despatched for worships to the shrine by her customers the more honourable and fortunate she is thought by her friends, as well as by the people in her circle.

In the street Dōtombori and Sennichimaë you find the five great theatres standing in a row, encircled with variety halls, shows, *Gidayū* song halls, and eating-shops, equal to the similar quarter of Park Asakusa in Tokyo. Ikutama-jinsha is the greatest shrine in the city, and the prospect tower behind the shrine can command the whole view of the Sea of Chinu (Osaka) and the picturesque island of Awaji. Kōtsu-jin-sha is the shrine of the Emperor Jintoku, and the view from its hall of votive pictures is excellent on snow days. Shitennoji is the old temple of the Tendai Sect, its total buildings amounting to over forty, and its extensive compound is appointed a public garden of the city.

I have now told you much of the knowledge of

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my country which I think interests you, but I am making a work on the "Geisha" or singing- and dancing-girls, which are indispensable objects in the society of Japan. The origin and development of them, and their life, conduct, character, events, and all regarding the profession of these girls will be explained.

THE END



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